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## MISS GLADWIN'S CHANCE

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WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE

OLD Tom Gladwin was not a man to whom you volunteered advice. He had made an immense deal of money for himself, and people who have done that generally like also to manufacture their own advice on their own premises; perhaps it is better done that way, perhaps there's just a prejudice in favor of the home trade-mark. Anyhow, old Tom needed no suggestions from outside. You said, "Yes, Sir Thomas," or "Of course not, Sir Thomas," or "Certainly, Sir Thomas." At all events, you limited your remarks to something like that if you were—as I was—a young solicitor trying to keep his father's connection together, of which Sir Thomas's affairs and the business of the Worldstone Park estate formed a considerable and lucrative portion. But everybody was in the same story about him—secretary, bailiff, stud-groom, gardener, butler—yes, butler, although Sir Thomas had confessedly never tasted champagne till he was forty, whereas Gilson had certainly been weaned on it. Even

Miss Nettie Tyler, when she came on the scene, had the good sense to accept Sir Thomas's version of her heart's desire; neither had she much cause to quarrel with his reading, since it embraced Sir Thomas himself and virtually the whole of his worldly possessions. He was worth perhaps half a million pounds in money, and the net rent-roll of Worldstone was ten thousand even after you had dressed it up and curled its hair, for all the world as it were a suburban villa instead of an honest, self-respecting country gentleman's estate, which ought to have been run to pay three per cent. But the newcomers will not take land seriously; they leave that as a prospect for their descendants when the ready money, the city-made money, has melted away.

So I took his instructions for his marriage settlement and his new will without a word, although they seemed to me to be, under the circumstances, pretty stiff documents. The old gentleman—he was

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not really old, fifty-eight or -nine, I should say, but he looked like a granite block that has defied centuries—had, of course, two excuses. In the first place, he was fairly crazy about Nettie Tyler, orphan daughter of the old vicar of Worldstone, an acquaintance of two months' standing and (I will say for her) one of the prettiest little figures on a horse that I ever saw. In the second, he wanted—yes, inevitably he wanted—to found a family and to hand on the baronetcy which had properly rewarded his strenuous and successful efforts on his own behalf; it was the sort of baronetcy which is obviously pregnant with a peerage—a step, not a crown; one learns to distinguish these varieties. Accordingly, to cut details short, the effect of the new will and of the marriage settlement was that, given issue of the said intended marriage (and intended it was for the following Tuesday), Miss Beatrice Gladwin was to have five hundred a year on her father's death, and the rest went to what, for convenience' sake, I may call the new undertaking—to the Gladwin-Tyler establishment and what might spring therefrom. Even the five hundred was by the will only, therefore revocable. Five hundred a year is not despicable, and is good, like other boons, until revoked. But think what Beatrice Gladwin had been two months before—the greatest heiress in the county; mistress of all! So the old will had made her—the old will in my office safe, which, come next Tuesday, would be so much waste paper. I have always found something pathetic about a superseded will. It is like a royal family in exile.

Sir Thomas read over the documents and looked up at me as he took off his spectacles.

"One great advantage of having made your own way, Foulkes," he observed, "is that you're not trammelled by settlements made in early life. I can do what I like with my own."

And I, as I have foreshadowed, observed merely, "Certainly, Sir Thomas."

He eyed me for a moment with an air of some suspicion. He was very acute and recognized criticism, however inarticulate; an obstinacy in the bend of one's back was enough for him. But I gave him no more opening, and, after all, he could not found an explicit reproach on the curve of my spine. After a moment he went on, rasp-

ing the short gray hair that sprouted on his chin:

"I think you'd better have a few minutes with my daughter. Put the effect of these documents into plain language for her." I believe he half suspected me again, for he added quickly: "Free of technicalities, I mean. She knows the general nature of my wishes. I've made that quite clear to her myself." No doubt he had. I bowed, and he rose, glancing at the clock. "The horses must be round," he said; "I'm going for a ride with Miss Tyler. Ask if my daughter can see you now; and I hope you'll stay to lunch, Foulkes." He went to the door, but turned again. "I'll send Beatrice to you myself," he called, "and you can get the business over before we come back." He went off, opening his cigar-case and humming a tune, in excellent spirits with himself and the world, I fancied. He had reason to be, so far as one could see at the minute.

I went to the window and watched them mounting—the strong, solid frame of the man, the springy figure of the pretty girl. She was chattering gleefully; he laughed in a most contented approval of her, and, probably, with an attention none too deep to the precise purport of her merry words. Besides the two grooms there was another member of the party—one who stood rather aloof on the steps that led up to the hall door. Here was the lady for whom I waited, Beatrice Gladwin, his daughter, who was to have the five hundred a year when he died—who was to have had everything, to have been mistress of all. She stood there in her calm, composed handsomeness. Neither pretty nor beautiful would you call her, but, without question, remarkably handsome. She was also perfectly tranquil. As I looked she spoke once; I heard the words through the open window.

"You must have your own way, then," she said, with a smile and a slight shrug of her shoulders. "But the horse is n't safe for you, you know."

"Ay, ay," he answered, laughing again, not at his daughter, but round to the pretty girl beside him. "I'll have my way for four days more." He and his fiancée enjoyed the joke between them; it went no further, I think.

Beatrice stood watching them for a little while, then turned into the house. I



watched them a moment longer, and saw them take to the grass and break into a canter. It was a beautiful sunny morning; they and their fine horses made a good moving bit of life on the face of the smiling earth. Was that how it would strike Beatrice, once the heiress, now—well, it sounds rather strong, but shall we say the survival of an experiment that had failed? Once the patroness of the vicar's little daughter—I had often seen them when that attitude obviously and inevitably dominated their intercourse; then for a brief space, by choice or parental will, the friend; now and for the future—my vocabulary or my imagination failed to supply the exact description of their future relations. It was, however, plain that the change to Miss Beatrice Gladwin must be very considerable. There came back into my mind what my friend, neighbor, and client, Captain Spencer Fullard of Gathworth Hall, impecunious scion of an ancient stock, had said in the club at Bittleton (for we have a club at Bittleton, and a very good one, too) when the news of Sir Thomas's engagement came out. "Rough on Miss Beatrice," said he; "but she'll show nothing. She's hard, you know, but a sportsman." A sportsman she was, as events proved; and none was to know it better than Spencer Fullard himself, who was, by the way, supposed to feel, or at least to have exhibited, even greater admiration for the lady than the terms of the quoted remark imply. At the time he had not seen Miss Tyler.

One thing more came into my head while I waited. Did pretty Nettie Tyler know the purport of the new documents? If so, what did she think of it? But the suggestion which this idea carries with it probably asked altogether too much of triumphant youth. It is later in life that one is able to look from other people's points of view,—one's own not being so dazzlingly pleasant, I suppose. So I made allowances for Nettie; it was not perhaps so easy for Beatrice Gladwin to do the same.

## II

OF course the one thing I had to avoid was any show of sympathy; she would have resented bitterly such an impertinence. If I knew her at all,—and I had been an interested observer of her growth

from childhood to woman's estate,—the sympathy of the county, unheard but infallibly divined, was a sore aggravation of her fate. As I read extracts from the documents and explained their effect, freeing them from technicalities, as Sir Thomas had thoughtfully charged me, my impassivity equaled hers. I might have been telling her the price of bloaters at Great Yarmouth that morning, and she considering the purchase of half a dozen. In fact, we overdid it between us; we were both grotesquely uninterested in the documents; our artificial calm made a poor contrast to the primitive and disguise-scorning exultation of the pair who had gone riding over the turf in the sunshine. I could not help it; I had to take my cue from her. My old father had loved her; perhaps he would have patted her hand, perhaps he would even have kissed her cheek: what would have happened to her composure then? On the other hand, he would have been much more on Sir Thomas's side than I was. He used often to quote to me a saying of his uncle's, the venerable founder of the fine business we enjoyed: "Every other generation the heir ought to lay an egg and then die." The long minority which he contemplated as resulting from a family bereavement *prima facie* so sad would reestablish the family finances. The Chinese and Japanese, I am told, worship their ancestors. English landed gentry worship their descendants, and of this cult the family lawyer is high priest. My father would have patted Beatrice Gladwin's cheek, but he would not have invoked a curse on Sir Thomas, as I was doing behind my indifferent face and with the silent end of my dryly droning tongue. I was very glad when we got to the end of the documents.

She gave me a nod and a smile, saying, "I quite understand," then rose and went to the window. I began to tie my papers up in their tapes. The drafts were to go back to be engrossed. She stood looking out on the park. The absurd impulse to say that I was very sorry, but that I really could not help it, assailed me again. I resisted, and tied the tapes in particularly neat bows, admiring the while her straight, slim, flat-shouldered figure. She looked remarkably efficient; I found myself regretting that she was not to have the management of the estate. Was that in





Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"SHE STOOD LOOKING OUT ON THE PARK"



her mind, too, as she surveyed it from the window? I do not know, but I do know that the next moment she asked me if Spencer Fullard were ill; she had not seen him about lately. I said that he was, I believed, in robust health, but had been up in town on business. (He had gone to raise a loan, if that 's material.) The subject then dropped. I did not, at the time, see any reason why it had cropped up at all at that particular and somewhat uncomfortable moment.

What had put Spencer Fullard into her head?

Suddenly she spoke again, to herself, in a low voice: "How funny!" She turned to me and beckoned: "Mr. Foulkes."

I left my papers on the table and joined her at the open window; it was just to the right of the hall door and commanded a wide view of the park, which, stretching in gentle undulations, with copses scattered here and there among the turf, gave a fine sense of spaciousness and elbow-room—the best things mere wealth can give, in my humble opinion.

"It must be Nettie," she said; "but why—why is she riding like that?"

I followed with my eyes the direction in which she pointed.

"And where 's father?"

Still a mile or more away, visible now, but from moment to moment hidden by an intervening copse and once or twice by a deep dip in the ground, a horse came toward us at a gallop—a reckless gallop. The next instant the faintest echo of a cry, its purport indistinguishable, fell on our ears.

"It is Nettie," said Beatrice Gladwin, her eyes suddenly meeting mine. We stood there for a moment, then she walked quickly into the adjoining hall, and out on to the steps in front of the door. I followed, leaving my papers to look after themselves on the table. When I came up to her she said nothing, but caught my wrist with her left hand and held it tightly.

Now we heard what Nettie's cry was. The monotonous horror of it never ceased for an instant. "Help! Help! Help!" It was incessant, and now, as she reached the drive, sounded loud and shrill in our ears. The men in the stables heard it; two of them ran out at top speed to meet the galloping horse. But horse and rider were close up to us by now. I broke away

from Miss Gladwin, who clung to me with a strong, unconscious grip, and sprang forward. I was just in time to catch Nettie as she fell from the saddle, and the grooms brought her horse to a standstill. Even in my arms she still cried shrilly, "Help, help, help!"

No misunderstanding was possible. "Where? Where?" was all I asked, and at last she gasped, "By Toovey's farm."

One of the grooms was on her horse in a moment and made off for the spot. Nettie broke away from me, staggered to the steps, stumbling over her habit as she went, and sank down in a heap; she ceased now to cry for help, and began to sob convulsively. Beatrice seemed stunned. She said nothing; she looked at none of us; she stared after the man on horseback who had started for Toovey's farm. The second groom spoke to me in a low voice: "Where 's the master's horse?"

Nettie heard him. She raised her eyes to his—the blue eyes a little while ago so radiant, now so full of horror. "They neither of them moved," she said.

So it was. They were found together under the hedgerow; the horse was alive, though its back was broken, and a shot the only mercy. Sir Thomas was quite dead.

That night I carried my papers back to the office, and satisfied myself, as my duty was, that the existing will lay in its place in the office safe; since the morning that document had, so to say, gone up in the world very much. So had Miss Gladwin. She was mistress of all.

## III

As may be imagined, the situation evoked a great deal of sympathy and occasioned an even greater quantity of talk. Killed four days before his wedding! The poor little bride! She had lost so much more than merely Sir Thomas! The general opinion of the Bittleton Club, which may be taken as representative of the views of the county, was that Miss Gladwin ought to "do something" for Miss Tyler. There was much difference as to the extent of this suggested generosity: almost every figure between five thousand and fifty thousand pounds had its supporters. I think that of the entire roll of members only two had no proposal to submit (hypothetically) to Miss Gladwin. One was



myself, tongue-tied by my position as her lawyer; the other was Spencer Fullard, who did nothing but smoke and tap his leg with his walking-stick while the question was under discussion. I remembered his summary of the lady—"hard, but a sportsman." The hard side might indicate that she would leave the situation as fate had made it. What did the sportsman in her say? I found myself wondering what Captain Fullard's views were, supposing he had taken the trouble—which, however, seemed to be a pleasure to his fellow-members—to arrive at any.

To tell the truth, I resented the gossip about her all the more because I could not stifle an inward feeling that if they had known her as well as I did—or, perhaps I should say, had seen her as often as I had (which is a safer way of putting it when a woman's in the case)—they would have gossiped not less, but more. She was strange, and, I suppose, hard, in her total ignoring of the idea that there was any such question at all as that which kept the Bittleton clubmen—and of course their wives—so much on the gog. Nettie Tyler did not leave Worldstone Park. It may be assumed that her bills were paid, and probably she had pocket-money. There the facts of the case came to a sudden stop. Had Beatrice Gladwin turned her into a "companion"? Anybody who chose to put it in that light was, on the apparent facts, extremely hard to contradict or to blame, but, as I felt, not at all hard to be annoyed at. Well, I had always hated the Tyler project.

Meanwhile Miss Gladwin was exhibiting, as I had foreseen she would, extraordinary efficiency; and her efficiency gave me plenty of work besides the routine and not small business incident on the transmission of so considerable an estate as Sir Thomas's. She was going in for building as soon as the death duties were out of the way; meanwhile she gathered the reins of her affairs into her own hands and regulated every detail very carefully. Sir Thomas, like many men successful in large concerns, had been easy-going about his private interests. I was constantly at Worldstone Park, often spending from Saturday to Monday there, and devoting the Sunday, less church-time, to its mistress's service. She was good enough to treat me with great candor, and discussed

all things very openly—except Miss Nettie Tyler.

And what of Miss Nettie Tyler? I do not consider—and I speak with no favorable prejudice—that that young lady's behavior was open to very serious criticism. It surprised me favorably. I admit that she was meek; now and then I thought her rather obtrusively meek. But then she might naturally have been crushed; she might well have been an insupportably mournful companion. She was neither. I could not call her helpful, because she was one of the helpless so far as practical affairs go. But she was reasonably cheerful, and she put forward no claim of any sort whatsoever. She did not appear to think that Beatrice ought to "do anything" for her beyond what she was doing; and that, to my certain knowledge, did not include the gift of even the smallest of all the various sums suggested at the Bittleton Club. All you could say was that the lady who was to have been mistress of Worldstone Park still lived there, and made for the moment remarkably little difference. When one comes to think it over, this was really immensely to her credit. She might have made life there impossible. Or did she know that in such a case Miss Gladwin would send her away quite calmly? Let us give credit where credit is possible, and adopt the more favorable interpretation. Things went very well indeed in a very difficult situation—till Spencer Fullard made his entry on the stage.

His coming made a difference from the very first. I think that the two girls had been living in a kind of numbness which prevented them from feeling as acutely as they naturally might the position in which the freak of fate had placed them. Each lived in thought till he came—in the thought of what had been and would have been; to neither had the actual become the truly real. There had been a barrier between them. Nettie's excellent behavior and Beatrice's remarkable efficiency had alike been masks, worn unconsciously, but none the less and by no less sufficient disguises. They had lived in the shadow of the death. Fullard brought back life—which is to say, he brought back conflict.

Nothing was further from his original idea. Like Sir Thomas, he was a descendant-worshiper—born to it, moreover, which Sir Thomas had not been. I was his



high priest, so, of course, I knew what he was about. He came to woo the rich Miss Gladwin, picking up his wooing (he had excellently easy manners) just at the spot where he had dropped it when Sir Thomas Gladwin announced his engagement to Miss Nettie Tyler. "Dropped" is a word too definite. "Suspended" might do, or even "attenuated." He was a captain—let us say that he had called a halt to reconnoiter his ground, but had not ordered a retreat. Events had cleared the way for him. He advanced again.

Should I blame him? My father would have blessed him, though he might have advised him to lay an egg and die. No; Worldstone was rich enough to warrant his living, but of Gatworth there was left an annual income of hardly eight hundred pounds. But three hundred years in the county behind it! Three hundred years since the cadet branch migrated from Gloucestershire, where the Fullards had been since the flood! It was my duty to bless his suit, and I did. It was no concern of mine that he had, in confidence, called Miss Gladwin "hard." He had called her a "sportsman," too. Set one off against the other, remembering his position and his cult.

Sir Thomas had been dead a year when Fullard and I first spent a Sunday together at Worldstone Park. He had been there before; so had I: but we had not chanced to coincide. It was May, and spring rioted about us. The girls, too, had doffed some of their funeral weeds; Nettie wore white and black, Beatrice black and white. Life was stirring in the place again. Nettie was almost gay, Beatrice no longer merely efficient. For the first time I found it possible to slip a dram of pleasure into the cup of a business visit. Curiously enough, the one person who was, as I supposed, there on the pleasantest errand, wore the most perturbed aspect. The fate of lovers? I am not sure. I have met men who took the position with the utmost serenity. But if one were uncertain to whom one was making love? The notion was a shock at first.

The girls went to church in the morning; Fullard and I walked round and round the garden, smoking our pipes. I expatiated on Miss Gladwin's remarkable efficiency. "A splendid head!" I said with enthusiasm.

"A good-looking pair in their different ways," was his somewhat unexpected reply.

"I meant intellectually," I explained, with a laugh.

"Miss Tyler's no fool, mind you," remarked the captain.

I realized that his thoughts had not been with my conversation. Where had they been? In my capacity of high priest, I went on commending Miss Gladwin. He recalled himself to listen, but the sense of duty was obvious. Suddenly I recollected that he had not met Nettie Tyler before Sir Thomas died. He had been on service during the two years she had lived in Worldstone village.

#### IV

AFTER lunch we all sat together on the lawn. Yes, life was there, and the instinct for life, and for new life. Poor Sir Thomas's brooding ghost had taken its departure. I was glad, but the evidence of my eyes made me also uneasy. The situation was not developing on easy lines.

With his ears Fullard listened to Beatrice Gladwin; with his eyes he watched the girl who was to have been her all-powerful stepmother, who was now her most humble dependant. I saw it—I, a man. Were the girls themselves unconscious? The idea is absurd. If anybody was unconscious, it was Fullard himself; or, at least, he thought his predicament undetected. I suggested to Nettie that she and I might take a walk: a high priest has occasionally to do things like that when there is no chaperon about. She refused, not meekly now, but almost pertly. Beatrice raised her eyes for a moment, looked at her, and colored ever so slightly. I think we may date the declaration of war from that glance. The captain did not see it: he was lighting a cigarette. None the less, the next moment he rose and proposed to accompany me himself. That did almost as well,—how far I had got into the situation!—and I gladly acquiesced. We left the two ladies together, or, to be precise, just separating; they both, it appeared, had letters to write.

I should say at once that Spencer Fullard was one of the most honest men I have ever known (besides being one of the best-looking). If he came fortune-hunting, it was because he believed that pursuit to



be his duty—duty to self, to ancestors, and, above all, to descendants. But, in truth, when he came first, it had not been in unwilling obedience to duty's spur. He had liked Miss Gladwin very much; he had paid her attentions, even flirted with her; and, in the end, he liked her very much still. But there is a thing different from liking—a thing violent, sudden, and obliterating. It makes liking cease to count.

We talked little on our visit to the home farm. I took occasion once more to point out Miss Gladwin's efficiency. Fullard fidgeted: he did not care about efficiency in women—that seemed plain. I ventured to observe that her investment of money on the estate was likely to pay well; he seemed positively uncomfortable. After these conversational failures, I waited for him. We were on our way back before he accepted the opening.

"I say, Foulkes," he broke out suddenly, "do you suppose Miss Tyler's going to stay here permanently?"

"I don't know. Why should n't she?"

He swished at the nettles as he made his next contribution to our meager conversation. "But Beatrice Gladwin will marry some day soon, I expect."

"Well?"

I was saying little, but at this point Fullard went one better. He just cocked his eye at me, leaving me to read his meaning as I best could.

"In that case, of course, she'd be sent away," said I, smiling.

"Kicked out?" He grumbled the question, half under his breath.

I shrugged my shoulders. "Everything would be done kindly, no doubt."

"Not fair on the chap, either," he remarked after some moments. I think that my mind supplied the unspoken part of his conversation quite successfully: he was picturing the household *à trois*; he himself was, in his mind's eye, "the chap," and under the circumstances he thought "the chap" ought not to be exposed to temptation. I agreed, but kept my agreement, and my understanding, to myself.

"What appalling bad luck that poor little girl's had!"

"One of them had to have very bad luck," I reminded him. "Sir Thomas contrived that."

He started a little. He had forgotten

the exceedingly bad luck which once had threatened Miss Gladwin, the girl he had come to woo. The captain's state of feeling was, in fact, fairly transparent. I was sorry for him,—well, for all of them,—because he certainly could not afford to offer his hand to Nettie Tyler.

Somewhere on the way back from the home farm I lost Captain Spencer Fullard. Miss Tyler's letters must have been concise; there was the gleam of a white frock, dashed here and there with splashes of black, in the park. Fullard said he wanted more exercise, and I arrived alone on the lawn, where my hostess sat beside the tea-table. Feeling guilty for another's sin, as one often does, I approached shamefacedly.

She gave me tea, and asked, with a businesslike abruptness which I recognized as inherited, "What are they saying about me?"

That was Gladwin all over! To say not a word for twelve months, because for twelve months she had not cared; then to blurt it out! Because she wanted light? Obviously that was the reason—the sole reason. She had not cared before; now something had occurred to make her think, to make her care, to make the question of her dealings with Miss Tyler important. I might have pretended not to understand, but there was a luxury in dealing plainly with so fine a plain-dealer; I told her the truth without shuffling.

"On the whole, it's considered that you would be doing the handsome thing in giving her something," I answered, sipping my tea.

She appreciated the line I took. She had expected surprise and fencing; it amused and pleased her to meet with neither. She was in the mood (by the way, we could see the black-dashed white frock and Fullard's manly figure a quarter of a mile away) to meet frankness with its fellow.

"She never put in a word for me," she said, smiling. "With father, I mean."

"She does n't understand business," I pleaded.

"I've been expected to sympathize with her bad luck!"

So had I—by the captain, half an hour before. But I did not mention it.

"The Bittleton Club thinks I ought to—to do something?"



I laughed at her taking our club as the arbiter. She had infused a pretty irony into her question.

"It does, Miss Gladwin." My answer maintained the ironical note.

"Then I will," said she, with a highly delusive appearance of simplicity.

I could not quite make her out, but it came home to me that her smoldering resentment against Nettie Tyler was very bitter.

She spoke again in a moment: "A word from her would have gone a long way with father."

"That 's all in the past, is n't it?" I murmured soothingly.

"The past!" She seemed to throw doubt on the existence of such a thing.

The captain's manly figure and the neat little shape in white and black were approaching us. The stress of feeling has to be great before it prevents sufferers from turning up to tea. Miss Gladwin glanced toward her advancing guests, smiled, and relighted the spirit-lamp under the kettle. I suppose I was looking thoughtful, for the next moment she said, "Rather late in the day to do anything? Is that what 's in your mind? Will they say that?"

"How can I tell? Your adherents say you 've been like sisters."

"I never had a sister younger and prettier than myself," said she. She waved her hand to the new arrivals, now close on us. "I nearly had a stepmother like that, though," she added.

I did not like her at that moment; but is anybody very attractive when he is fighting hard for his own? Renunciation is so much more picturesque. She was fighting—or preparing to fight. I had suddenly realized the position, for all that the garden was so peaceful, and spring was on us, and Nettie's new-born laugh rang light across the grass, so different from the cry we once had heard from her lips in that place.

Beatrice Gladwin looked at me with a suddenly visible mockery in her dark eyes. She had read my thoughts, and she was admitting that she had. She was very "hard." Fullard was perfectly right. Yet I think that if she had been alone at that moment she might have cried. That was just an impression of mine; really she gave no tangible ground for it, save in an odd

constraint of her mouth. The next moment she laughed.

"I like a fight to be a fair fight," she said, and looked steadily at me for a moment. She raised her voice and called to them: "Come along; the tea 's getting cold." She added to me: "Come to my room at ten to-morrow, please."

The rest of the evening she was as much like velvet as it was in a Gladwin to be. But I waited. I wanted to know how she meant to arrange her fair fight. She wanted one. A sportsman, after all, you see.

## v

SHE was not like velvet when we met the next morning after breakfast in her study: her own room was emphatically a study, and in no sense a boudoir. She was like iron, or like the late Sir Thomas when he gave me instructions for his new will and for the settlement on his intended marriage with Miss Nettie Tyler. There was in her manner the same clean-cut intimation that what she wanted from me was not advice, but the promptest obedience. I suppose that she had really made up her mind the day before—even while we talked on the lawn, in all probability.

"I wish you, Mr. Foulkes," she said, "to be so good as to make arrangements to place one hundred thousand pounds at my disposal at the bank as soon as possible."

I knew it would be no use, but my profession demanded a show of demur. "A very large sum just now—with the duties—and your schemes for the future."

"I've considered the amount carefully; it's just what appears to me proper and sufficient."

"Then I suppose there 's no more to be said," I sighed resignedly.

She looked at me with a slight smile. "Of course you guess what I'm going to do with it?" she asked.

"Yes, I think so. You ought to have it properly settled on her, you know. It should be carefully tied up."

The suggestion seemed to annoy her.

"No," she said sharply. "What she does with it, and what becomes of it, have nothing to do with me. I shall have done my part. I shall be—free."

"I wish you would take the advice of somebody you trust."



That softened her suddenly. She put her hand out across the table and pressed mine for a moment. "I trust you very much. I have no other friend I trust so much. Believe that, please. But I must act for myself here." She smiled again, and with the old touch of irony added, "It will satisfy your friends at the Bittleton Club?"

"It's a great deal too much," I protested, with a shake of the head. "Thirty would have been adequate; fifty, generous; a hundred thousand is quixotic."

"I've chosen the precise sum most carefully," Miss Gladwin assured me. "And it's anything but quixotic," she added, with a smile.

A queer little calculation was going on in my brain. Wisdom (or interest, which you will) and twenty-five thousand a year against love and three thousand—was that, in her eyes, a fair fight? Perhaps the reckoning was not so far out. At any rate, love had a chance—with three thousand pounds a year. There is more difference between three thousand pounds and nothing than exists between three thousand and all the rest of the money in the world.

"Is Miss Tyler aware of your intentions?"

"Not yet, Mr. Foulkes."

"She'll be overwhelmed," said I. It seemed the right observation to offer.

For the first time, Miss Gladwin laughed openly. "Will she?" she retorted, with a scorn that was hardly civil. "She'll think it less than I owe her."

"You owe her nothing. What you may choose to give—"

Miss Gladwin interrupted me without ceremony. "She confuses me with fate—with what happened—with her loss—and—with disappointment. She identifies me with all that."

"Then she's very unreasonable."

"I dare say; but I can understand." She smiled. "I can understand very well how one girl can seem like that to another, Mr. Foulkes—how she can embody everything of that sort." She paused and then added: "If I thought for a moment that she'd be—what was your foolish word?—oh, yes, 'overwhelmed,' I would n't do it. But I know her much too well. You remember that my adherents say we've been like sisters? Don't sisters understand each other?"

"You're hard on her—hard and unfair," I said. Her bitterness was not good to witness.

"Perhaps I'm hard; I'm not unfair." Her voice trembled a little; her composure was not what it had been at the beginning of our interview. "At any rate, I'm trying to be fair now; only you must n't—you must not—think that she'll be overwhelmed."

"Very well," said I. "I won't think that. And I'll put matters in train about the money. You'll have to go gently for a bit afterwards, you know. Even you are not a gold-mine." She nodded, and I rose from my chair. "Is that all for to-day?" I asked.

"Yes, I think so," she said. "You're going away?"

"Yes, I must get back to Bittleton. The office waits."

She gave me her hand. "I shall see you again before long," she said. "Remember, I'm trying to be fair—fair to everybody. Yes, fair to myself, too. I think I've a right to fair treatment. I'm giving myself a chance, too, Mr. Foulkes. Good-by."

Her dismissal was not to be questioned, but I should have liked more light on her last words. I had seen enough to understand her impulse to give Nettie Tyler a fair field, to rid her of the handicap of penury, to do the handsome thing, just when it seemed most against her own interest. That was the sportsmanlike side of her, working all the more strongly because she disliked her rival. I saw, too, though not at the time quite so clearly, in what sense she was trying to be fair to Captain Spencer Fullard: she thought the scales were weighted too heavily against the disinterested—shall I say the romantic?—side of that gentleman's disposition. But that surely was quixotic, and she had denied quixotism. Yet it was difficult to perceive how she was giving herself a chance, as she had declared. She seemed to be throwing her best chance away; so it appeared in my matter-of-fact eyes. Or was she hoping to dazzle Fullard with the splendor of her generosity? She had too much penetration to harbor any such idea. He would think the gift handsome, even very handsome, but he would be no more overwhelmed than Nettie Tyler herself. Even impartial observers at Bittleton had



talked of fifty thousand pounds as the really proper thing. If Fullard were in love with Nettie, he would think double the amount none too much; and if he were not—well, then, where was Beatrice Gladwin's need for fair treatment—her need to be given a chance at all? For, saving love, she held every card in the game.

I went back to Bittleton, kept my own counsel, set the business of the money on foot, and waited for the issue of the fair fight. No whisper about the money leaked through to the Bittleton Club; but I heard of a small party at Worldstone Park, and Spencer Fullard was one of the guests. Therefore battle was joined.

## VI

THE following Saturday fortnight the Bittleton "Press" scored what journalists call a "scoop" at the expense of the rival and Radical organ, the "Advertiser." Such is the reward of sound political principle! Here is the paragraph—"exclusive," the editor was careful to make you understand:

We are privileged to announce that a marriage has been arranged and will shortly be solemnised between Captain Spencer Fullard, D.S.O., of Gatworth Hall, and Henrietta, daughter of the late Rev. F. E. Tyler, Vicar of Worldstone. We extend, in the name of the county, our cordial congratulations to the happy pair. Captain Fullard is the representative of a name ancient and respected in the county, and has done good service to his King and country. The romantic story of the lady whose affections he has been so fortunate as to win will be fresh in the minds of our readers. As we sympathised with her sorrow, so now we may with her joy. We understand that Miss Gladwin of Worldstone Park, following what she is confident would have been the wish of her lamented father, the late much respected Sir Thomas Gladwin, Bart., M.P., D.L., J.P., C.A., is presenting the prospective bride with a wedding present which in itself amounts to a fortune. Happy they who are in a position to exercise such graceful munificence and to display filial affection in so gracious a form! It would be indiscreet to mention figures, but rumor has not hesitated to speak of what our gay forefathers used to call "a plum." We are not at liberty to say more than that this in no way overstates the amount.

Whereupon, of course, the Bittleton Club at once doubled it, and Miss Gladwin's fame filled the air.

This was all very pretty, and it must be admitted that Beatrice Gladwin had performed her task in a most tactful way. For reasons connected with the known condition of the finances of the Gatworth Hall estate, it sounded so much better that Miss Gladwin's present should come as a result of the engagement than—well, the other way round. The other way round would have given occasion for gossip to the clubmen of Bittleton. But now—Love against the World, and an entirely unlooked for bonus of—"a plum," as the editor, with a charming eighteenth-century touch, chose to describe the benefaction. That was really ideal.

Really ideal; and, of course, in no way at all correspondent to the facts of the case. The truth was that Miss Beatrice Gladwin had secured her "fair fight"—and, it seemed, had lost it very decisively and very speedily. As soon as it was reasonably possible—and made so by Miss Gladwin's action—for Fullard to think of marrying Nettie Tyler, he had asked her to be his wife. To which question there could be only one answer. Miss Gladwin had given away too much weight; she should have quartered that "plum," I thought.

But that would not have made a "fair fight"? Perhaps not. Perhaps a fair fight was not to be made at all under the circumstances. But the one thing which, above all, I could not see was the old point that had puzzled me before. It might be fair to soften the conflict between Captain Fullard's love and Captain Fullard's duty as a man of ancient stock. It might be fair to undo some of fate's work and give Nettie Tyler a chance of the man she wanted—freedom to fight for him—just that, you understand. But where came in the chance for herself of which Beatrice Gladwin had spoken?

As I have said, I was Captain Fullard's lawyer as well as Miss Gladwin's, and he naturally came to me to transact the business incident on his marriage. Beatrice Gladwin proved right: he was not overwhelmed, nor, from his words, did I gather that Miss Tyler was. But they were both highly appreciative.

The captain was also inclined to congratulate himself on his knowledge of character, his power of reading the human heart.



"Hard, if you like," he said, sitting in my office arm-chair; "but a sportsman in the end, as I told you she was. I knew one could rely on her doing the right thing in the end."

"At considerable cost," I remarked, sharpening a pencil.

"It's liberal—very liberal. Oh, we feel that. But, of course, the circumstances pointed to liberality." He paused; then added:

"And I don't know that we ought to blame her for taking time to think it over. Of course it made all the difference to me, Foulkes."

There came in the captain's admirable candor. Between him and me there was no need—and, I may add, no room—for the romantic turn which the Bittle-ton "Press" had given to the course of events; that was for public consumption only.

"But for it I could n't possibly have come forward—whatever I felt."

"As a suitor for Miss Tyler's hand?" said I.

The captain looked at me; gradually a smile came on his remarkably comely face.

"Look here, Foulkes," said he, very good-humoredly; "just you congratulate me on being able to do as I like. Never mind what you may happen to be thinking behind that sallow old fiddle-head of yours."

"And Miss Tyler is, I'm sure, radiantly happy?"

Captain Fullard's candor abode till the end. "Well, Nettie has n't done badly for herself, looking at it all round, you know."

With all respect to the late Sir Thomas, and even allowing for a terrible shock and a trying interval, I did not think she had.

Miss Gladwin gave them a splendid wedding at Worldstone. Her manner to them both was most cordial, and she was gay beyond the wont of her staid demeanor. I do not think there was affectation in this.

When the bride and bridegroom—on this occasion again by no means overwhelmed—had departed amidst cheers, when the rout of guests had gone, when

the triumphal arch was being demolished and the rustics were finishing the beer, she walked with me in the garden while I smoked a cigar. (There's nothing like a wedding for making you want a cigar.)

After we had finished our gossiping about how well everything had gone off,—and that things in her house should go off well was very near to Beatrice Gladwin's heart,—we were silent for a while. Then she turned to me and said: "I'm very content, Mr. Foulkes." Her face was calm and peaceful; she did not look so hard.

"I'm glad that doing the handsome thing brings content. I wonder if you know how glad I am?"

"Yes, I know. You're a good friend. But you're making your old mistake. I was n't thinking just then of what you call the handsome thing. I was thinking of the chance that I gave myself."

"I never quite understood that," said I.

She gave a little laugh. "But for that 'handsome thing,' he'd certainly have asked me—he'd have had to, poor man—me, and not her. And he'd have done it very soon."

I assented—not in words, just in silence and cigar-smoke.

She looked at me without embarrassment, though she was about to say something that she might well have refused to say to any living being. She seemed to have a sort of pleasure in the confession—at least an impulse to make it that was irresistible. She smiled as she spoke—amused at herself, or, perhaps, at the new idea she would give me of herself.

"If he had," she went on—"if he had made love to me, I could n't have refused him—I could n't, indeed. And yet I should n't have believed a word he was saying—not a word of love he said. I should have been a very unhappy woman if I had n't given myself that chance."

"You've been a little behind the scenes. Nobody else has. I want you to know that I'm content." She put her hand in mine and gave me a friendly squeeze. "And to-morrow we'll get back to business, you and I," she said.





Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"I LIKE A FIGHT TO BE A FAIR FIGHT," SHE SAID"



# HISTORIC PALACES OF PARIS

## HÔTEL MONACO

BY COUNT LOUIS DE PÉRIGORD AND  
CAMILLE GRONKOWSKI

### THE VANISHING PALACES

PARIS can still show within the aristocratic and somewhat mournful quarter called the Faubourg Saint Germain a few seigniorial residences which, through force of habit, are called *hôtels*. In fact, however, they are true palaces, with courts of honor, lordly galleries of great size, and parks green with trees centuries old.

Residences of the kind form almost a paradox in the center of a city on the threshold of the twentieth century.

Alas! the growing value of the land, partitions of estates, the loss of fortunes, and the craze for dangerous speculation, constitute the explosive forces which some day will level these relics to the ground; and then will come in their stead a lot of modern hideousities—cold and symmetrical façades, great cubes of stone without beauty or style, symbols, it may be, of our contemporary life, restless, nomadic, and involved.

So, in this quarter the future is full of threatening signs. Most of these marvelous *hôtels* are destined to vanish at a more or less distant date, just as recently disappeared the Hôtel de Luynes, so much regretted by art-lovers.

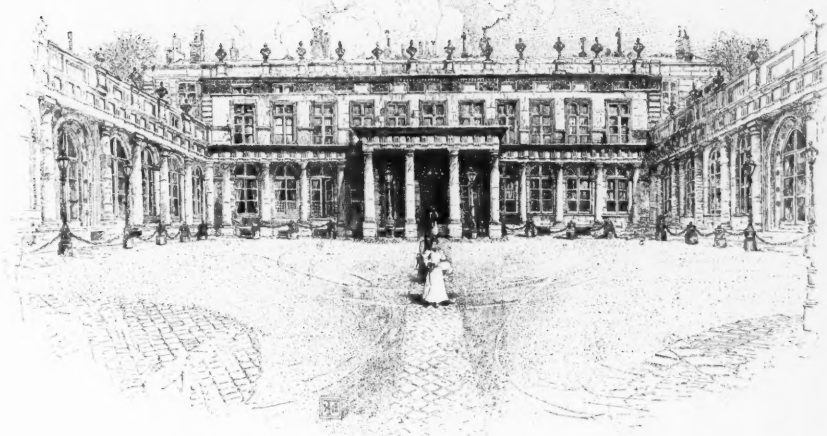
Being certain beforehand of a particularly kindly reception, we have been able to enter without any special effort certain doors which up to the present have never opened to art critics or those learned in the lore of the past. We have even been allowed to reproduce for the readers of *THE CENTURY* certain inner chambers, intimate corners which have never before known a photographer's camera.

### AN EXAMPLE OF LOUIS SEIZE

THOSE who are wont to pass along the rue Saint Dominique, coming from the crowded district of Grenelle or the École Militaire, and reaching the confines of the noble faubourg, are probably quite unaware of the splendid domain which is jealously hidden behind the dark and lofty gateway of Number 57. They may pass many times a day, but they will learn nothing concerning the Hôtel Monaco and its park.

This palace was built in 1783 for the Princess of Monaco by Brongniart, on the very spot where, in the reign of Louis XV, stood the house of Arnauld de Pomponne. We may regard it, along with the Place de la Concorde, the Hôtel de la Monnaie, and the École Militaire, as one of the most typical specimens of French architecture belonging to the second half of the eighteenth century. That was the time when the prettinesses of the Pompadour or "Rocaille" style had been repudiated—a style for which Slodtz and Meissonnier were representative architects. A graver, more thoughtful, and more majestic style had made its way under the manifest influence of the antique architecture and art which had become the fashion owing to the discovery of Pompeii and Herculaneum and to the publications of Winckelmann. Certain very talented architects, such as Blondel, Gabriel, Servandoni, and Louis (who was the architect of the Palais Royal and the Théâtre Français), placed themselves at the head of the movement and pushed the fashion. Later on the craze for the classic—a false classic, by the way—was





Drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph

#### FAÇADE OF THE COURT OF HONOR, HÔTEL MONACO

destined to bring architecture to wreck in bad taste and heaviness of line in the work of Chalgrin, Percier, and Fontaine. The Hôtel Monaco, which, according to its date, was as far removed from the hesitations that are part of a transition era as from the excesses of a period of decadence, offers us a harmonious example of the pure Louis Seize style.

Under this king no remarkable event fixed attention on this palace. Besides, the end of the reign offered few occasions for festivals in Paris, disturbed as it was by the hidden agitations of the Revolution. The king resided at Versailles, with little desire to mix in the life of the capital, and naturally the grand seigneurs stuck to their old ruts; so that one may say that never before had Paris been more deserted, more void of animation.

The Revolution passed like a hurricane. Then with the Directory began a period of unbending of nerves, a protest against the recent terror and mourning and suffering. It showed itself in a kind of explosion of delight in life, as of a rebirth. Perhaps no period in history was freer, more unbridled, more naughtily, childishly voluptuous and mad.

#### A HOME FOR THE TURKISH EMBASSY

THEN it was that the Hôtel Monaco began its career. The offices of the Minis-

try of the Interior had been arranged in it only a few months, when one fine day hurried orders were issued to vacate. While the bureaucrats, disturbed in their peaceful ways, departed with their files and papers, an army of paper-hangers and decorators took possession of the palace, and in great haste nailed down carpets, hung up hangings, and suspended tapestries. And the reason for this sudden change? It was the approaching visit of his Excellency Esseid Ali Effendi, the first permanent ambassador of Turkey to France.

Up to the time of the Revolution the envoys and ambassadors plenipotentiary alone had been lodged at the expense of the state. But by installing the envoy of the Sultan in the Hôtel Monaco the Directory showed able diplomacy. It was an adroit flattery of the despot, who for his part made an alliance in no doubtful fashion with the new régime in France; moreover, it was a quiet method of strictly overseeing the ways and deeds of the ambassador.

He arrived in Paris July 13, 1797, accompanied by Caulaincourt, his aide-de-camp; Citizen Venture, interpreter of the French embassy at Constantinople; General Aubert du Barget, and Codrica, a Greek dragoman. Besides these, there was a suite of eighteen persons.

This little court was easily accommo-



dated in the Hôtel Monaco. Its happy arrangement, its distinguished appearance, and the charms of its park had determined the Directory to make of it the Turkish embassy. Twelve thousand francs—not a large sum—was appropriated by the Ministry of Finance for the first cost of installation. The administration found an amusing excuse for not placing at once in the building a fine lot of silver, porcelain, and linen. "Perhaps," the cautious ones remarked, "the ambassador has much more simple habits than we imaginé, and too great an exhibition of luxury might disgust him. Let us permit him to draw up a list of the objects which may seem to him needful."

This was well calculated. As soon as he arrived, Esseid Ali passed in review the guard of honor of one hundred men which was drawn up in the courtyard; then he examined his new abode from top to bottom. He seemed delighted, was not chary of saying so, and, what was very important, made no demands.

#### THE EFFENDI'S FORMAL RECEPTION

THE very first hour that he passed in the Hôtel Monaco was marked by one of those amusing scenes which made the residence of the Effendi at Paris a continuous comedy. Hardly had he taken time to arrange the disorder of his toilet when he insisted that he must at once pay his visit to Minister Delacroix. They succeeded in moderating his zeal. But it returned afresh when Citizen Guiraudet arrived, bringing him the complimentary welcome of the government. Then a veritable struggle was necessary to prevent that all too courteous man from proceeding at seven in the evening to present his letters of introduction! The interview was arranged for July 18, and the particulars of the ceremony, fixed by Minister Delacroix, form so typical a document, and one so amusing, that we have no hesitation in quoting it from the archives of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs:

The Turkish minister, on arriving from the Hôtel Monaco, will be received by Citizen Venture, interpreter for the Republic, and by Citizen Guiraudet, Secretary-General of the Department of the Boulevard, who will await him at the entrance to the vestibule and con-

duct him to the drawing-room, which he will enter.

I will come to meet him as far as three quarters the length of the drawing-room. Two arm-chairs will be placed facing each other at the end of the room. The ambassador will seat himself on the chair on one side of the hearth, and I on that opposite. Coffee will be served to him and also to me at the same moment by two lackeys. He will then present to me the copy of his letters of credence, and after the conversation current preserves will be offered to him as well as to me. Rose-water will be poured over his hands and perfume will be offered him. I will reconduct him to a short distance from the door of the drawing-room.

This masterpiece in the way of protocols elaborated by Delacroix was his last ministerial act. A few hours earlier he had been replaced by Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord.

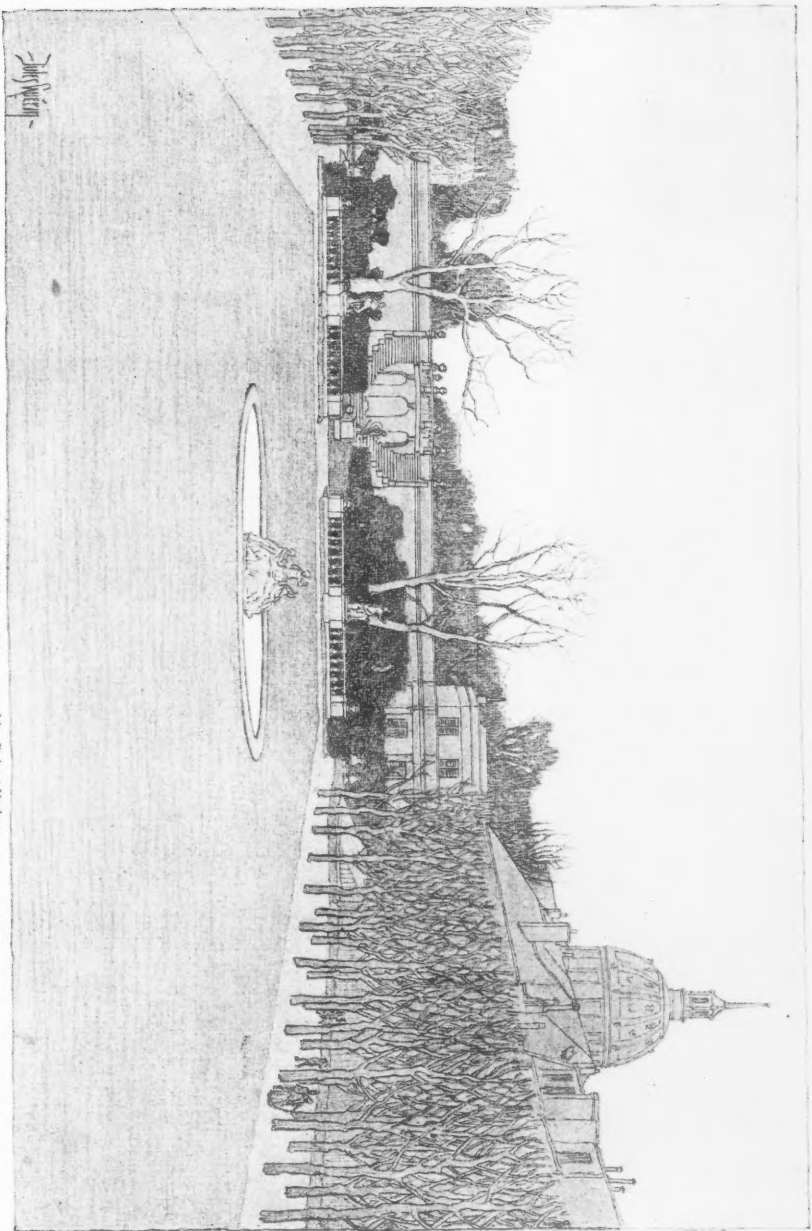
#### HIS HOME LIFE

THE former residence of the Princess of Monaco was for several years witness to strange ceremonies which did not smack in any way of the eighteenth century. For instance, in the fine garden laid out in the French style, which is one of the ornaments of this palace, a singular ceremony took place every day—one that followed an unchangeable ritual. At the moment that the sun reached the western horizon the ambassador descended the granite stairs, stepped on the lawn, where beforehand a cloak embroidered in gold had been spread, and there, turned toward the east, he went through long prayers and four times prostrated himself and kissed the ground.

The delicate woodwork of white lacquer and gold grew dark with smoke, for the Effendi rarely dropped the mouthpiece of a three-foot pipe which reached the floor; and his entire suite followed his example. When in gallant humor he would offer his own pipe to be smoked by the ladies who came to see him. For all the beauties of the period begged the honor of being presented to the king of the fashion, the hero of the hour. They flocked in crowds, with languorous airs, wearing on their spangled fans the portrait of the lucky Esseid printed on an oval bit of satin.

Alas! everything must have an end—especially whatever is the fashion. Soon





Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Vahlgren

THE PARK OF THE HÔTEL MONACO (THE DOME OF THE INVALIDES ON THE RIGHT)





From a photograph

THE OAK ROOM, HÔTEL MONACO, WITH THE PORTRAIT OF TALLEYRAND BY PRUD'HON

did Esseid the Effendi know the heart-burning and disillusion which the fickleness of these faithless ones occasioned. Turkomania ceased to amuse at the very instant that the ambassador ceased to be a power. The expedition of Bonaparte to Egypt broke the former traditions of friendship which had long existed between France and the Sublime Porte. The Effendi had to stand by powerless while that rupture took place. Under surveillance in the Hôtel Monaco he dragged out a pretty wretched existence—somewhat better, however, than that of Raffin, the French chargé d'affaires at Constantinople, who, for his part, was shut up in the Castle of the Seven Towers. The flattering visits of the fair *merveilleuses* ceased; the Turkish portraits framed in crescents of pearls were torn; the court of honor of the palace was empty. The wretched man had to swallow a final humiliation: trying to get back some little of his prestige, he had conducted negotiations as well as he could with Talleyrand in order to restore peace between France and Turkey (1802); but his government disavowed these pre-

liminaries, and gave to his successor the satisfaction of conducting the definitive arrangements.

#### UNDER THE HAMMER

DURING the reign of Napoleon I the Hôtel Monaco was inhabited by Berthier, Prince of Wagram; then it passed to Baron Hope, the famous financier, who changed almost entirely the decorations of the interior and spent on it seven and a half millions of francs. In place of the delicate Louis XVI woodwork, few traces of which can be found to-day, this banker had the idea of introducing a profusion of ornamentation, too heavy and rich—columns glittering with gold, involved arabesques, vaguely in the Louis XV style, but designed and executed under Louis Philippe.

On the death of Baron Hope, the palace was put up for sale at an upset price of three million francs. The offer was reduced to one million eight hundred thousand without finding a buyer. A third attempt at a start of one million two hundred thousand brought a raise of fifty



francs, and the hôtel was knocked down to Baron Seillière. Among the papers were found the note-books of the contractors, and the bill of the plumber alone amounted to the modest sum of one million seven hundred thousand francs!

#### THE TALLEYRAND-PÉRIGORDS

THE new proprietor was also a baron of finance, but he had vastly better taste than his predecessor. He knew how to bring together in his fine residence a great number of art objects which adorn it to-day. His daughter Jeanne, a very beautiful woman, married a Parisian very widely known, who for a long time bore the epithet of arbiter of elegances, namely, Boson de Talleyrand-Périgord, titular Prince of Sagan, eldest son of Louis Napoléon de Talleyrand-Périgord, Duke of Talleyrand and Valençay, and reigning Prince of Sagan by right of his maternal grandfather, Pierre, Duke of Courland, Semgallen, and Sagan.

The Talleyrand-Périgord family is one

of the most ancient and illustrious in France. It dates back to Wulgrin I, who was dubbed sovereign Count of Périgord and Angoulême by Charles the Bald, his relative, who died in 886. Hélie V succeeded Boson III in the countship of Périgord in 1186. He was a valorous warrior, which the name he received from his sovereign sufficiently proves: "Taille les rangs, Périgord!" ("Carve the ranks, Périgord!"), whence "Talleyrand."

Nevertheless the famous motto of the Talleyrand-Périgords, "Ré que Diou," has a different origin, and one which it is worth while to relate. Adalbert, Count of Périgord, having rebelled against the authority of the king, who was Hugues Capet, the latter sent him a messenger with these words: "Forgetful one, who made thee count?" "Who made thee king?" retorted Adalbert; "I know of no king but God" (*Je ne connais de roi que Dieu*), whence, in the old French, "Ré que Diou."

In all epochs the members of this family of warriors showed, besides, an intelligent love of the arts and literature. Thus Car-



From a photograph

A CORNER OF THE SALLE DES FÊTES, HÔTEL MONACO





From a photograph

#### THE BLUE ROOM OR BOUDOIR OF THE PRINCESS, HÔTEL MONACO

dinal Héli de Talleyrand<sup>1</sup> was the friend and protector of Petrarch, who often besought his aid. Another, Adrien Blaise de Talleyrand, wedded in 1659 Anne de la Trémoille, who later on was destined to make the name of Princesse des Ursins famous.

During the seventeenth century they are found at open war with Richelieu; thus Henri de Talleyrand et de Chalais, Grand Master of the Guard of Nobles of the King, was beheaded at Nantes, August 19, 1629, by order of the cardinal.

Finally, all the world knows the name of the famous Abbé de Périgord who became celebrated under the name of Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord, Prince-duke of Talleyrand, Prince of Benevento, Duke of Dino, Vice-Grand Elector of the Empire, Grand Chamberlain, etc.

#### THE PRESENT OWNERS

THE present Duke of Talleyrand and Sagan, owner of the Hôtel Monaco, is the

grandnephew of the Bishop of Autun. People are agreed to mention him as one who has realized the perfected type of the Parisian *élégant*. And he has known how to be at one and the same time extremely "modern style" and yet excessively *talon rouge* ("red-heel," a nickname for courtiers). Continuing the traditions of the seigneurs of the past, the prince has long maintained a residence separate from that of his wife. He entertained his friends in his tasteful apartment in the Club of the Rue Royale, and did not consider himself obliged to appear at the Hôtel Monaco even when the princess received at her table kings or grand dukes, the Prince of Wales, or the Orléans princes. Now he is sick, aged, struck by paralysis; and at the earnest demand of his family he has installed himself on the ground floor of the palace, in a little suite.

The princess, who was extremely beautiful, has known how to keep her tall and elegant figure and her proud mien. She has lost none of her delicate wit, her aris-

<sup>1</sup> He it was whom people called the "Pope-maker."



ocratic grace, and she recalls the charm of the *grandes dames* of the nineteenth century—for there were still such at that time—who knew how to hold as their own for a long time all admiration and all hearts—such as the Duchesse de Duras, the Marquise de Montcalm, Madame Delphine de Girardin, the Comtesse d'Haussonville, and the Princesse de Liéven.

#### THE BEAUTIFUL EXTERIOR

No sooner is the heavy gate of the portal passed than one sees from afar among the leafage the court of honor, to which one comes along an alley decorated uniformly with upright square shafts like classic *termes* in stone and bronze, and with clipped trees. Here is the courtyard properly so called, and we see the imposing sweep of the buildings by Brongniart. The impression of the antique lines is striking: it springs at once to the eyes, at first in this portico with columns and a heavy entablature, but lacking a pediment. The portico interrupts the general monotony and indicates the entrance to the private apartments. This close reminiscence of classic periods is found again in the somewhat cold but majestic regularity of the entire façade, composed solely of a ground floor and a great first story with thirteen windows, the *piano nobile* as the old masters called it. Plainly it is this story on which the architect desired to concentrate attention. But observe the facts: on this ground-floor front the openings are dwarfed, heavily arched, separated by engaged half-columns, and surmounted by a light frieze, all of which are things that catch the eye, without speaking of the heavy portico which breaks the line of the front. On the contrary, the first story shows an intentional simplicity, very happily calculated and truly grandiose—no ornaments to speak of, nothing but the fine proportions of the enormous windows, over which runs a double entablature on which one perceives in the intervals over the metopes, done in fine style, a row of fine decorative vases with garlands carved about them.

Two wings of less elevation turn back along the court of honor. That to the right includes first the vestibule which leads to the grand marble stairway and then to the grand galleries of the first floor.

#### A TREASURE OF ART

IN the center of the building, under the peristyle, is the entrance to the apartments on the ground floor where the Duchess of Talleyrand and Sagan usually stays, the immense first story being opened only for grand receptions. This entrance, all of stone, has had a sober decorative treatment. In the center—a marble statue of the eighteenth century—is Ceres, the blonde goddess; and on each side, on tall porphyry columns, are distinguished heads of Roman emperors, their dark faces, made of onyx and carnelian, emerging from splendid togas made of gilded bronze. On the walls light-toned medallions in pottery by Luca della Robbia send their note of blue through the green of the palms. Along the wainscot are some beautiful, severe-lined pieces of furniture, among them a marriage-chest of the sixteenth century.

We enter to the left into a Renaissance antechamber of a somber but harmonious tone, where greens and old reds dominate. The eyes are caught at once by a portrait of Machiavelli, thin, yellow, bald, with a high and pointed cranium. The author of "The Prince" seems mournful, disdainful, and has a sidelong look. Right in front, Louis XIII on horseback does not show any gayer visage. A very realistic "Crucifixion" by Govaert Flinck is surrounded by plaques from Faenza. Beneath these canvases there are more busts of emperors, but these are in white marble on pedestal columns of red marble. Red also are the tall Italian Renaissance arm-chairs, the woodwork heightened with gold, bringing out the somberness of that heavily built Burgundian piece of the sixteenth century which we attribute without hesitation to Hugues Sambin, the what-not opposite which is covered with bric-à-brac of great value—golden bumpers, German tankards in ivory, chased boxes, all marvelous in their jewelry work.

A large bay permits one to catch a glimpse of the Salon Rouge, which looks out on the park, just as do all the others to follow. It would be hard to enumerate even approximately the riches here inclosed. Still, one may remark that the dominant note in the furniture and objects is the style of Louis XVI and that of the Empire, harmoniously mingled.



Let us try, if possible, to examine the paintings without seeing the ceiling too much—for this ceiling, in caissons, dating from the restorations of the hôtel by Baron Hope, is truly afflicting. Noisily blue against a white ground, it belongs to the real Louis-Philippe style. Murillo, painted by himself, hangs opposite a painting of Colbert, to the right of the chimneypiece. This fine picture was brought from Spain by Marshal Soult.

The portrait of Ferdinand VII of Spain recalls an interesting page of history, and will explain its presence here.

In 1808 three Spanish princes were held in durance at the Château de Valençay by order of Napoleon I. They were Ferdinand VII, his brother Don Carlos, and Don Antonio, their uncle.

The choice of the place was odd; for Talleyrand, the castellan of Valençay, was known to disapprove in the highest degree the imperial policy with respect to Spanish affairs. From the first he took great interest in these three mournful exiles; and he expressed himself thus on their arrival in his domain: "The princes were young, and over them, about them, in their clothes and their carriages, in their liveries, everything displayed an image of past centuries. The coach from which I saw them descend might have been taken for one under Philip V [1700]. This air of antiquity, while recalling their grandeur, added still more interest to their position."

It was a sorrowful visit, which lasted six years. Fearing that his captives might escape, and badly informed by his spies, the Emperor gave severe orders with regard to the princes; and their existence would have been wretched indeed had it not been for the humane intervention of Talleyrand, who one day dared to write as follows in a report:

I took the tone of master toward Colonel Henri of the police, in order to make him understand that Napoleon does not reign either in their apartments or in the park of Valençay.

And again on another occasion:

I shall surround the princes with respect, esteem, and thoughtful care.

It was by way of thanks for this attitude, so firm and courageous, that Ferdi-

nand VII, on his return to Spain as king, offered his portrait to Talleyrand: that very portrait we can still admire in the Red Salon of the duchess.

The Oak Salon continues the series of apartments. One may say that it is the Talleyrand Salon, for the Prince of Benevento dominates it from the height of his frame. Clothed in a costume of ceremony of light blue and dark blue, with grave, pensive features, hair entirely white, and wearing the grand eagle and the grand cross of the Legion of Honor, the statesman rests his clenched hand on his hip and fronts the spectator in a proud attitude. Moreover it is a masterpiece by the great Prud'hon.

Four other pictures adorn this salon. One is a portrait of the Princesse de Conti as Diana the Huntress, with a landscape background, in the somewhat pretentious fashion of Mignard. Another, a portrait of the King of Saxony, which acts as a pendant, was given by him to Prince de Talleyrand after the interview at Erfurt. It is an official figure, the sovereign in white coat and yellow breeches, behung with orders, powdered, the plumed hat under his arm. Farther on, two pictures by Bronzino offer their dark yet warm coloring to the view—a thoughtful youth and a Venetian woman in a red gown.

The wall candelabra are supported by dragons in old Chinese porcelain, the blue tone of which is repeated by the fire-screen of Gobelin tapestry, splendidly set in a frame of carved wood.

But the physiognomy of this salon would not be told if one forgot the superb partition screens of antique stuffs which form private corners in the big apartment. One of them, yellow and gold silk embroidered on a ground of velvet, recalls the unwearying patience of the women of the past, when the weaver's art had not yet turned to fabrication and transformed our objects of furniture into heavy industrial products.

Here at last is the Blue Salon, which serves as the boudoir of the duchess and recalls to her mind the time when, a diligent young girl, she herself made the designs and then embroidered the panels which ornament the hangings of this salon, the Chinese decoration of which is very curious and elegant.

In the present room the chairs condone



those of the last apartment. All are of the time of Louis XV or Louis XVI. There is even a corner sofa in ancient Chinese red and old-rose embroidery; also, a little child's chair on which perhaps a dauphin once sat. Then there is an adorable little niche in Louis XV carved wood, with the stuff of the period. Just as we reach it the head of a poodle waked from sleep pops out of this hiding-place; let us not deplore the fate of Toutou!

After the princess's boudoir comes her chamber. One might think that one was entering a Byzantine church. Roman arcades, oak and gold with a ground of mosaic, run along the frieze, and the ceiling, like the doors, offers an example of the rich and heavy decoration which flourished during the reigns of the emperors of Constantinople. It must be confessed that the general look of this room is a little wanting in harmony.

The park is one of the marvels of Paris. It is designed in the French style and ends, after the English garden, in a "perspective" representing a Louis XVI rotunda, surmounted by a long terrace to which one attains by a double stairway of marble decorated with statues and designs. No indiscreet look can penetrate that wide expanse. Far off behind the "perspective" the trees on the Boulevard des Invalides add to the illusion, with the golden dome of the Invalides recalling vaguely the *tapis vert* at Versailles.

#### THE GRAND RECEPTION APARTMENTS

ONE rises to the grand reception apartments on the first floor by a suite of two vestibules placed on the right of the court of honor. Let us go quickly past the columns of the ancient statues, the vases decorated with mythological scenes, and ascend the thirty-five steps of the splendid marble stair, all of one piece. This stair is the triumph of the noble Louis XVI style, with its ceiling decked with rose-shaped ornaments, its pillars supporting a sculptured lintel,—a veritable lacework,—and the two galleries with balustrades which fence the stair-well, itself adorned with designs from the hunt and of music, with marble statuettes, immense supports for candelabra, children bearing torch-holders, and busts of Roman emperors perched on their tall porphyry stands. Seven uncom-

monly large windows throw a flood of light on this truly regal interior.

There begins the suite of five large salons for receptions, in white and gold, the overpowering decoration of which, too rich and too heavy, was designed by Baron Hope. He considered the delicate moldings of Louis XVI, the time of the Princess of Monaco, too meager, and spent several millions of francs in this work of vandalism. Luckily two precious medallions by Largillière, princesses with charming faces, were preserved during these changes: they are let into the wall and surmount two chimneypieces. Beautiful tapestries ornament the panels: one of them, a "Judgment of Solomon," is a Gobelins admirably designed and in fine condition. On the floor are rugs from the old royal looms at the Savonnerie.

Two galleries of colossal size occupy the ends of the palace. To the right is the Salle des Fêtes, overspread with gold, having Ionic pilasters and big chandeliers of rock-crystal. One may see in a corner the superb desk of Ferdinand VII, in walnut, decorated with bronzes, chimeras, and vases, and surmounted by a clock which is a part of it. It comes from Valençay. To the left is the dining-room reserved for gala dinners. About the massive walnut table one hundred and fifty banqueters can seat themselves at ease. The walls are clothed with red and yellow marbles inlaid with black, which harmonize with an immense East Indian tapestry and a severe chimneypiece in Empire style. But the marvelous thing here is the magnificent series of medallions by Oudry, alternately oval and rectangular, which make a frieze along the ceiling. The great painter of animals of the eighteenth century is found here in his full force—his *élan*, his profound feeling for decoration, and his warm coloring.

#### THE BALL OF THE BEASTS

THE Princess of Sagan has an original and inventive mind. It appears in its full vigor in the surprises which she liked to give her guests. Perhaps the one concerning which people still talk most was the famous "Ball of the Beasts."

On the 2d of June, 1885, you are begged to choose from Buffon a Costume or a Head.



This meager notice, in the guise of an invitation, ran beneath a delightful vignette, signed *Détaille*, representing the entrance to a ball at a fair, with the inscriptions:

One animal . . . . . 1 franc  
One animal and his lady . . . 2 francs

The crowd in front of the door was large, and here and there one saw a lot of guests of both sexes—a cock and a stork, an elephant and a cat, etc.

What prodigies of diplomacy, what intrigues and efforts, were made to obtain one of these little paper requests! But also what cries of anger! What indignation, true or false, was not let loose! The socialist papers seized upon the new idea of the princess, and with regard to the costumes made certain remarks and witticisms easy to imagine. The more courteous were in the following style:

We hear from a reliable source that the Prince de X. will sport a calf's head.

Or else:

The Marquise de Z. will appear as a turkey; that will scarcely make much change in her.

But that was not all. Serious persons remarked that the festival would take place the very day after the funeral of Victor Hugo, and people thought they saw in this ball an improper manifestation. But the most curious of all was the attitude of those whom we call "kill-joys"—the papers of the uncompromising legitimists. They reproached the princess bitterly for her taste for grand receptions "beneath the tyranny of the Republic," and especially the choice of such costumes for an entertainment that year. The aristocracy disguised as animals! Was it not the end of the world?

But, in spite of these criticisms, the ball took place, and it was a marvel of originality and dash.

Astonishment began at the foot of the grand stair, which was guarded by sixty footmen bearing the arms of Talleyrand; for from the bottom one could see at the top of the steps, beneath a cluster of electric lights, the Princess of Sagan audaciously costumed as a peacock, entirely haloed about by great gold and silver plumes and aigrets, against a dark-blue and old-rose ground, all gleaming with precious stones

on her hair, her shoulders, her entire gown. As her guests arrived and bowed before her, the bird of Juno spread, by the action of a concealed spring, a grand peacock tail of many colors, which, as it fell again, formed about her a cloud of sparkling stars.

By the side of the mistress of the house, assisting to receive the guests, was Monsieur de Buffon himself (Baron Seillière), in the classic garb of the castellan of Montbard—embroidered sleeves, frilled front, and round-curved wig. The solemn man was almost out of place in that astonishing zoölogical procession which filed past into the drawing-rooms. Oh, what fairylike birds from the isles were they that chirped and chattered in every corner—humming-birds tinted with emerald hues, birds of paradise with garb of rubies, insects that touch and go, ibises the color of the dawn!

Some costumes less striking were in vivid contrast to these. For there were to be seen a tigress (Baroness de Rothschild), an owl (Comtesse de Chevignée), a bat (Baroness de Salignac-Fénelon), a crow (Marquis de Barbentane), a duck, many ducks, a whole flock of ducks—Counts de St. Pierre, de Béthune, de Gargon. Singular taste! It would be superfluous to enumerate all the cocks which shook their wings at that ball—they could not be counted. There was even one lady dressed as a grouse-cock (Madame Michel Ephrussi). Very original she looked in an orange-tinted tulle gown all sewed over with big, dark wings, and with a charming little grouse-cock in her hair, perched saucily among the gleams of her jewels.

The prize for original costume fell by right to the Comtesse de Gontant, who came as a donkey—yes, actually as a donkey—unless, indeed, the first prize be claimed by the Vicomtesse de Lausac travestied as a lobster, or by Madame Henry Schneider as a serpent, or else by Madame de Moninet as the Ocean—a vision of vaporous blue tulle, over which fell fish-nets full of fish and decorations of seaweed and branches of coral.

Here is a comment on the ball, which we have had the good fortune to discover in an old copy of the "Intransigeant" of 1885:





Drawn by A. Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"THE BALL OF THE BEASTS," HÔTEL MONACO—THE PRINCESS OF SAGAN RECEIVING HER GUESTS AT THE TOP OF THE GRAND STAIRCASE



Such an exhibition authorizes the Darwinian theories as to the descent of man. Why should noblemen and noblewomen be angry when they are told that they descend from animals, since, without any necessity for doing so, they themselves return to their origin? As to their more recent ancestors, the knights who won their coats of arms with blows of the sword, what a surprise would have been in store for them if they could have risen from their centuried dust and heard men say, pointing to these insects, these ducks, these donkeys: "There are your descendants!"

They were clad in iron: their descendants cover themselves with feathers and hair. Without doubt, some of these disguised nobles descend from the barbarian leaders, who also marched clad in the skins of beasts. But the bears and wolves whose bloody hides were bound about their giant bodies had been killed by them—strangling them to death with their hands, just as Hercules would. To-day, O people, thou art Hercules!

Madame de Sagan of course never made any reply to these sarcasms—or rather yes, she did, by giving that grand kirmess for charity, the recollection of which is still in

memory of all those privileged ones who amused themselves joyously for several hours at the Hôtel Monaco, and those of the lowly and poor over whom the proceeds from the festival descended in a beneficent rain of gold. In order to bring more money into the cash-box for the poor the princess had imposed upon herself a sacrifice hard for a hostess to make: she had opened wide the doors of her hôtel and said to all her friends, as also to the passers-by in Paris: "Enter, whomever you may be, known or unknown, rich or little in fortune, snobs or the merely curious! Great miseries will be succored by your simple act. Enter! it costs only ten francs!"

Her appeal was heard. The crowd, eager to see the interior, entered the palace in masses. It amused itself, spent money, pushed itself into the theaters established in the open air, and played the lottery and other ingenious games at the booths of the aristocratic saleswomen and the buffets served by noble ladies.



From a photograph

DRESSING-ROOM OF THE PRINCESS, HÔTEL MONACO





From a photograph

ONE OF THE RECEPTION SALONS OF THE HÔTEL MONACO

The next day the princely park was found all ravaged, trod under foot, without one flower; but a great number of hovels and lodgings "flourished" with a

little good fortune, and there were many children who dried their tears.

It was the last festival at the Hôtel Monaco.

## THE WIND

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

THE yellow fox  
Has his bed in the rocks;  
The brown bird, in the tree  
Her nest has she;  
But the wind, come forth  
Of south and north,  
Of east and west,  
Where shall he rest?

The snake, the eft,  
Slips into the cleft;  
The marmot sleeps sound  
In the underground;  
But the wind of the hill  
Is wandering still;  
And the wind of the sea,  
When sleepeth he?

The clouds of the air,  
They slumber there;  
Flowers droop the head,  
And the leaves lie dead;  
But the wind, the wind,  
What rest shall he find?  
When shall he roam  
The wild road home?





Drawn by F. E. Schoonover. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

JULES VERBAUX



## "REMEMBER JULES!"

(STORIES OF THE FAR NORTHWEST: IV)

BY LAWRENCE MOTT

**I**T was noon. The day was bright and warm, and as Jules rested on a snow clump at the upper end of the Big Barren, he took off his muffler and fur cap and mopped his broad forehead. The sky was an opal blue; not a cloud to be seen anywhere above the horizon; the sun was comforting and genial in its heat, and the crust melted fast.

As Jules's eyes roamed over the dazzling space, he saw whole hillsides split and sag deeply, the heavy melting snow sinking on the light, dry powder underneath. His great, wide snow-shoes were on his feet, and the fur tote-bag beside him bulged with pelts, for it had been a good morning at the traps. He looked up sharply, keenly, as a faint, far-away sound struck on his ever-listening ears—*Pop! pop! pop-pop!* very distant, but plainly discernible. Jules jumped to his feet and shaded his eyes. Out of the snowy distance came a dozen black specks, traveling swiftly over the country. "Caribou! Feeften! Some vone mak' shooting là-bas!" Soon the frightened animals were close to him, their heads thrown high, their little tails straight up, and their long legs twinkling as the herd sped by with even, graceful trot. One staggered a little, swayed, but kept on bravely with the rest. Jules's sharp eyes saw the flecks of blood on its hind quarter.

"By gar! Ah get dat caribou!" he said aloud.

He threw the bag hastily over his shoulders, and stuck the muffler in a pocket; then, cap in hand, he left the clump and started off at great speed after the fleeing animals, which were again specks on the horizon beyond him.

Shortly afterward, from the white nothingness out of which the caribou had come, a larger speck appeared, and traveled nearly as fast as they had. It grew

into a sledge and seven dogs, and on the sledge was a Hudson Bay Company trapper, Lavallo. "Mush—ei-i!" his voice sounded weakly in space. As the outfit swung past the place where Jules had stopped, Lavallo caught sight of the wide tracks on the soft crust. He checked his dogs and tumbled from the sledge.

"C'est Verbaux," he said to himself. "Les autres dey tol' to me hees shoe-mark, an' dat 's eet certainement."

He examined the tracks at his feet carefully. They were wide and short, and the toe-bar indentation was high on the front; the lacings were of broad, thick bands, as the trail plainly showed, and the front of the snow-shoe turned in slightly.

"Ah vould lak' b'en to catch heem," Lavallo said longingly, and walked up on the snow clump, looking about. "He ees gon' 'way; mais Tritou he come aftaire me dam' queeck, and to-mor' ve go catch Verbaux," he muttered. Then seeing the single dot disappear to the northward, "Voilà mon woun' caribou!" he cried, and, leaping down to the sledge, hurried the dogs on and forgot about Jules.

The team raced ahead across the softening snow; the sledge-runners sank in often with a scrunch, and Lavallo would lift the body up and then go on. As they passed over a rise in the barren, he looked forward carefully, but saw nothing of the wounded caribou.

"He fall some place not far," he said to himself, and kept the dogs to their work. The country was more level here for several miles, and when the sledge approached the next hill he stopped the team at the foot of it, and, rifle in hand, stole noiselessly up the side; then, dropping to his hands and knees, crept on, and peered over the top.

In the little gully on the other side lay



a dead caribou, and bending over it was a tall man who was rapidly stripping the skin from the steaming body.

Lavalle ducked his head quickly at the unexpected sight in the gully, and lay on the snow, thinking.

"Dat ees Verbaux, certainement. Ah get heem et le caribou, by gar! Dat magnifique! Ah go leetle furdaire halong, an' mak' good shoot."

He slid down the hillside a few yards, then worked his way to the top again, pushing the rifle slowly along the crust. Just below him, Jules had finished the skinning, and was deftly unjointing the caribou's quarters. Lavalle shoved the rifle carefully in front of his eyes, took aim between Verbaux's broad shoulders, and pulled the trigger.

Jules heard a dull explosion, and dropped instantly by the caribou carcass; then, looking up slowly, he saw on the hilltop near by a man writhing and rolling as if in agony. He watched several minutes: the man's contortions grew less; finally he lay spasmodically kicking.

"He try keel Jules," said Verbaux, as he stood up and advanced warily toward the prostrate figure. It was no sham, and Jules uttered an exclamation of disgust at what he saw. Lavalle, in creeping along the hillside, had unwittingly plugged the rifle-barrel heavily with wet snow; and when, after taking aim at Jules, he had fired, the barrel had exploded, and the breech-block had "blown back" in his face. The heavy bolt had torn away one cheek, and the raw flesh lay gaping on the jaw-bone; Lavalle's forehead was pierced and gashed in several places by bits of the shell, and a jagged rip in the skull over the left temple showed where a piece of metal had forced its way through the skin. The gun itself lay a few feet off, dismantled and useless.

"Dat good for so; you try to keel me," said Jules, thoughtfully, as he watched the twitchings of the torn and distorted features. "Jules go now."

He turned and left the hill and its repulsive occupant. He cut strips from the caribou hide, and with them fastened a quarter of meat on his back, and another over his chest, to balance the weight; then, taking the skin under his arm, he started on. When he had gone a little way he stopped and looked back at the shape lying

on the reddened snow. He stood motionless for several minutes, then he threw off his load.

"Bah! Jules Verbaux, you got vone too beeg heart!" he said to himself sarcastically as he went back to the wounded man. He tore long pieces from his own shirts, and skilfully laid the ragged flesh of the cheek in its place, fastening it there with the cloth; the slit in the skull he drew together with rough care, and pinned the flaps of loose skin with a bit of wood which he sharpened and cleaned with his knife for the purpose. Then he gently pricked out the steel pieces that he could see embedded in Lavalle's face. The semi-conscious man moved, and muttered incoherently, "Ah go-in' ke-e-el Ver-baux now," and he feebly threw up his arms as though holding a gun. The flesh around the eyes was so swollen that he could not open them, and he lay there whispering and tossing.

"How he comme so queeck, hein?" thought Jules to himself; then he took Lavalle's back trail and found the sledge; the dogs were asleep in a warm mass. He straightened their harness and drove the team up to the wounded man, picked him off the snow like a feather, and stretched him carefully on the boards of the sledge, lashing him securely. The dogs went on, Jules holding a trace so that the speed should not be too great. At the bottom of the hill he gathered the quarters of meat and the skin, and secured them on the sledge at Lavalle's feet. Then "Mush! Allez!" he shouted, and the team scampered on, he following swiftly, controlling their speed by a long thong fastened to one of the sledge-runners. Over hill and across flat they went, hour after hour, till they reached the forest-land. Here Jules swerved the dogs to the northeast, and kept on.

Lavalle became more conscious, and struggled against the thongs that tied him fast; then he began to whimper, and the tears forced themselves through the puffed eyelids and ran down over his ears. Jules paid no attention, and they traveled on. The afternoon grew dark, a breeze sprang up, and in a little while veils of mist unfolded themselves over the barrens, and Jules pulled out his muffler, winding it round his neck as he strode along. The mist became heavier and changed into a



chill rain that soaked rapidly through the wounded man's clothes.

"Ah 'm co-ol', co-ol'!" he sobbed; and Jules took off his own caribou jacket, and covered Laval with it, tucking the corners under the lashings so that it should not be blown away.

The country sloped gradually upward, and at last the top of the long rise was reached. Jules stopped the team, and looked back. The bare, rolling, white distances were blurred by the falling rain; the air was damp and had a bitter edge of cold to it; overhead masses of gray scud and blue-black clouds hurried past, and the wind yowled intermittently across the hilltop. Nothing living was in sight. Laval muttered and cried, and the dogs panted. Jules gazed long and thoroughly about him, then he started the team on, turning sharply to the right.

In an hour the timber came in view, and in a few minutes they plunged into its shadows. Soon a little clearing appeared, and in the center of it was a hut. It looked lonely and minute, nestling among the giant spruce and pine. Jules halted the outfit at the door, and, gently untying Laval, he carried him inside and laid him on some boughs; the dogs he unharnessed and turned loose, and he took the meat, skin, and other things from the sledge into his little home. With pine chips and dry branches he built a fire on the tiny hearth; the slight smoke drifted about the room for a moment, then, feeling the strength of the draft through the round hole in the roof, it hurried out, as though glad to be free.

"L'eau! Wat'!" the wounded man was articulating painfully, and Jules filled a pannikin with snow, melted it over the flames, and held it to Laval's lips. The sick man could not open them enough to drink, and he began to cry again. Jules took up a wind-cured pelt from a pile of skins, twisted it into a stiff horn, and carefully forced the small end between the bruised and cut lips, and poured in a thin stream of water. Laval's throat rose and fell as he swallowed, and he shook his head a little when he had had enough. "Merci!" he whispered, and sank into semi-consciousness again.

It was dark outside. The dogs were growling and snapping over the meat Jules had thrown to them. The wind made the

trees creak and groan, and the rain had turned to snow. It was growing colder, and when Jules opened the bark door a stinging blast whirled in, eddying the ashes about the fire and causing the wounded man in the corner to shiver.

Verbaux cut some caribou steaks, and set them in a frying-pan on the fire; he dropped a little tea in the pannikin, and built up the blaze; then he sat near it and waited. The fire shone on his face ruddily, and the flames leaped and danced by reflection in the gray eyes. The hut was quiet, save for the crackling of the pine sticks and the raucous breathing of Laval. Soon the steaks began sizzling, and the odor of frying meat filled the little interior. Outside the wind had increased, and it sired now loud, now softly across the open hole overhead. Every now and then Jules mechanically turned the meat, his eyes on the fire in a curious set stare. Then he ate his supper slowly, decisively, sipping the black tea and munching the heavy bread in great mouthfuls, his big white teeth gleaming between the strong, healthy lips at each bite. When he had finished he set the pan aside, leaving the pannikin with its remnants of tea near the heat; he put more wood on the fire, and drew a blanket up to it, filled his pipe, lighted it, and sat down, nursing his knees in his hands, his head swaying to and fro. Laval's breathing was more quiet and regular, and the loudest sound in the hut was the thick *puff-puff—puff-phooooo*—as Jules exhaled clouds of smoke from his lips.

The red light flickered strangely over the spotted bark walls, and the shadow of Jules's head grew and shrank as the sticks settled, flared up, burned out, and settled again on the hearth. And still Jules sat there. His pipe was out, and the dull black bowl gleamed fitfully in the spasmodic light. The fire dimmed and dimmed; at last but a heap of gleaming coals was left. Jules lay down slowly, folded the blanket about him, and slept. The storm had come outside; the snow hurled itself against the little hut and piled around it; the dogs had crept to the lee side and were warmly huddled together; the sledge was a mound of white; and the gale screamed and roared through the pine and spruce.

Daylight came, grew, and brightened everything. All was silent yet in the bark shelter: one form, hideous, bloody, ban-



daged, in the corner; the other, long, strong, and graceful in repose, slept in the fur blanket before the cold hearth. Then it stirred, and Jules got up slowly and looked at Lavalles. He was still asleep, and Jules felt his head.

"Bon!" he said to himself, and went outside. The snow was still falling, and he waded through the drifts that had come during the night to his wood-heap; then with an armful of sticks he went back, arranged the morning fire, and lighted it. The wounded man woke, and in his blindness mumbled, "Tritou, eet ees you, hein?"

Jules started violently, then he answered in a gruff voice, "Oui."

"Tritou," went on the other in a thick tone, "Ah try to keel Verbaux yest'da-y; ma-is Ah don' know eef Ah do heet when Ah was woun'. You kno-w, he-in?"

Along pause, then Jules decided. "Oui," he answered again, still more gruffly.

"Ah 'm please'. Le facteur he gee-eve to me two hundred dollaires, hein?"

"Oui," Jules answered for the third time.

The tea was ready, and he went over to Lavalles and, using the skin horn again, poured the warm liquid down his throat.

"C'est b-on; me-rci!" and he became comatose again.

All that day Jules stayed in the camp; he fed the dogs and watched them fight and snarl over their rations; he gave Lavalles some tea three times, and he cut bits of meat very fine, softened them in warm water, and pushed them between the helpless lips. The throat swallowed, and Lavalles was strengthened. In the evening Jules unbound the terrible wounds, and washed them with tepid water in which he had steeped some pine-bark, and then tied them up again with fresh strips from his shirts.

And thus day after day passed, Lavalles growing stronger with each twenty-four hours. His face was still in frightful condition, and the eyes remained puffed and unopened. Jules rarely spoke, and the hurt man begged petulantly to be talked to; but Verbaux kept silent, or answered in monosyllables, and then gruffly, rudely. In the daytime he would take the dogs and go off through the forests, coming back at night with his furs, sometimes with many, sometimes with only a few skins.

Three weeks came and went, and Jules

still fed and cared for Lavalles. One night, as Jules sat thinking, thinking, before the fire, the other man spoke. "Ha, Tritou! Ah can see the flame at las'!" Verbaux sprang to his feet, and scattered the blaze with swift kicks.

"V'at you do dat for? Ah van' see," Lavalles said crossly.

"Slip—dormir," answered Verbaux, hoarsely, and the other said no more.

Before daylight the next morning Jules deftly wound a bandage securely over Lavalles's now seeing eyes.

"Tritou, v'at you do?" he asked with fear and anger. Without answering, Jules tied Lavalles's ankles and wrists, and carried him out to the sledge, lashed him to it, and harnessed the dogs, while Lavalles cursed and raved. They started off in the gray darkness of dawn, and traveled all that day and all night across the wilderness. The following evening they stopped, and Jules fed the blindfolded man as usual; then wrapped him in a blanket, still bound hand and foot, curled up himself, and slept. They were off again at dawn, and on and on till noon; then Jules halted the team, lifted Lavalles, and steadied him on his feet.

"Ah feex you, Tritou! Dam' fine vay to breeng me to la poste! Vell, Tritou, you got ze head hof Verbaux for to geef le facteur?" asked he.

"Oui," answered Jules. He cut the wrist and ankle bindings, and with a quick turn of his knife severed the bandage over Lavalles's forehead. It was dim in the forest, and the other rubbed his eyes gently.

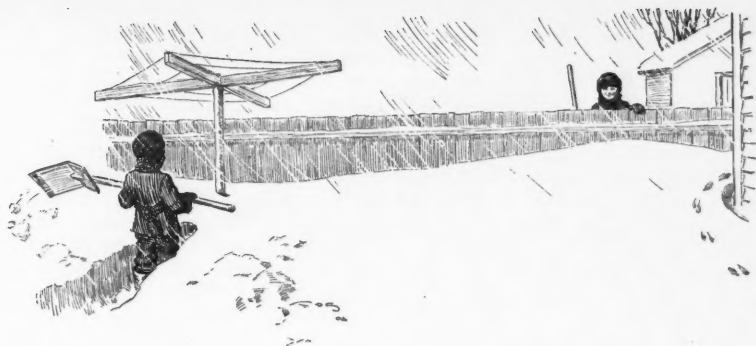
"Trit—" he began; then his half-opened eyes cringed, and an awful fear came into them, as they saw the tall, gaunt figure on wide snow-shoes.

"Oh! Oh, Dieu! Grâce!" he cried wildly, and shrieked in his terror; he tried to run, but Jules caught his arm in a powerful grip.

"Leesten to moi, Lavalles! You try keel me, Jules Verbaux. Ah sauf you' laife for sak' du bon Dieu; tak' you' dog', go to la poste! Here de vay! An'—rememb' Jules Verbaux! Allez!" He stood like a statue, pointing to the westward along the blazed trail.

Slowly and haltingly Lavalles crept to the sledge, crawled on it, and screamed, "Mush!" to the dogs; and they raced away among the trees.





## MIDDLETON'S HILL

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE



**A**LL night those new and cherished acquisitions, your copper-toed boots, had served patient sentry-duty beside your peaceful couch.

The rising-bell summoned you, but you only protested, blind, and snuggled for another snooze.

"Snowing, John! Get up!" called father.

*Scrape, scrape!* came to your ears the warning of an early shovel.

Your heart gave a wild hurrah, open popped your eyes, to the floor you floundered, to the window you staggered. Sure enough!

The sill was heaped to the lower panes, and in the air the flakes were as thick as swarming bees.

Ecstatically alive, you hustled on your clothes, bestowed on face and hair a cold lick and a hasty promise, and in the copper-toed boots raced noisily down the stairs.

You found the household less exhilarated and enthusiastic than you had expected.

"Well, this *is* a snow-storm!" commented mother in a blank way, pouring the coffee.

"Um-m-m! You bet!" you mumbled.

"It 's good for all day, I guess," said father, solemnly, sipping from his cup as he gazed out.

"Oh, dear! Do you think so?" sighed mother, aghast.

"Oh, gee! I hope so!" sighed you, fervently.

"Should n't wonder if we had a foot or more by night," continued father.

You heard him rapturously. Father knew; but it seemed almost too good.

Fourteen buckwheat cakes were all you could allow yourself that morning. The snow needed you; and grabbing cap and scarf and mittens, with a battle-cry of defiance and joy you rushed, by the back door, into the whirling vortex. The crackling stove, the cheery carpet, the warm, balmy, comfortable atmosphere of indoors, appealed not to *you*.

First, exultantly you dragged forth for a preliminary canter your faithful sled, long since extricated from summer quarters and held in readiness for action. The snow proved satisfactory.

"Ain't this dandy!" you shouted, through the driving flakes, across from chores in your back yard to Hen at chores in his back yard.

"You bet you!" agreed Hen.

So it was, for boys; and Madam Nature, hovering anxiously near, knew that her efforts were appreciated.



"Won't the hill be bully, though!" you jubilated.

"Great!" reflected Hen. "Got your runners polished yet?" he asked. "Mine's all rust."

"So are mine," you replied.

Down crowded the snow,—there never are such snows nowadays, so jolly, so welcome, so free from disagreeable features,—and in school, and as you plowed back and forth and shoveled your paths, you and your comrades were riotously happy.

Down tumbled the snow, great, soft flakes of it like shredded woolpack, until, when it ceased, as much had fallen as heart of boy could wish for, which was considerably more than would have satisfied the majority of other people.

The hill was covered, and "sliding" was to be "dandy," and that was your sole thought. Why else had the snow come?

To-day you remember that hill, don't you? Middleton's Hill! Of course you do: the best hill that ever existed—perfect, for coasting; ideal, for coasting; grand, for coasting! Therefore an invaluable possession, although, be it said, of importance rather underestimated by the public generally.

The hill started off gently; suddenly, with a dip, increased its slope; and after a curve, and a splendid bump over a culvert, merged with the level roadway. Difficult enough to ascend in muddy spring, in dusty summer, and even in hard fall, when, with the winter, it came into its own and was polished by two hundred runners, horse and man usually sought another route. It was virtually surrendered to you and yours, as your almost undisputed heritage.

To be sure, occasionally some rebellious citizen attempted to adapt it to his own selfish ends by sprinkling ashes in a spasmodic fashion athwart it; but a little snow or water soon nullified the feeble essay. To be sure, occasionally a stubborn driver, his discretion less than his valor, tilted at the glistening, glassy acclivity; and while his horses, zigzagging and slipping, toiled upward, you and yours hailed him as a special gift of Providence and gleefully hitched on behind.

Yes, it was a paragon of a hill, with a record of pleasure to which here and there a broken bone (soon mended) lent but additional zest.

THE hill was ready. The track, at first traced by the accommodating sleds and feet of a pioneer few, gradually had been packed and polished until now it lay smooth, straightaway, inviting.

The hill was ready; so were you. Your round, turban-like cap was pulled firmly upon your head and over your ears; your red tippet (mother knit it) twice encircled your neck, crossed your breast, and was tied (by mother) behind in a double knot; your red double mittens (mother knit them and constantly darned them) were on your hands; and your legs and feet were in your stout copper-toed, red-topped boots. And your cheeks (mother kissed them) were red, too.

Twitched by its leading-rope, followed you, like a loyal dog, your sled—a very fine sled, than which none was finer.

"Say, but she's slick, ain't she!" gloried Hen, as you and he hurriedly drew in sight of your goal. From all quarters other boys, and girls as well, were converging, with gay chatter, upon this Mecca of winter sport. Far and wide had gone forth the word that Middleton's Hill was "bully."

"Ain't she!" you replied enthusiastically.

With swoop and swerve and shrill cheer, down scudded the sleds and bobs of the earlier arrivals, and the spectacle spurred you to the crest.

Panting, you reached it.

"You go first," you said to Hen.

"Naw; you," said he.

"All right. I'd just as lief," you responded.

Breast-high you raised your sled, its rope securely gathered in your hand.

"Clea-ear the track!" you shrieked.

"Clea-ear the track!" echoed down the hill from the mouths of solicitous friends.

You gave a little run, and down you slammed, sled and all, but you uppermost, a masterly exposition of "belly-bust." Over the crest you darted. The slope was beneath you, and now you were off, willy-nilly.

"Clea-ear the track!" again you shrieked, with your last gasp.

You had begun to fall like a rocket, faster, faster, ever faster, through the black-bordered lane. The wind blinded your eyes, the wind stopped your breath, the wind sang in your ears, like an oriflamme streamed and strained your tippet-





"A SPECIAL GIFT OF PROVIDENCE"

ends, and the snow-crystals spun in your wake. Dexterously applying your toes, you steered more by intuition than by sight. You dashed around the curve; you struck the culvert, and it flung you into the air until daylight showed between you and your steed; *ka-thump!* you landed again; and presently over the level you glided with slowly decreasing speed until, the last glossy inch covered, the uttermost mark possible—this time—attained, you rose, with eyes watery and face tingling, and stood aside to watch Hen, who came apace in your rear.

"Aw, that ain't fair! You 're shovin'! That don't count!" you asserted, as Hen, in order to equal your mark, evinced an inclination to propel with his hands, alligator fashion.

Hen sheepishly desisted, and scrambled to his feet.

"Cracky! That 's a reg'lar old belly-bumper, ain't it?" he exclaimed joyously.

He referred to the delicious culvert. You assented. The culvert was a consummation of bliss to which words even more expressive than Hen's could not do justice.

Up the slope, in the procession along its edge, you and he trudged; and down again, in the procession along its middle, you flew. Over and over and over you did it, and the snow filled sleeve and neck and boot-leg.

Occasionally, with much noise but little

real speed, adown the track came a girl, or two girls. The majority of them, however, used a track of their own—a shorter, slower track, off at one side. Poor things! Condemned by fate to their own company and that of the smallest, most timid urchins, they pretended to have exciting times.

They sat up straight, girls did, the ethics of society seeming to deny them the privilege of "belly-buster," and on high sleds, —nothing could be more ignominious than a "girl's sled," —scraping and screaming, showing glimpses of red flannel petticoats as they prodded with their heels, acting much like frightened henscuttling through a yard, they plowed to their goal.

For a girl to essay the big hill appeared to be no end of an undertaking. First she —or probably they, inasmuch as girls usually adventured in pairs to encourage each other—first they, then, squatted on their flimsy sled, girl-fashion (another reproach this, "girl-fashion"), and tittered and shrieked; and the one on behind urged by "hitching" with her feet in the peculiar girl way, and the one on before held back with her feet, and said:

"Wait!"

They waited for bob and sled to precede them, until with a frantic unanimity of action they seized upon a favorable calm interim betwixt coasters, and then with trepidation were off.

But you overtook them.



"Look out!" you yelled as, on your bounding courser, you ate up the trail. "Look out!"

You tried to retard your speed by dragging your copper toes. Anticipating the shock of collision, you lifted the forward part of you, like a worm reconnoitering.

"Look ou-out!"

One last agonizing appeal. And now the pesky girls, glancing behind with sudden apprehension, in utmost haste and terror-stricken confusion, amid wild cries, by dint of laboring feet veered ditch-ward, stopped on the brink, and, as you shot past, rose frustrated and gazed after.

Well, they had spoiled your slide. You had had a grand start, and goodness knows where you might have gone to. Darn it! why can't girls stay on their own track!

Yes, indeed. Nevertheless, budding chivalry grafted upon natural superiority prompted you to take Somebody down on a real ride. You would like this Somebody, if the other boys would only let you; but most of the time you could not afford to.

A sparkling little figure in white hood, fur-trimmed jacket, white mittens strung about her neck, and plaid skirt well wadded out over long leggings, with her ridiculously high sled (girl-sled), she stood by, looking on.

"Want to go down once? I'll take you," you offered bluffly.

From amid the giggling society of her sex she bravely advanced, and obediently seated herself on your sled.

"Oh, Lucy! I'd be 'shamed! Sliding with a boy! Oh, Lucy!"

Lucy wriggled disdainfully.

"Don't you wish *you* could!" she retorted.

"Aw, John! Takin' a girl! 'Fore I'd be seen takin' a girl!" joined in the gibing chorus of your mates.

You hurriedly shoved off.

"You got room enough?" asked your solicitous passenger.

"Lots," you affirmed huskily; and, crouched to steer, you left the derisive crest behind you.

Down you spun,—you and Lucy,—both gripping hard the sled, your shoulder pressing against her soft back, and her hair-ribbon whipping across your mouth as you peered vigilantly ahead.

Here was the culvert.

"Hold on tight!" you warned.

*Whisk—slam!*

With a tiny scream from Lucy, you had landed, right side up, the three of you.

"Was n't that bully?" you queried reassuringly.

But Lucy must first recover her breath.

This she did when finally, the sled having entirely ceased motion, you and she must fain disembark.

"My!" she gasped. "I jus' love to go fast like that, don't you?"

Her tone conveyed volumes. Suffused with proud gratification, you picked up the rope.

"You're a splendid steerer, are n't you?" she said admiringly.

"Huh!" you scoffed. "Steerin' 's easy. Get on and I'll haul you up," you proffered.

"Won't I be too heavy?" she objected, delighted.

"Naw," you asserted. "You're nothin'."

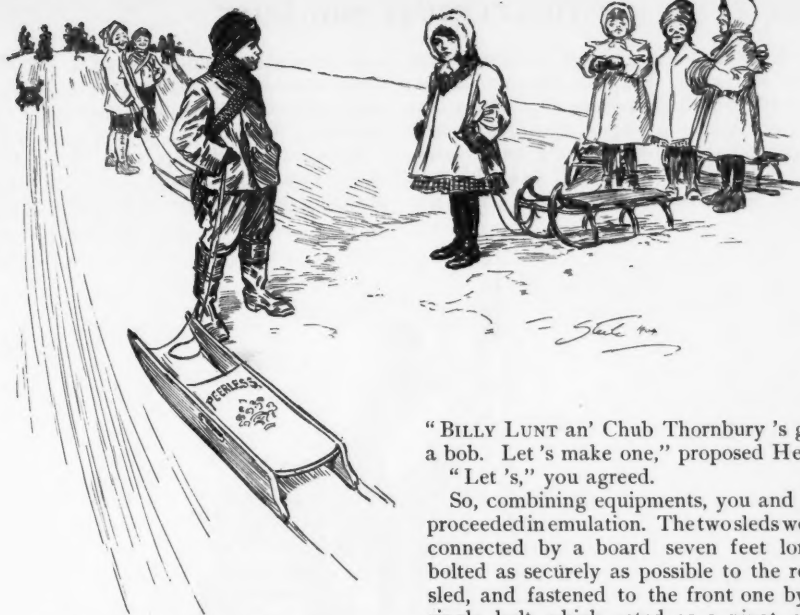
Ignoring jeers and flings, you carried out your voluntary program to the very end.

"Thank you ever so much," piped Lucy, nimbly running to rejoin her own kind.



"THEY SAT UP STRAIGHT, GIRLS DID"





"WANT TO GO DOWN ONCE? I'LL  
TAKE YOU"

Shamefacedly you lifted your sled, and with a tremendous belly-buster were away again, and when once more you reached the crest your straggle from grace had been forgotten.

At last, wet through and through, countenance like a polished Spitzenburg (you had a right to the simile, as the barrel in the cellar would testify), hands and feet like parboiled lobsters, reluctant to withdraw, but monstrosly hungry, you arrived at home to be fed.

"John, don't come in here that way! Go right into the kitchen and take off your boots. Mercy!" expostulated your mother, as in you stamped, leaving a slushy trail, and munching a doughnut as a sop to that clamorous stomach.

Wearily you returned to the kitchen, and applied your oozy, slippery boots to the bootjack. Then, having abandoned your footgear (their once gay tops a soggy maroon and their copper toes already showing effects of the friction whereby they steered you down the hill) to steam behind the kitchen stove, you obeyed orders to go up-stairs and change into the dry clothing that mother had thoughtfully laid out.

Oh, dear, would n't supper *ever* be ready!

"BILLY LUNT an' Chub Thornbury's got a bob. Let's make one," proposed Hen.

"Let's," you agreed.

So, combining equipments, you and he proceeded in emulation. The two sleds were connected by a board seven feet long, bolted as securely as possible to the rear sled, and fastened to the front one by a single bolt which acted as a pivot, and which, at a sudden jerk, would pull out and throw the major portion of the bob upon its own resources.

However, the bob was a very good bob, and, when cleverly shoved off and expertly steered, gallantly maintained itself against all comers—even against Fat Day's more aristocratic "boughten" bob, which, with its gay paint and varnish and rail "hand-holds," was the pride of Fat's heart and the apple of his stingy eye.

Hen steered (for steering was a science) and you shoved off (for shoving off was an art). Between you two, pilot and captain of the craft, was packed, on occasion, an inconceivable number of passengers, with always room for one more.

"Gimme a ride! Lemme ride!" beseeched friends.

"Aw, you can't. There ain't any room."

"There is, too. I can get on all right."

"G'wan! Don't you let him, John! Don't you let him, Hen! We're all squashed now."

This from the jealous load already booked.

"Shove up, can't you! Aw, shove up! What's the matter with you! There's lots of room."

And the pestiferous intruder squeezed in. The bob looked like a gigantic caterpillar upside down, so thick were heads



and shoulders in a series of ridges. The board creaked. The load also complained, grunting uneasily as each boy, fitting like a bootjack into the boy before, his legs stretched horizontally along each flank, tried to "shove up closer." Hen, his feet braced against the stick nailed across the

scant two inches, and hanging for dear life to the shoulders of the boy in front of you, were embarked for your rapturous yet excruciating flight.

With lurch and leap, with whoop and cheer, down zipped the bob, every lad clutching his neighbor as he might, each



"HOWEVER, THE BOB WAS A VERY GOOD BOB"

points of the guiding sled, was the only unit of the mass that enjoyed any elbow-space. But, then, the pilot of a vessel is, *ex officio*, the favored personage.

"Darn it! lift up your feet there!"

"Then somebody hold 'em. Grab my feet, somebody!"

"Whose feet I got, anyway?"

"Aw, quit your shovin' so!"

"G'wan an' push off! We don't want any more."

"Gimme some room!" you pleaded. "I only got about an inch."

They hitched along, and ceded you another inch.

"Clea-ear the track!"

You bent and pushed. The bob started; it gathered way. One concluding effort, and you landed aboard just as it was outstripping you, and, kneeling upon your

cemented to each; but you, out in the cold, clutching most desperately of all.

"I'm fallin' off!" you announced wildly.

The two inches are only one and a half.

"Jocko's fallin' off!"

How delightful—for the others! The news of your lingering predicament is received with hoots of wicked glee.

Around the curve, with everybody leaning, and the rear sled sluing outward while you balanced on its extreme edge—going!

Over the culvert, a double bounce, and now you are all but gone. Going, going!

On the level, nearing the finish, speed slightly abated; and now your tired fingers relaxed, you could n't hang on any longer, your knees slipped—going, going—gone! but gone more gracefully than you had reason to expect.



"You did n't gimme any room!" you accused angrily, when you met your squad as, in rollicking mood, they towed the bob back toward the crest.

THE old hill is not what it used to be. It has been "graded." No more do the sleds flash down as they once did. A new-fangled set of "city ordinances" forbids.

Hazardous curve and inspiring "belly-bumper," tippet and copper-toed boots, clipper and bob, have vanished together, leaving only a few demure little boys in overcoats, and demure little girls in muffs and boas, who sit up straight and properly descend, at a proper pace, along the out-skirts, and think that they are having fun.

Good-by, old hill!



## THE IDEAL

BY IRENE P. MCKEEHAN

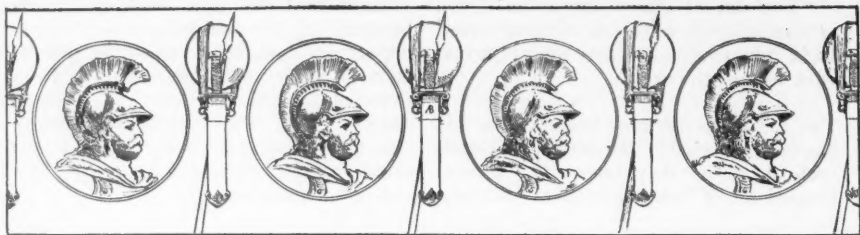
WE see thee on the hills, oh, maiden tall!  
 Oh, maiden with the sun-resplendent eyes!  
 For one hushed minute the o'erhanging pall,  
 Shrouding the peaks of God, up seems to rise,  
 And thee reveals against the august skies,  
 Clear-limned and shedding glory like a star.  
 Oh, thou divinely beautiful and wise,  
 Be not so cold and high, so hopeless far!  
 Come down among these lower lands where shadows are!

For we are native to these shaded fields  
 And valleys dusk, where tangled forests grow,  
 Backed by the rugged mountain-range that shields  
 Our standing corn from upland winds that blow  
 Swift with the great hill-sweep and sharp with snow.  
 Come down, come down, and bide a little space  
 Here in the valley, that if needs we go  
 Sunward to view the sunshine of thy face,  
 Thyself may lead us by the hand to that high place!

The revelation passes, and the mist  
 Lies on the summit as it lay of old.  
 A pleasant, lily-scented breeze hath kissed  
 Our temples; we know valley rivers hold  
 Lilies serenely white, with hearts of gold.  
 We hear the happy shepherd wind his horn  
 O'er valley meadows where in quiet fold  
 The flocks are gathered. Tidings glad are borne  
 From valley fields where glows the wealth of standing corn.

We want not lilies, sheep, or corn, though long  
 These pleased us. We leave the vales; no more  
 Shall we in summer hearken to the song  
 Of sheltered folk content. As men of yore  
 God in the wilderness would fain adore,  
 So we, the exalted vision to obey,  
 Strive up the rocks and grope in cloud-lands frore.  
 Oh! is it vain, this climbing toward thy day,  
 Hill Queen? At least we break the way, we break the way.





## MARY ELLEN AND EVELYN MAY

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

Author of "Tom Beauling," "Aladdin O'Brien," etc.

**M**ARY ELLEN leaned over the dividing fence, and called to her chief friend and enemy, Evelyn May.

"Does it seem to you that the battle's as far off now? Don't it seem to you as if the noise was coming nearer every moment? Don't it seem to you as if some folks must be running to get away from it?"

Evelyn May disdained to answer. She was convinced that what the other said was perfectly true: that the Confederates had fallen upon the Union army in the small hours, in the dark, and had routed it.

"To-morrow," called Mary Ellen, "or maybe late to-day, we'll be looking down the road instead of up it, and hearing the sounds dying slowly and mournfully away. Won't it be a blow, though?"

"It's probably a blind to lead the Rebs into a trap," said Evelyn May, sweetly. "'Pears to me those poor Rebs are always falling into traps. If rats and mice did n't have more sense, there would n't be any rats and mice."

This was more than Mary Ellen could bear or for the moment answer. She became pink with smothered rage. But she had a better view of the road than Evelyn May, and of a sudden she saw that in the distance it was filling with men and wagons. She looked again to make sure.

"Here come the cats," she said triumphantly. "Puss, puss, puss, puss! Here, puss!"

Evelyn May rushed into the road. Mary Ellen followed.

Toward them came the rout—ammunition-wagons, hospital wagons, supply-wagons, mules, camp-followers, soldiers with hats and no guns, soldiers with guns and no hats, an officer or two mounted: the recession, pouring, as it did, over the brow of a low hill, seemed interminable. There was no order, no precision, nothing to which Evelyn May could pin an excuse or an argument. Yes; there were no colors. In the listless, apathetic flight their absence was the one ray of hope.

The flight drew nearer, and Mary Ellen and Evelyn May retreated into their respective yards. As the first stragglers passed, Mary Ellen began to shake her skirts at them and fling taunting remarks:

"You'll find mother a little further on; she's just up the road. You're nearly home, boys; one more effort; step lively. Hi there, you! Hurry, or Early'll catch you."

And Evelyn May, white with anger, seized the fence by the pickets so that it shook, and cried:

"Go back! go back—you—you—cowards!"

A man in plain clothes, riding a big sorrel, detached himself from the crowd and drew up by Evelyn May's fence.

"Please take this,"—he handed her half a dozen leaves covered with fine manuscript,— "and see that it is forwarded to its address. I have n't time myself. I've got to go back."



"What is it?" Evelyn May had the curiosity and boldness to ask.

"It's a report of the surprise and rout," he said. "Telegraph it, if you can get to an office." He tossed a wad of greenbacks over the fence. "If you can't telegraph it, mail it, and keep the change for the wounded."

With no further talk, the man turned and rode in the direction of the firing, and, as he went, Evelyn May could see that he was making frantic, if ineffectual, efforts to induce others to go with him.

In ten minutes Evelyn May found herself astride of the old plow-horse, without saddle or bridle, making for the nearest telegraph office. She could not tell, herself, exactly why she went, except that some one had spoken orders and that she was obeying. An unshaven face, white and haggard, but young; a pair of small, bright, gray eyes; a flash of white teeth; a voice that had made her heart beat—these things never left her as she rode.

Mary Ellen, almost consumed with curiosity to know what had passed between Evelyn May and the stranger, continued to lean on the fence and jeer the stragglers. She remained thus for over an hour, doing her very pertest, but to very little effect. The men were too apathetic, listless, heartless, to answer back. And when the wounded began to come, she became silent.

The rout now covered the long space of road between the brows of the low hills, appearing over the one and disappearing over the other, much as a ragged strap passes over two wheels in a factory. That part of it directly in front of Mary Ellen's house was full of wounded in wagons and borne on stretchers. Suddenly, from the direction toward which the dismal, unhappy mass of men, guns, and wagons was proceeding, came a faint sound of cheering. The cheering grew louder and nearer, just as from the other direction the sounds of battle were momentarily increasing.

Presently the rout halted. Men began to curse and lash their horses, still eager to go on; but the van seemed to have met with an insurmountable obstruction. The rear kept forging up, and the column became packed to suffocation. But the cheering became louder, and it was possible to see hats waving in the distance.

Suddenly the fit of cheering reached that part of the line opposite Mary Ellen, and shook it with excitement. Color sprang into white faces, fire into dull eyes; the cheering became a yell—a scream of triumph. Men wheeled in their tracks, shouting and laughing, and slapping one another's backs. As if by magic, the recession became a procession, the rout an advance, the retreat an attack. The column was going the other way.

There came riding at a gallop in the fields beside the road a short man on a tremendous horse. The man's face was stern and puckered, but his eyes flashed and looked neither to the right nor the left. In his right hand he carried his hat. There was not a vestige of the theater in the continuous gesture, only a frank desire to be recognized by all who saw him as quickly as possible. He came; he went. After him came a little squad of cavalry, who smiled as they rode. When she could no longer see him, Mary Ellen could still mark the progress of the man by the yells and cheers, the triumphant bellicose shouts, which that progress aroused. Mingled with the hoarse, deep voices of the men was a shrill, triumphant voice that soared like a fife above them. Mary Ellen bit her teeth together and the shrill voice ceased.

The day went on, and the battle became stationary; the day waned, and the battle began to roll back whence it had come.

MORNING dawned bright and clear. Mary Ellen was out bright and early. She went to her neighbor's house and knocked. There was no answer. Evelyn May had not come home.

Down the road came a cart drawn by a mule. In the cart, propped against straw, sat a man with a bloody bandage round his head. There was a band across the man's knee. On the band were sheets of paper, and the man was writing with a little stub of a pencil.

"Did you send it?" he called feebly to Mary Ellen.

The cart was halted. She went into the road.

"Send what?"

"Oh, it was n't you, was it? You are the other girl. No matter; I sha'n't be able to send this—will you? You must, you know. It's the rest of the battle for my paper—about how Sh-Sheridan came



b-back. You'll f-find money in my clothes to t-elegraph it. I'm done for."

He closed his eyes. A moment later he opened them. "Take it, please. It's all—f-inished."

His eyes rested on Mary Ellen's face, and even to the dimming retina she was very sweet to see.

"Look here, young lady," he said, and his manner brightened a little; "it's l-oney goin' a-lone—and—and a man ought to h-ave a woman b-by—when he g-oes out. Wou—you would n't m-ind g-givin' me a k-kiss for luck, now—w-would you?"

Mary Ellen's face was white with pity. She climbed into the cart and bent over the man. He put his arms around her and drew her close on his breast, and held her close, and she kissed him an honest kiss on the mouth, and he kissed her back. She made to rise; but he held her with his feeble arms, and would not let her go. He kissed her again, and—for she felt it her duty—she kissed him back.

The man's arms opened, but for a moment Mary Ellen stayed as she was. And she kissed the man's mouth of her own accord.

"For luck," she whispered, and she climbed out of the cart, red as a rose.

"We must get him into the house," she said to the driver. He dismounted, and together they bore the fainting correspondent into the best bedroom and laid him on the bed. He opened his eyes then.

"P-please," he said, "t-elegraph it if you c-an; and if you c-an't, mail it."

Mary Ellen, mounted on her pony, and clasping a precious manuscript and a roll of bills, galloped toward Winchester. She met Evelyn May, bestriding the old plow-horse, riding in the opposite direction. They waved to each other, and, as they passed, each cried to the other, "We won!"

Evelyn May was happy with a sense of duty done, and in her mind she hugged

the memory of a face, bold, resolute, and of a voice that had made her heart beat. Mary Ellen was half dead with dread, and kept alive only by the force of love which had suddenly been born in her. As she rode, she kept seeing the face of a man sick unto death, and she kept hearing a feeble, broken voice that had made her heart beat.

"WHAT'S that?" said the correspondent. He was sitting up in bed, and there was a little show of color in his sunken lips. "It sounds like a woman crying."

"It's Evelyn May," said Mary Ellen, gently. "Her father was killed that day, and she's only heard this morning."

"Where are your people, Mary Ellen?"

"My mother's dead, the same as Evelyn May's, and my father and my brother are—are on the other side."

"Mary Ellen, are you going to forgive me for not dying—for obtaining blessings under false pretenses—that—that day?"

"I would n't have had it otherwise," said Mary Ellen.

"Suppose, then," said the correspondent, "that you leave that book a moment and k—bless me again."

"There," said Mary Ellen. "And now, my own dear, I think I'll go to poor Evelyn May, because she's crying her heart out."

"Do that," said her "own dear." "And then—and then, Mary Ellen—suppose you stop round to the minister's and bring him here."

"Do you wish it very much?" said Mary Ellen.

"Come close—and I'll whisper," said he. "And now, darling, go to poor Evelyn May."

And Mary Ellen went, and sweet she was, and honest and tender; but she was the last woman in the world to try to stop the tears of Evelyn May.





## "OLD CLINKERS"

BY HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

Author of "The Smoke-eaters"

WITH PICTURES BY MARTIN JUSTICE



AN alarm of fire was rung in the pier-house, of the new fire-boat, the *Manhattan*, one warm night in August when the *Manhattan* herself,—cuddling up against the wharf, purring a little fume of steam from the exhaust-pipe,—had just been roused from her sleep by the engineer in charge turning over the engines to get the water out of the low-pressure cylinder; and Captain Keighley's gray head still showed at the lighted office window of the pier-house, bowed over a report which he was writing to "Headquarters" on this very difficulty of keeping the low-pressure cylinder warm and ready to start.

"I can't see the sense of puttin' triple-expansion engines into a fire-boat, anyway," the engineer had complained. "That third cylinder 's just a drag on the other two. She goes cold here, layin' in the dock, an' we're half-way to a fire before she gets hot enough to handle the steam."

Captain Keighley had replied, "Well, send in yer kick to Headquarters," and had avoided the engineer's eye as he said it; for it was the captain's duty to make all such reports. The engineer had looked at him, looked at the floor, and then rubbed his nose with the back of an oily hand. "I guess *you* better do it, cap'n," he said meekly. "I ain't much of an ink-slinger." And Keighley's greater sense of dignity had compelled him to answer, with an affected indifference, "All right; all right."

But when he had shut the door of his office and taken out his pocket Webster from the locked drawer in which he kept it,—with as much secrecy as if it were a rhyming dictionary,—he had sat down before his official letter paper to nurse his jaw,

with no more dignity than a school-boy. Then he had begun to screw out the tortuous scrawl of his report,—with a period placed carefully after each word,—breathing hard at the end of every line and muttering curses at the beginning of the next; and when the alarm of fire burst on the jigger, he had just decided that he had come to the end of his first sentence and had put down his pen to relax the muscles of his mouth and wipe his forehead. He counted the strokes of the bell, brightening with the hope that there was a fire in his district to release him from his desk.

In the adjoining sitting-room Lieutenant Moore had been tilted back against the wall in a cane chair, reading a newspaper with the ease that comes of a public-school education. It had once been his duty to write the captain's reports for him; but for the best of reasons he was allowed to do so no longer, and whenever he looked over his paper at the closed door of the office, it was with an expression of sulky resentment. That expression did not change when he glanced aside at the men who were reading, loafing, and playing dominoes in the room with him; for there was nothing of the genial atmosphere of an engine-house's leisure-hour about the scene. There was nothing but constraint, and silence, and side-mouthed whispers, and a feeling of suspicious aloofness between group and group.

They were a mixed lot, picked from all the battalions of the city to serve on the *Manhattan*. In a far corner a blue-jowled Bowery type, nicknamed "Shine," had been saying in a husky undertone to a freckled fireman beside him: "I s'pose Moore 's sore on us 'cause we won't fight



it out to a finish fer 'm. What 'd we make by it, supposin' we got the ol' man trun out of his job, eh?"

The other shut his eyes and nodded solemnly. He was a sly, sandy youth named Cripps.

These two were members of a fireman's "benevolent association" called "the Brownies," of which Lieutenant Moore was the "financial secretary," and they had lately been participants with Moore in a plot to drive Captain Keighley from his command for having "broken" one of their association. Captain Keighley had learned of the plot, and had suppressed it; and that was the simple reason why Moore no longer wrote the reports.

At a round table in the center of the room a young Irishman named Farley, with a curled mustache, had been playing dominoes with a huge nondescript named Sturton, and nicknamed "the Terrible Turk"; and Farley, being an expert, had been lolling back in his chair and playing absent-mindedly, while "the Turk," to whom the game was an almost violent mental exercise, had been bent over his dominoes, with his big-boned face set in a thoughtful scowl, playing deliberately, with slow movements of his hairy paws. And these two had been on their captain's side in the quarrel between the two officers, though for different reasons—Farley because he belonged to the association of firemen that was the rival of "the Brownies," and "the Turk" because he was by nature loyal to appointed authority and solemnly conscientious in the fulfillment of all his duties.

Farley had been watching Lieutenant Moore in his corner. He had spoken once, to say in a low voice: "That loot'nt looks like a bull-pup shut out on a door-step." But "the Turk" had merely grunted without letting his attention be drawn from the game; and they had continued to play in silence until the jigger sounded the alarm.

Then, like all the other men, they looked up without rising, and counted the strokes. When the little bell started to ring the third number of a station in their district, they bolted eagerly for the door; and with the first stroke of the larger gong the sitting-room was empty, Captain Keighley was shouting to the pilot, "All right, there! Pier —, North River!" and the *Man-*

*hattan* was under way for the fire that was to weld her crew into a fit company of firemen, with a proper camaraderie and some of the spirit of a corps.

THE river was as crowded with a summer evening's traffic as Broadway with cars and hansoms on a theater night; and the *Manhattan* had no shore engine's right of way under the law. She went whistling up the stream, dodging and spurting, throbbing, grunting, and checking speed. Blazing excursion boats, bedecked with colored lights, answered her impatient signals with cheerful impudence, and held their courses. Squat ferries paddled serenely across her path. An impertinent tug cut in ahead of her to race with her for salvage, and worried her like a cur at a horse's head. The pilot twirled his wheel, worked his engine-room signals, and swore despairingly; and Captain Keighley stared at the shore lights in the distance and revolved the first sentence of his report in memory.

When the river opened into a free stretch of water, the tug fell behind, and Captain Keighley saw the pier-end lamp toward which they were heading blinking like the intermittent flash of a lighthouse. It disappeared, and he guessed that it had been blotted out by the drift of smoke.

"Wind from the south?" he asked. The pilot answered, "Yes, 'r." Keighley said, "Take us in on this side o' the pier," and stepped out of the wheel-house to go aft to the crew. "Get out two two-inch lines from the port gates," he ordered Lieutenant Moore.

"Shine" came running back from the bows and joined the men who were taking the hose from its metal-sheathed box. "Banana fritters fer ours," he said. "It 's the fruit-pier!" And Captain Keighley observed that some of the men laughed, that the others at least smiled, and that Lieutenant Moore was the only one who remained out of reach of the invitation to good humor. He got a glimpse of Moore's isolation, and returned forward again, frowning thoughtfully.

The pier-shed, as they swung in toward it, was fuming at every door with puffs of a heavy smoke from the burning grasses in which the fruit was packed, and Keighley saw that the fire was going to be, in department slang, a "worker." He could see the steamers of two shore companies



drawing water from the end of the slip. He understood that their crews were in the shed, trying to drive the fire forward; and he knew that it would be his duty to enter from the other end of the pier and catch the flames between the two attacks.

He shouted to the pilot, "Hold us up to

half-way up the dock. "Hol' on!" he cried to the four men who had leaped to the pier. "Drop one of those lines. Take yer axes. Chop a hole in the floor planks inside. The fire 's 'n underneath."

The men aboard tossed the axes out to the others, and these rushed into the smoke, dragging the single line. Keighley



Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

THE REPORT

the door there!" and ran back to Lieutenant Moore. "Stay aboard here," he ordered. "If the blaze shows in the roof, take the top off her with the monitor. Go slow, though. Don't bring it down on us." He called to the men: "Throw out yer lines! Make fast, now! Hang on to that line aft! Hold it! Hold it!—All right. Stretch in—in through the door here! Come on!"

He jumped up on the bulwarks as the engines reversed with a frantic churning astern, and then he saw a flicker of flame glimmer and grow between the timbers of the cribwork, just above the water-line,

said to the lieutenant: "Go in an' take charge there. See 't no one gets lost in that smoke." Moore scrambled to the pier, and the captain ran forward along the bulwarks, peering down for an opening between the stringers of the cribbing.

He knew that the crew on the pier would take at least ten minutes to cut a hole through the three-inch planks, in the blind suffocation of that shed; and, meanwhile, the fire below would travel from end to end of the pier. He could see no opening larger than an inch slit between the foot-timbers beside the bow of the boat. He started aft again.



"Shine," behind him, said: "It 's covered at high water, cap."

Keighley spun around. "What is?"

"The hole. I t'ought—"

Keighley jumped down at him. "Where is it? Will 't take a line in?"

"Sure," "Shine" said. "It 'll take a bunch o' bananas in."

"Where is it?"

"It 's—it 's about there." He pointed down the pier. "It 's under water at high tide."

Keighley ran his fingers up the buttons of his rubber coat, and it fell off him like sleight-of-hand. His helmet dropped beside it. "Get me a heavin'-line," he said; and "Shine" gasped excitedly: "Say, cap, *you* can't find it. Y' have to dive. It 's where the gang ust to get to hide the stuff we swiped, till the cop got nex' t' it. I c'u'd make it in the dark. We fixed up a reg'lar joint in there."

The captain said: "Peel off, then. Hi, there! Bring us a heavin'-line!" and ran back to get it.

"Shine" dropped to the deck with a chuckle and began a race for "First in," gurgling an excited profanity as he kicked off his rubber boots. He had been news-boy, bootblack, wharf-rat, deck-hand, truck-driver, plug-ugly, and leader of his gang, and he had come into the department from the ranks of the "Con Scully Association" to earn a regular salary for the support of "the ol' crow," his mother. Diving on the water-front of a midsummer night was a way of earning it that appealed to him.

"Beat y' in, Turk," he challenged. "Come on. Saturday 's wash-day."

"The Turk" asked cautiously: "What 's on?" He had an instinctive distrust of "Shine" as a type, as well as a political distrust of him as a "Brownie."

"Nuthin' 's on," "Shine" said as he came out of his blue-flannel shirt and stood up, grinning, naked. "Where 's the rope?"

Young Farley, from behind, tied one line under his arms. Captain Keighley gave him the end of another. "That 's fer signalin'," he explained. "Jerk it three times if yuh want us to haul y' out. Jerk it twice if yuh 're all right an' ready to take in the hose. We 'll tie this other one to the pipe. Jerk once to start the water. Over yuh go now! Strip!" he said to Cripps, the freckled fireman.

"Shine" sprang on the bulwarks, took the signaling-line between his teeth, and dived. He struck the water and went in as clean as a fish. A few bubbles rose and burst in the streak of light from the wheel-house window. The lines paid out smoothly through Keighley's hand. They stopped; and he began to gather in the slack stealthily. They jerked forward and ran out with a rush. There was the pause of a crisis. Then the signal-line jumped twice, and Keighley cried: "He 's in! Give him the pipe! Light up there!" Cripps tossed the nozzle overboard, and the others ran aft to lighten up the hose.

Meanwhile, "Shine" had wriggled through the opening in the timbers and risen under the floor of the pier in a dense smoke that was lighted with flames. He had swum to a cross-beam and straddled it to draw a deep breath through a crack in the wall of the cribbing. And now he was hauling in the line, hand over hand, choking and sputtering. The nozzle rose between his knees. He jerked once on the signal-rope, heard Keighley's muffled cry of "Start yer water!" and threw himself on his stomach on the nozzle and the beam. The air gushed in a mighty sough from the pipe. The hose bucked and kicked up under him. The stream spurted from it and broke hissing on the blaze. "Go it!" he said, riding the hose and clinging to the slimy timbers. "Go it, yuh son of a mut!"

He had left the weight of discipline on the deck behind him with his uniform, and he had returned to the naked audacity of the days when he had obeyed no rules but those of the "club." He was no longer a fireman; he was a young hoodlum enjoying an adventure, and he looked up at the blaze before him with a grin. He heard Lieutenant Moore's squad chopping at the planks behind him, and he listened contemptuously. He thought of Captain Keighley, and it was with the thought of a younger "Shine" for the leader of his gang.

He was still clinging to his beam when Cripps rose blowing behind him; but the flame and smoke had already been driven back sufficiently to clear the air; and "Shine" greeted the freckled fireman with jubilant curses. "Come on here, Cripsey!" he cried. "We got her beat to a stan'till. Take a hold o' the spout. We 'll slush



it around." And when Cripps swam up beside him and threw his weight on the pipe, "Shine" shouted exultantly above too wise fer that Willy. An' he 's too d——d hard-headed an' ol' clinker fer Moore to break."



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"OVER YUH GO NOW!"

the noise of the stream: "Listen to Moore up there, tappin' on them planks like a footy woodpecker. He 's a barber's cat to the ol' man. That 's *what*! . . . Slush her over in the corner there! . . . The cap 's

Cripps blinked the water out of his eyes and laughed. "There 's nuthin' in it fer us, anyhow."

"He 's a better man 'n Moore, all right, all right," "Shine" repeated. "We 'd



been all burned to blisters in the bottom o' that Dutch cotton-tub if 't had n't been fer the cap'n. Moore 'd never 'a' got us out."

"Well, that 's where Moore fell down," Cripps answered at the top of his voice. "He was scared stiff."

"Shine" added, at the thought of the captain's masterful coolness in the hold of the burning boat: "The d——d ol' clinker! That 's a good name fer him, eh? 'Ol' Clinkers,' eh?" And they were laughing together in a sort of cowed respect and admiration for Keighley when they heard him say gruffly behind them: "Play that stream lower, along the cribwork. Them timbers is afire outside."

"Shine" ducked his head instinctively, and then looked over his shoulder. The old man reached an arm to the pipe and growled, "To yer right; to yer right."

They applied themselves to their work like a pair of school-boys caught idling. "Good enough," Keighley said at last. "Keep that stream off me, now." And climbing over the beam, he swam forward into the fading glow of the fire.

"Hully gee!" "Shine" said. "I wonder if he caught on."

He had "caught on." He knew that these two firemen had been the leaders, under Moore, of the attempt to drive him from the company. He understood from their talk that Moore's followers had deserted him. He snorted the salt water from his nose; Mr. Moore's claws were cut, then, sure enough.

At the next cross-beam he saw that the fire was blazing far ahead of him in a sort of flooring of loose planks, and he could make out what seemed to be two carpenter's horses covered with boards for a table, some boxes for stools, and a pile of burning straw that had been bedding. He swam back to bring the men, and found Farley and "the Turk" splashing up with a second line of hose. He ordered them in with it as impassively as if he were in full uniform on the deck of the *Manhattan*, instead of straddling a sunken beam, the water trickling into his eyes from his gray hair, dressed in dripping underclothes and commanding four nude firemen, who grinned at one another when he turned his head.

"Shut that off, you," he said to "Shine," "an' light up on this other line!"

He led them—splashing and laughing

and tugging on their hose—into the drip of hot water from the lines of the shore companies above them. The stream from the *Manhattan's* monitor, dashing against the burning timbers outside, blew stinging sheets of spray through the slits of the cribbing on them. The warm smoke puffed back at them in stifling clouds. "Turk-ish b-bath," "Shine" gasped. "Ouch! Gee! that about parboiled me lef' lug! Gi' me air! Gi' me air!"

"Come on!" Keighley ordered.

"The Turk" followed the voice of authority; "Shine" followed the voice of his leader; Cripps obeyed where obedience had been proved the wiser policy; Farley went to do the work for which he was paid. Their obedience drew them together like a yoke; they helped one another, brushed shoulders facing a common enemy, and touched hands in an almost friendly sympathy, sharing one task and one danger.

They stopped when the hose would come no farther, and "the Turk" sent back the signal for water. "Some Guinny had a roost in there," Farley said, peering through his fingers at the flames.

"I guess," "Shine" replied. "'T ust to be the gang's club-house. There she goes!" He shouted above the noise of the stream: "She ain't insured, at that!"

Captain Keighley rested his elbows on a beam, wiped his streaming eyes, and grunted half disgustedly. To him "Shine's" playfulness was the ingratiating gamboling of a dog that had tried to bite him. He felt no inclination to pat the treacherous cur; but neither did he purpose to kick him. To Farley, "Shine" seemed to show a spirit of good-fellowship that let bygones be and reduced their relations to the simply human intercourse of man and man. To "the Turk," absorbed in his duties, it was the encouragement of a kindred spirit who took the joy of battle more noisily than he.

The blaze, caught at close range, seemed to snuff out as suddenly as if it had been no more than the flame of a candle; and when Keighley looked back over his shoulder in the darkness, he saw the spark of a lantern which Lieutenant Moore was lowering through the hole his squad had cut in the floor. "There 's the loot'nt," "Shine" sang out impudently. "If he ain't careful with that lamp he 'll set fire to somethin'." And the laugh that followed came heartily from the men.





Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THE BLAZE, CAUGHT AT CLOSE RANGE, SEEMED TO SNUFF OUT"

Keighley made his way back to the lantern and called to Moore to put a ladder down. "Fire 's out here," he shouted. "Go in up there an' help wet down."

He waited at the foot of the ladder until he was sure that the last glimmer of flame had been extinguished below ; then, calling

to his own squad to leave their lines and "back out," he climbed the ladder to the floor of the pier. There was no one to laugh at him there, except the wharf watchman, who had returned to the scene of the fire from the safety of a car-float in a neighboring slip. Keighley strode over to



him. "Got any ripe bananas yuh don't want?"

"Sure," the man replied. "Take all youse can ate."

"Shine" came up the ladder, panting from a race with "the Turk." Captain Keighley touched him on the shoulder. "Take a bunch o' those bananas aboard with yuh," he ordered, "an' be d——d quick about it."

TWENTY minutes later, the last of the fire had been drowned out, the *Manhattan's* lines had all been picked up, and the crew sat along the bulwarks, eating bananas and waiting for the order to start back to their house. Cripps and "the Turk," "Shine" and Farley, were perched in a row along the edge of the engine-room skylight, "in their birthday clo's," each with a banana in his hand and a bulge in his cheek, fraternizing while they dried.

"The Turk" was saying, with an air of ownership: "She's a peach of a boat, jus' the same. We c'u'd 've swamped out that blaze ourselves, if there had n't been a steamer on the island."

"Shine," blinking watery-eyed, condemned the fire in resentful anathemas and bit savagely on a banana. "D——d scorch burned my pipes so I can't taste nuthin'," he complained.

Farley, with the tears still running down his cheeks, swung his heels blissfully, chewed, and regarded the lights of the city. "Yes," he said, "it's hot work, all right; but how'd yuh like to be pushin' a pen in one o' them little furnaces, fer instance?" He nodded at the late lights in the upper windows of a distant office-building. "One o' them newspaper touts was tryin' to pump me the other day. 'Say,' he says, 'what takes you men into the fire department?' 'Oh, the pay,' I says. 'The pay.' 'H——!' he says, 'the money's no good to a dead man. Look at Chief Bresnan.'"

"The darned mut!" "Shine" put in. "'T was n't the chief's fault he got nipped."

"He did n't mean it that way," Cripps said.

"Well, how *did* he mean it?" "Shine" demanded.

Farley waved his banana-skin at the high building. "He meant 't when it comes to this sort o' business he'd sooner be settin' up in one o' those coops peckin' at an ink-bottle an' scratchin' at a desk." He gave a grotesque imitation of a clerk humped over his work, dipping his pen frantically, and writing, with his nose to the paper.

Cripps laughed and threw his banana at the pier. "To the woods with him!" he said. "G' me a banana that's ripe. That last one tasted like a varnish-shop."

Captain Keighley rose in his uniform from the ladder of the engine-room behind them, and caught the general smile. He heard Cripps say, "This suits me all right"; there were satisfied grunts of assent from the others. At the stern, Lieutenant Moore sat somewhat apart, spitting over the rail.

"Get yer clothes on," Keighley ordered gruffly. "Cast off there, Moore!"

And when the *Manhattan* was spinning back leisurely to her quarters, with a trail of banana-skins in her wake, he said to his lieutenant in the wheel-house: "I want yuh to see th' engineer to-morrow an' write a report to Headquarters on that low-pressure cylinder business."

Young Moore looked up to find the cool gray eyes fixed on him in a calculation of how much enmity there was left in him. He flushed. "Yes, sir," he said, almost gratefully.

"Old Clinkers" turned away before he added with an effect of kindness: "All right. Doty'll explain about it to yuh to-morrow. Go out an' tell those boys we want some bananas in here. I guess we're smoked as dry as they are, eh?"







## THE PROPOSED CHANGES IN THE NATIONAL CAPITOL

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE PLANS OF MESSRS. CARRÈRE & HASTINGS,  
CONSULTING ARCHITECTS, NOW FIRST PUBLISHED

OUR most important building, historically and architecturally, is a reflex of the Constitution. It is an embodiment of those principles which from the outset stamped themselves upon the destiny of the nation. Despite differences of policy, despite disaster even, the Capitol illustrates the gradual evolution of a single unifying idea. Threatened more than once with destruction, and on several occasions with changes which would have obliterated its original character, it has yet conformed closer and closer to the aims of its earliest patrons and projectors. In the fullest sense of the term it was, and is, national.

After plans for the city of Washington had been perfected by the expressive and imperious L'Enfant, the next consideration was the construction of what were then called Congress House and the President's House. From the beginning no one knew better than the Father of his Country how much depended upon the completion of the Capitol. In his own wise words he said: "It is the progress of that building that is to inspire or depress public confidence."

Both Washington and Jefferson displayed zealous interest in the various designs submitted, and both agreed on all essential points. What Washington sought was a combination of "grandeur, simplicity, and propriety," and that which appealed most to Jefferson in the plan presented by Thornton was the fact that it

seemed "noble, simple, beautiful." The phrase was Miltonic, and the day itself was one of spacious vistas and exalted endeavor. Yet most of these aspiring dreams have been abundantly realized. L'Enfant's city proved a prophetic flash of patriotism, and Thornton's conception of Congress House has always remained a fitting transcription of the noble dignity of the Declaration. The key-note of all that was said or done was, however, that simplicity desired alike by Washington and by Jefferson, that simplicity of which the Capitol is to-day the mute and immemorial witness.

The history of the Capitol, both structural and spiritual, is a history of the preservation and amplification of the same principles which were responsible for its inception. A union of conservatism and sound sense seems from the beginning to have guided the fortunes of the edifice. Virtually all departures from the initial plan have been resented, and substantially everything in the way of legitimate development has been encouraged. At the very outset the jealous and officious Hallett was not permitted materially to alter the sober beauty of Thornton's design, nor has any subsequent meddler exercised a similar privilege. Attempts were made by Latrobe, Bulfinch, and others to institute radical changes, but in each instance the sterling sagacity of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe prevailed. Its successive archi-





THE CAPITOL IN ITS PRESENT STATE

fects sought to make the Capitol individual; the Presidents and statesmen wisely upheld its general and typical significance.

By 1850, or just a score of years after the completion of the old Capitol, it was decided that the building was inadequate to the increasing needs of Congress. The structure then consisted of the present central portion, capped by a wooden dome, and two wings with smaller domes, the Senate occupying what is now the Supreme Court chamber and the House what is now Statuary Hall. Considering the scope of the projected additions, it was obvious that a crisis in the growth of the Capitol was at hand; and it is due to the good judgment of President Fillmore in appointing Thomas U. Walter as architect that the building emerged not only more commodious than before, but more symmetrical and more imposing. Several schemes were advanced by Walter, the one finally adopted being the logical expedient of placing wings north and south, connected with the main structure by corridors. Each of the wings was embellished with porticos and rows of Corinthian columns, the whole being similar in character to the original architectural unit. Although the older portion of the building was of sandstone, the additions were mar-

ble, liberal coatings of white paint being applied to minimize the discrepancy in color.

The corner-stone had barely been laid amid a burst of mid-century eloquence, and work begun on the wings, when it was seen that the dome must inevitably be dwarfed by the proposed extensions. Plans for a new and larger dome were forthwith approved, and the difficult task of substituting the present cast-iron expedient was undertaken. While work was necessarily stopped on the building proper at certain periods during the Civil War, it became an article of faith, almost, with Lincoln to insure the completion of the dome. He felt and fervently believed that "in the progress of this crowning feature of the Capitol all might see typified the continued unity and strength of the United States." Like Washington, he, too, realized that the structure was more than a mere matter of stone and mortar and iron. Before the close of the war, Crawford's by no means divine "Goddess of Freedom" had been firmly implanted on the tholus surmounting the dome, and in 1865 Walter resigned, leaving the building substantially as it remains to-day.

It is little short of amazing that the Capitol, considering its purely natural vicis-





WALTER'S PLAN, WITH THE SLIGHT MODIFICATIONS OF CARRÈRE & HASTINGS, FOR THE EXTENSION OF THE EAST FRONT OF THE CAPITOL

situdes, should produce an impression so consistent and so harmonious. From time to time it has been under the State, War, and Interior departments, and its makers have been many and diverse. Yet somehow it always managed to escape threatened aberrations, and has gradually become the existing sane and inspiring edifice. When Walter retired, after years of admirable service, he realized that while the general effect was in the main satisfactory, there were various shortcomings which his successors would in time see fit to correct. He felt that the dome, which had been built on the old foundations, lacked apparent support when viewed from the plaza, and also that the central eastern motive was unfortunately dominated by each of the new wings. Moved by these considerations as well as by a persistent clamor for even more space, he filed for future reference several alternate sets of plans providing for each contingency. Happily Walter's most pretentious scheme, which consisted in extending the east front two hundred and seventy-five feet, never received serious attention. It is also a matter for congratulation that nothing further was done during succeeding years apart from laying out the grounds and perfecting

the approaches, terraces, and promenades. From time to time other propositions for the enlargement of the Capitol were entertained, but always with a certain caution. The building had become in large measure a realized ideal, and each Congress showed less and less inclination to tamper with its structural integrity.

A continued lack of space, the fact that the east front shows undoubted architectural defects, and a natural desire to reface the sandstone portions of the old structure with marble, finally resulted in the appointment of the present Joint Commission of the Senate and the House on the Extension and Completion of the Capitol. At the request of this commission, Messrs. Carrère & Hastings, the consulting architects, recently submitted a report covering the points under consideration; and it is encouraging to learn that all their recommendations have been unanimously approved by the members of the commission. The plans of Messrs. Carrère & Hastings for the construction of office-buildings for the Senate and the House having already been accepted, opportunity is herewith offered for the first time to discuss their scheme in its entirety. Back in the spacious days of the aspiring L'Enfant, and





THE EAST FRONT OF THE NATIONAL CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON

later under the Park Commission's revision of his diagram, it was intended that the east front of the Capitol should form an imposing quadrangle. For a century or more there was scant hope that L'Enfant's quadrangle would be achieved; but eventually, in accordance with his theory, the Library of Congress was placed in the southeast corner of the quadrangle, opposite the Capitol. Following this same plan, the senators and congressmen have now decided to erect two separate office-buildings, the one for the Senate to go on the north and that for the House to go south of the square. These buildings will be on the farther side of avenues, as shown in the plan on page 699, and will be identical except for certain interior arrangements. The equation on the northeast which would naturally balance the Library of Congress has not been provided for as yet, though it will in all probability be a new and much-needed home for the Patent Office.

It is reasonable to infer that, when completed, the quadrangle will form an admirable ensemble. The distribution of the several buildings appears to be excellent, and their proper subordination to the Capitol is amply assured. Although at present the Library asserts an unpropitious independence of conviction, this will be less evident when shared by a companion structure. In their designs for the Senate and House office-buildings, the consulting architects have sought to emphasize rather than to detract from the restful dignity of the Capitol, and a close scrutiny of their drawings seems to imply success. Formerly, when the city was

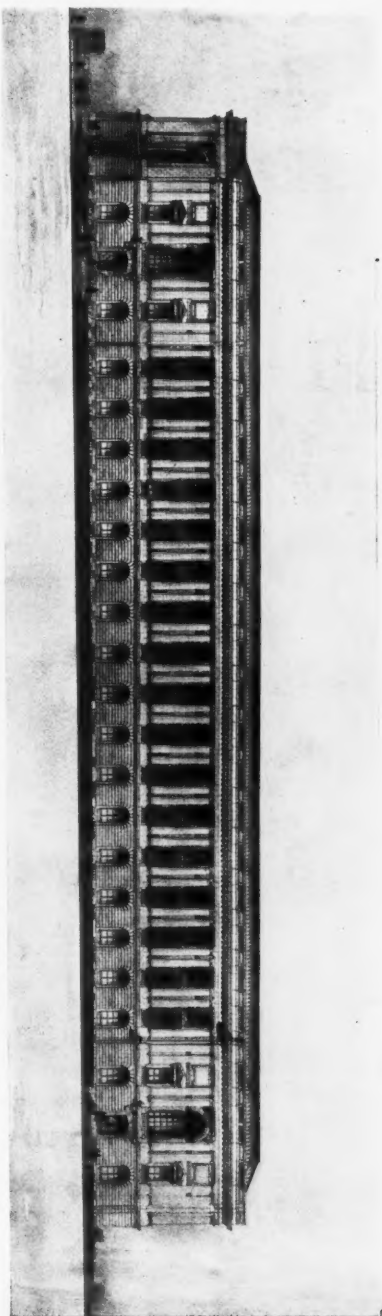


little more than a waste of swamp and scrub-oak, it became necessary for the early commissioners to provide "footways" in order to facilitate communication between the several departments. It is the idea of the existing commission to institute a subway running entirely around the Capitol quadrangle, and accommodating passengers for all present and future points along the line. Senators and congressmen can thus leave the floor and enjoy ready access to their offices and caucus- or committee-rooms, and eager visitors will be speedily shunted from the Capitol to the Library and return.

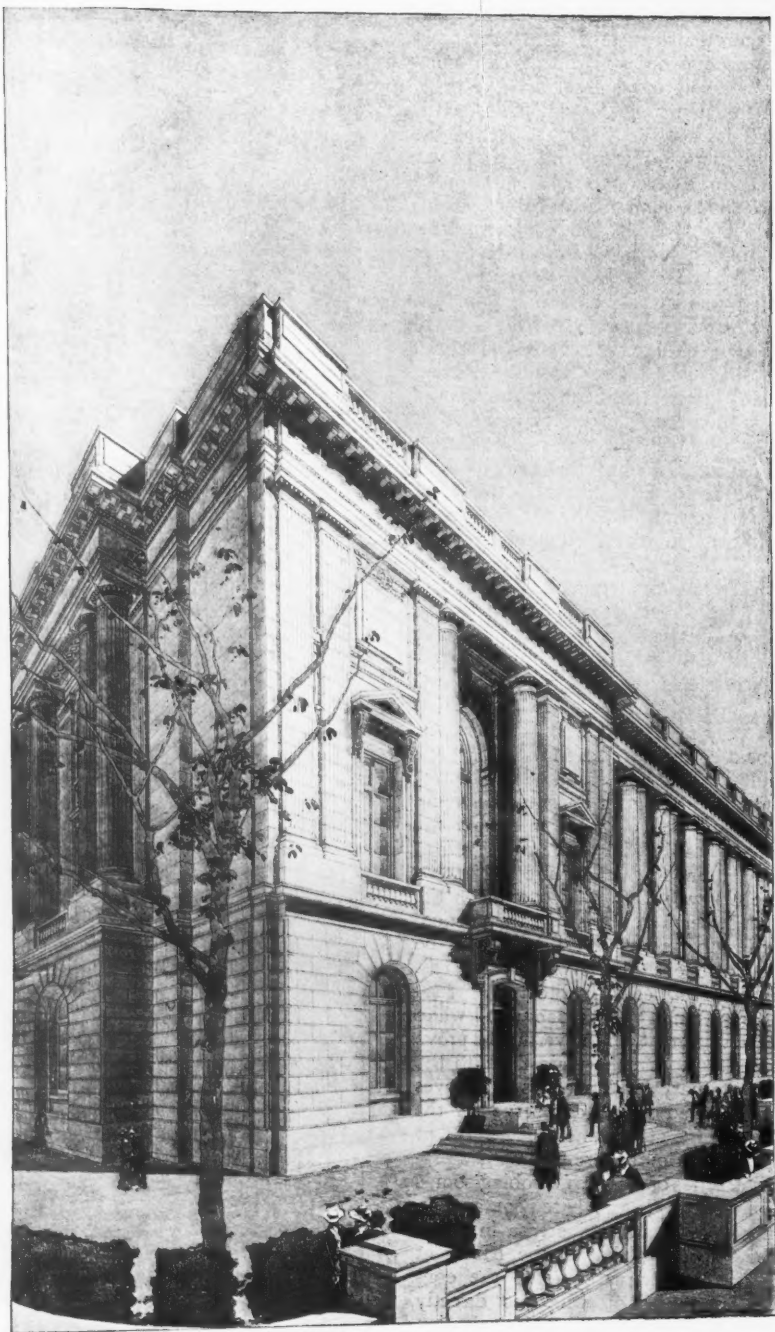
The incisive Senator Roscoe Conkling more than once remarked that the Capitol was "a dome with a building under it, instead of a building with a dome upon it," and it is mainly this effect which Messrs. Carrère & Hastings seek to correct in their rearrangement of the east front. Unhampered by considerations of space, they are able to approach the problem on strictly architectural grounds. While following in a certain measure the more feasible of Walter's suggestions, they have exercised greater restraint, and have displayed a deeper regard for the accepted appearance of the building. The plan which they favor, and which it is hoped may be adopted, shows as little change as possible in the composition of the façade. In detail their scheme consists in moving the front of the old structure only far enough forward to bring the main wall at its center under the extreme projection of the dome, which now overhangs the wall and seems to repose on the portico. In order to accomplish this, it will be necessary to extend the wall twelve feet ten inches in an easterly direction.

The additional space thus acquired, while it will not be great, will nevertheless prove of advantage. On the main floor, to the east of Statuary Hall, a series of alcoves will be created which can serve for the further storage of documents; and east of the Supreme Court there will be a corresponding series of alcoves for robing-rooms for the judges. In the basement and on the floor above a like increase in space will be afforded,—that in the basement being particularly welcome to the congested Law Library, which is directly under the Supreme Court. This projection of its eastern wall will also give, in the central section of the building on each

FACADE OF THE HOUSE OFFICE-BUILDING FACING THE QUADRANGLE







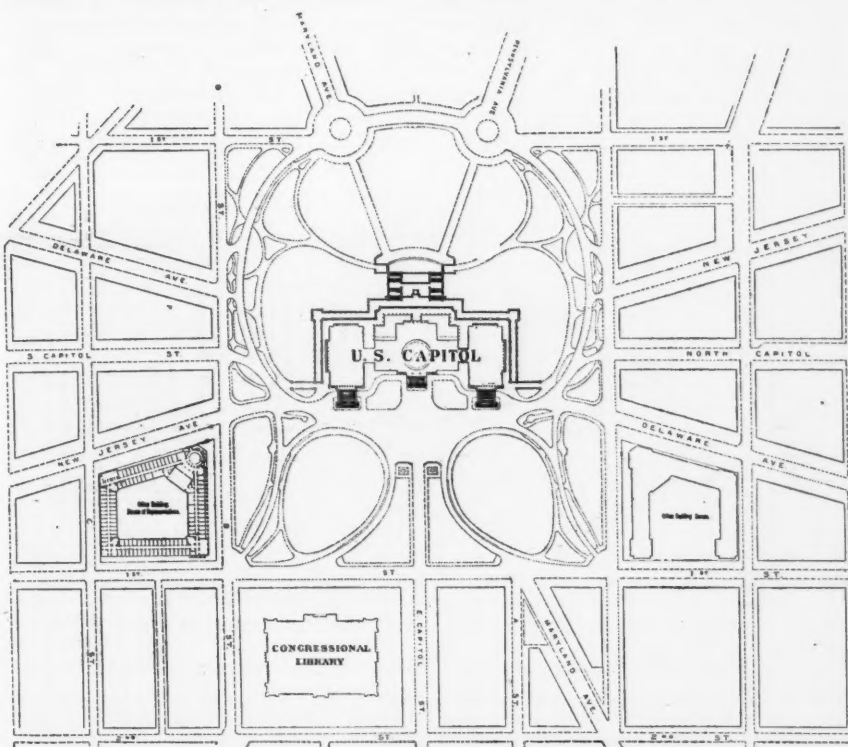
Drawn by Robert L. Adams and Jules Guérin, after the plans of the consulting architects

PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE HOUSE OFFICE-BUILDING



side of the main entrance, two rooms with windows opening on the portico, making, for the three stories, twelve rooms in all. Following Walter's prior suggestion, it is the intention of the consulting architects to add, at the same time, one column on each side of the main pediment, thus broadening the pediment so

order to avoid the recessed courts and to provide for an ample corridor serving the several committee-rooms and connecting the Senate and House wings, the Rotunda, and various important circulations. It is obvious that this latter plan places vastly more space at command; but, owing to the erection of the two separate office-build-



PLAN OF THE CAPITOL QUADRANGLE AND RADIATING STREETS

that it may dominate, instead of being dwarfed by, the pediments of the Senate and House wings.

At the instance of the commission, Messrs. Carrère & Hastings have also prepared a second plan, entitled scheme "B," which is much more ambitious and comprehensive in scope. In scheme "B" the central portion of the building is advanced thirty-two feet and six inches easterly from the walls of the Supreme Court and Statuary Hall, giving, according to the report, fourteen well-lighted rooms on each floor, seven on each side of the main entrance. New sections would be added in

ings, space is not a primary consideration. The façade would be harmonious and majestic, showing the central portion and wings grouped together with a colonnade running in a broken line along the entire width of the east front. This or any similar innovation must, however, destroy the actual physiognomy of the building. Instead of remaining a unit composed of three distinct parts, it would become a unit of five almost equal parts. The spectator, viewing the mass in perspective from directly in front of either wing, must unquestionably find his vision obscured by the middle section, and would thus lose

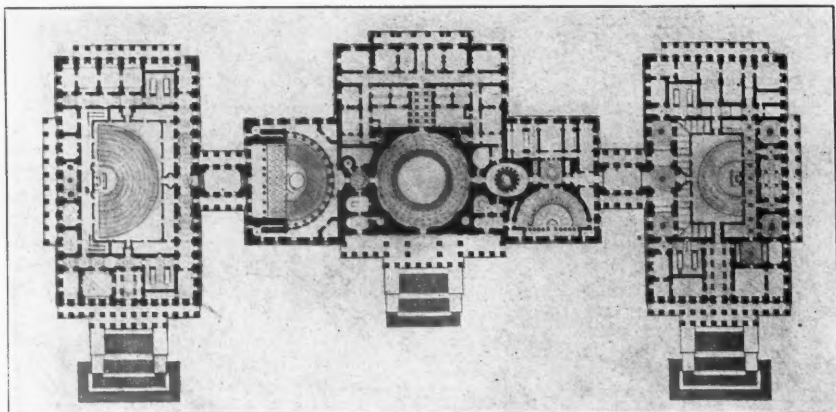


a desirable and picturesque singleness of impression. It is greatly to the credit of the consulting architects that they do not in any way counsel the adoption of scheme "B," but rather the simple, scrupulous propriety of the plan previously discussed.

There being no possible means of obtaining sufficient space for committee-rooms and offices in the Capitol proper without injury to the character and composition of the building, the decision to erect separate structures was inevitable. Pursuant to the original requirements of the quadrangle, as previously noted, two entirely new buildings, one for the

Work has already begun on the House office-building, and its progress will be watched with increasing interest, for it marks the first step in the creation of the new Capitol—the Capitol which will not be a single isolated structure, but a composite group of buildings.

In their report to the Joint Commission the consulting architects make a number of minor though advisable recommendations, all of which have been approved and now await the action of Congress. The refacing of the older portions of the Capitol in marble, to correspond with the wings, has already been mentioned, and



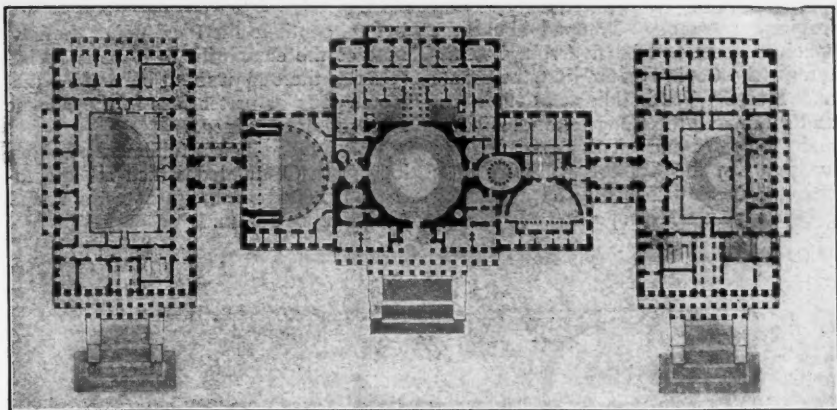
GROUND-FLOOR PLAN OF THE CAPITOL IN ITS PRESENT STATE

Senate and one for the House, will shortly flank the large inner court. These buildings, duplicate in appearance and in dimensions, will form great colonnades, in each case about five hundred feet long, fronting on the quadrangle. Lower not only in themselves, but being on land ten feet lower than the Capitol, they can hardly fail to enhance the impressive conformity of the general effect. Mr. Carrère for the Senate building, and Mr. Hastings for that of the House, have agreed in choosing the Doric order as being less ornate than the Corinthian, which has been so freely employed in the Capitol both on the first floor and in the dome. The buildings will contain respectively an office for each congressman and two offices for each senator, besides large caucus-chambers, as well as dining-rooms and other agreeable and convenient features.

should be undertaken at the first favorable opportunity. On studying the eastern façade, it is apparent to the most casual amateur that there is no sculptural group in the pediment of the House wing to balance that now adorning the pediment of the Senate wing. This should of course be supplied; and while it must be similar to its predecessor in size, character, and finish, it is to be hoped that it may prove less platitudinous in sentiment. The suggestion for replacing the present blue-stone steps on the west front of the Capitol with steps of white marble is neither costly nor arduous, and would add sensibly to the reposeful uniformity of the approach.

It is not the contention even of enthusiasts that the Capitol is, or ever will be, a complete and perfect whole. There is little hope that it will ever be entirely finished, and still less that it may attain perfection.



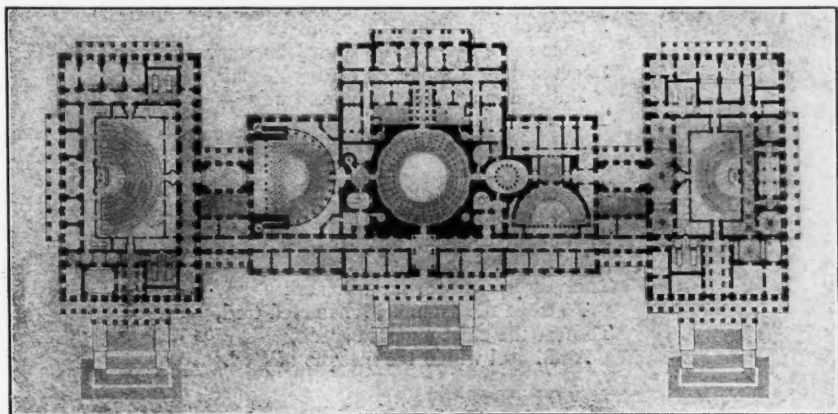


GROUND-FLOOR PLAN OF THE PROPOSED SCHEME "A"

Apropos of the dome, for instance, it may be recalled that the rhetorical and fastidious Ruskin does not admit of iron as a constructive material, and on those grounds inveighed disdainfully against the spire of Rouen Cathedral. Purity and pettishness aside, there are other reasons why the building fails to conform with the essentials of really great architecture. As far as the interior is concerned, the situation is anything but sublime, and it is hence a pleasure to know that Mr. Elliott Woods, superintendent of the Capitol building and grounds, has under advisement a proposition for the rehabilitation of the Rotunda. Yet the faults of the Capitol appear in a measure inevitable to those who know and treasure its history. Looked at broadly,

they are not faults, but merely venerable shortcomings incidental to growth and development. Considering the importance of the prospective alterations and extensions, the evolution of the building seems to have entered upon an approximately final stage, and it is gratifying to know that Congress, the superintendent, and the consulting architects realize the dignity and seriousness of the task in hand. Something of the old simplicity should guide and chasten each effort. To this simplicity should also be added a reverence for those traditional ideals and aspirations which are, happily, a country's or an individual's most cherished heritage.

The panorama, once its several features are supplied, will present a majestic and



GROUND-FLOOR PLAN OF THE ALTERNATIVE SCHEME "B"



inspiring spectacle. Grouped about the spacious court will be five superb structures,—the Capitol on the west, the Senate and House office buildings to the north and south, and the Congressional Library and its companion on the east. To the average eye the Capitol will offer little change; there will merely be a grateful gain in repose and proportion. It will, as

before, continue the focal point, the keynote of the composition. Despite its immensity, there appears to be nothing that is pompous or pretentious in the scheme as at present outlined.

It is but the logical fulfilment of plans, long since formulated, which are the fitting symbol of a subsequent national and territorial expansion.



## "KEEL ASLANT"

BY EDWARD BARRON

KEEL aslant, keel aslant,  
 I sail and sail into the west.  
 All day the sacred songs I chant;  
     In Mecca shall my soul have rest.  
 In holy Mecca I will bow,  
     My prayers before the altar pour.  
 Oh, gracious monsoon, aid my vow  
     And speed me to the Prophet's shore!

Lone on the cliff above the sea,  
 When I sailed out, a chosen man,  
 My weeping sweetheart beckoned me  
     Like some sweet sprite from Jinnestan.  
 Sweet sprite! I mourned for her despair,  
     But still must seek the blessed wage—  
 The snow-white fez that hadjis wear,  
     Returned from Mecca's pilgrimage.

Keel aslant, I sail and sail;  
 The sweet rains fill my pans of clay;  
 The mullet leaps the weather rail,  
     To feed me on my pious way.  
 The way is clear for me who seek  
     To tread the ground Mohammed trod,  
 To hear the chief muezzin speak,  
     And kneel within the mosque of God.



# A LADY OF BALANCE

BEING SOME RECORD OF MRS. MERINO GOFORTH  
AND THE CLASS IN WHICH SHE TROTTED

BY ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ

Author of "Pa Gladden"

WITH PICTURES BY W. L. JACOBS

**M**Y daddy, Mis' Renfrew, war a race-hoss man, too; thet air, when he war a kid like Brucey. He rid 'em till he war too heavy, stripped clean ter the skin; then he got on ter the fence an' calkilated fer outsiders. Natchully, we war brung up sportin', bein' no detryment ter a leddy o' balance."

The speaker was a woman, still under thirty, who stood forth in the early April sunshine, smiling and unembarrassed. She had deposited a basket of freshly ironed clothes in the back part of a Jersey wagon, and now, at the front wheel in a friendly attitude, was ready for a chat with her pretty, pale employer.

Mrs. Renfrew was interested by the bright heartiness of her tone.

"I was raised on a big stock-farm myself, Mrs. Goforth. Sometimes I miss the country very much."

"Waal, it air cur'us whut luck I hev hed that way. I been straight erlong in one place," beamed the owner of the two-room log-and-frame house on the slope behind. "Ye get out o' pinin' an' homesickness. I war brung up various places 'tween here an' Pond Creek, an' I don't know no other home, ner don't want. This part o' the country air truly beautiful, hain't it, Mis' Renfrew?"

The city woman gazed at the steep, rain-worn hills to the right and left. Beyond a huge shoulder lay the city. She shivered with the thought of what the night would be in this rock-strewn hollow.

"Is n't it lonesome sometimes?"

"Law, no! I never hev time fer thet.

Ef ye hed ter work like I do, ye never would hev light-weight idees. It air a strong finish fer me when one day don't lap over inter the next. Thet 's the good o' work. Ye see, the Lord hez good reasons fer all his doin's."

Her smile was so genuine, so inspiring, that something like a pure, high wind from the Enna meads of girlish enthusiasm swept over Mrs. Renfrew's languid soul.

"You seem to have deep religious beliefs, Mrs. Goforth."

"I lays no claim ter the churchy religiousness," returned the woman, quickly. "I few times, if ever, gits ter meetin'. I uster consider thet the church-goin' war whut pulled one right under the wire at the finish, but my name war whut actooally did hold me back from committin' myself in airly days. Now I calkilate ter place my religious feelin's in their proper spot. I don't calkilate ter let anything throw me off my feet. Religion air a belongin' like lovin': it air better when ye don't keer ter discuss it. But it war my name kep' me from bein' a perfesser."

"Your name? I do not see why."

"It makes me feel pussonal. I never went ter church when I would n't be wullin' an' eager ter bet thet, erlong with readin' an' expoundin' Scriptur', the preacher would n't get in suthin' er ruther erbout 'Goforth.' Them air masterful an' commandin' words, an' soun' well ter ruther folks. I feels like raisin' wings, chicken-like, ready ter take p'rempt'ry orders fer uttermos' parts, j'inin' the Salvationers er missionaryin' in fureign places. It clean onsettles me fer doin' fine fambly



washes on Mondays an' 'rastlin' roun' fer meals out o' next ter nothin' fer the hull week."

"It is a queer name, come to think of it. I do not believe I ever heard of it before; but it has a cheerful sound."

"Hain't it, now?" The large brown eyes looked up. "An' ye hain't heard the hull o' the name, either. Merino—thet 's myname—Merino Goforth. It war daddy's ch'ice. I jist loved my daddy a leetle more 'n ever I hev loved anything but my one an' only. Daddy war no fav'rite o' Luck. She clean missed him; but he had the dispysition of a nangel ef ye did n't rouse him too much. He could actooally sit down an' smoke thet peaceful when things war at twenty-ones, let alone sixes an' sevens, I never dare hopes ter see his ekal. Arter he war dead, I merried Bird Smith. Bird war no better ner no wuss 'n common, but I got along fust-rate. I bargained with him ter be known ez Goforth, an' when Brucey came ter town I names him Goforth straightway. Thet war lucky, too, 'ca'se Bird got shot accidental by some low houn's, puppose, down ter Probst's, an' thet war the end o' his spirit. Would ye b'lieve it, Mis' Renfrew, I never 'lowed no courtin' roun' me fer months, even ef every disconnected male creatur' from Fenley Woods ter Valley Station did n't lope up Pond Creek, whar we war livin', right arter sun-up on Sunday? But I 'm thet put up, Mis' Renfrew, thet I soon shets the stable door on 'em. I took ter the field an' showed 'em my heels, not seein' the use, knowin' I could n't merry with 'em all. But ter get shed of the rest, I finally took 'Dullam Snawter. He promised me thet I should be Goforth ez before. Snawter hain't a bit high-soundin' name, ner airy-like. So I been continuoally Goforth, ez ye kin ascertain by inquiren' in these parts.

"But hosses? I air right ter hum on hosses. It air in the blood, ter be shore. My fust recall air of them blessed animiles on the race-track, comin' lickety-split up on a sunny mornin', them leetle pearts astride lookin' big enough ter me, holdin' on, teeth sot, eyes bulgin', caps gone, shirts a-flyin' sometimes. It war entirely movin', Mis' Renfrew. I war gin'rally settin' on a post, er up in a tree, daddy's arm erroun' me. He jist uster love ter take keer o' me, ter git the chancet ter skin

erway from chores an' scrapin' roun' arter victuals. Daddy war thet good. He never needed no watch ter time 'em. He jist felt the seconds, an' he could place a streak clean across the field. Daddy war devoted ter the hoss in all his divulgin's. A hoss could raise his spirits as nothin' else could, bein' ez they war natchully low. Shorely, Mis' Renfrew, he hev now a string in heaven. What air heaven 'cept a place whar we wull git all we hed order hed down here? Ef I hain't no habit o' goin' ter meetin' reg'lar, I feels decided thet the Lord air good an' wull obleege us whenever he kin."

Mrs. Renfrew's eyes had a misty look in them.

"You make me homesick to see daddy."

"Now, do I? But them air real heart-some aches. I hev 'em. Ye see, my boy air erway from home now. He follers hosses, ez air natchul. He air up ter Churchill Down track, an' sometimes I gits sech a feelin' in me thet I hez ter go up. I fries a young hen, cooks up a kittle o' hominy an' a pan o' sodys, an' tromps over. It would do ye good ter see him clean them up. Them meals he gets air not satisfyin' ter growin' boys. Brucey air a cute leetle weazen yet, an' thet sharp they calls 'im Gimlet. Shorely I air blessed in thet boy."

"And where is Mr. Snawter? Does he go with the horses?"

A cloud passed over the bright and cheery face, and was gone.

"It air the blastin' fack, Mis' Renfrew, thet 'Dullam done me a bad trick a spell back. Thar war a slick widder woman over by Penile Church, an' she moved inter Louisville. She got 'Dullam ter help her take 'er things in, an' he stayed thar. He hain't turned up oncet sence. Mis' Tanner, her thet lives down the Man's Lick Road, seen him, an' he tole her thet he war too 'shamed ter show up fer a spell. But, law, Mis' Renfrew, I hain't lettin' thet upsot me! I got a leetle o' daddy's balance in my own make-up, an' it kerries me through, somehow."

## II

THERE walked lightly through the wide gate of Churchill Downs race-track a red-cheeked woman with a basket on her arm. Although the April air was chilly, her only wrap was a shoulder shawl of black-and-



white plaid, and on her waving black hair she had set a summer sailor hat at least one size too small for her. Radiant was the spring sunshine, and the woman's face matched it.

"Hev ye seen leetle Brucey Goforth?" she inquired of a watchman. "I means this mornin'. He 's a stable-boy, an' ye could n't miss 'im."

"There 's been enough of 'em roun'," replied the man, relinquishing his pipe with regret.

"But ye could n't miss thet tyke. He air thet sharp all the boys calls 'im Gimlet."

"I know 'im," with emphasis; "but he hain't been roun' ner in ner out fer two er three days. They can tell ye erbout 'im up yon," with an indefinite wave of the hand.

An hour later he saw her still hunting about for news of the boy. No one seemed to have seen or heard of Brucey for a long time. Had he done what many others had done, and "gone away with the horses" that were always coming and going? Finally she met a trainer that she knew, a small man with beady blue eyes and a shrewd smile.

"Law, Mr. Merrygol, hain't I glad ter see ye! Whar air Brucey? I can't get no wind o' him anywhar, an' I got his washin' an' some pervisions fer 'im. Hev a chicken sody, won't ye?"

A generous biscuit, with a chicken wing between its layers, was not to be despised. Mr. Marigold accepted it promptly.

"The boy is over ter Douglas Track with a new man I dunno, Mis' Goforth. Promised 'im a dollar a day ter ride a new hoss. Ez thet war more 'n any o' the boys gits usual, Brucey went. It air a runnin' hoss, an' I hev let the name slip me. Brucey 's been erroun' exercisin' oncet er twicet."

Mrs. Goforth was immensely relieved. "You 're truly a friend, Jim Merrygol, an' I won't fergit it." With a hearty laugh, "Do hev another sody, won't ye?"

"Don't care if I do," replied the trainer, with a grin; "an' then I will send you to Douglas on the street-cars. It is too far for you to foot it."

"I 'd go ten mile ter see my boy," reported Mrs. Goforth; "but ez I allers teks p'litenesses kindly, ter be shore I wull ride, ef ye pleases."

Half an hour later she was walking about the trotting-track park with the old

query. No one seemed to know anything of the boy. Over in the greening grass she saw a small prone figure. She bent over it with concern, for it was a boy in grief.

"Now, whutever air ailin' of ye, son?" she asked tenderly, although the clenched hands showed negro blood.

Tear-wet eyes looked up for an instant into her own.

"Nawthin'," was the boyish reply—"nawthin'."

"Mebbe ye air erway from home, and ye gits low oncet in a while. Here, sonny; set up an' eat a leetle. I kin spare ye a good sandwidge an' a hard-b'iled egg, I kalkilate. Mebbe ye kin show me whar the lastest hosses thet comes in air."

The sandwich disappeared, followed by the egg. Afterward the boy rose and solemnly said, "Come on," without deigning information as to the cause of his grief.

"Boys air boys, be they colored up ez they may be," soliloquized Mrs. Goforth. "I hev seen Brucey do jes thet same way a hun'erd times, ef one."

"Thar 's Twilight Star an' thar 's Mundane in them two stalls," indicated the boy; "them 's the lastest hosses thet come here."

"Do ye know Brucey Goforth?" asked the mother, eagerly; "leastwise, Gimlet fer short?"

"Yaas," with a faint accent of surprise; "he kim over from the Downs ter ride Mundane. Say, he air sick er sump'in'. I jes seen him lyin' on the straw."

"Then I come at the right time," said Mrs. Goforth. "Go show me the place, fer I air his maw."

In a few moments, skirting the stables, the two slipped unnoticed into an empty stall, where a lad lay motionless on a pile of straw. Mrs. Goforth hung her basket up on a convenient nail, knelt down, and gently turned Brucey over. He was a slim rascal, with a head as curly as her own, and with well-molded shoulders, chest, and limbs. His face was now red, his breathing heavy.

The mother looked, lifted his hand, and leaned over him. Then she stood up, and the mulatto was frightened at her look.

"Some one hez given my boy liquor!" She fumbled in her pocket and brought out a few pennies.

"Bub," she went on in her softest tones, "thar air a grocery right in sight. Run git



me a leetle mustard, an' be quick. Ye 'll git somethin' more ter eat."

By the time he was back Brucey was prepared for a generous dose of mustard and water, accompanied by divers pokings of Mrs. Goforth's fingers down his throat. In twenty minutes a sadder, wetter, and wiser boy sat up in the straw, with Mrs. Goforth sternly in command. She dismissed the other with a handful of food, and regarded the offender in ominous silence.

But Brucey was human, and not yet old or bad. He glanced up once in a while, and he saw the face he best knew and loved wearing such an expression of injured dignity and majesty that he quaked; finally he wept.

"I did n't wanten drink none o' thet stuff."

"Yes, you did. Ye air gittin' like them other crap-shootin', triffin' young colts thet hain't hed no upbringin'—none the leastest. The most of 'em never hed no mothers, even—jes pick-ups an' wuss ner orphans an' reform schoolers runned erway. Ye hain't in thet class, son. Ye air of pore but hones' stock, an' ye must show it. Brucey, I kalkilate ye must quit the turf even afore ye gits heavy. Yer wull-power air too feathery an' wuthless."

"They makes me do it, ma, hones'. They says I air sech a fancy size, an' liquor wull stunt me."

"Stunt ye? Waal, I hev somethin' ter say ebout thet. Stunt ye! Yer lawful parents war sizable pussions, an' it air kalkilated thet ye wull tek on ter six feet two er three inches afore ye air twenty. A fancy size! Waal, listen ter thet! Ye kin jist answer right up ter any one thet says it, thet the Goforths don't grow up like gourd-vines, in a night er two. We purreeds natchul-like. Soon ripe, soon rotten. Ye air sizable fer the Goforths at yer age. Now onfold the truth. Who air them vil-yuns thet gave ye the liquor?"

"His name air Yanney," replied Brucey, weakly; "an' his trainer air Tobey. They wants me ter go off with 'em ter ride Mundane on some other track arter the Darby. They said they 'd gimme a dollar a day, but I hain't hed a cent yit. I hed ter promise ter stay erway from all the other boys, an' not ter talk o' the hosses ner hev boys roun' the stable. They say them hosses air so narvous at strangers an'

won't hev folks erroun'. Oh, mommy, my head do hurt!"

"Prubably an' likely," replied the mother. "I do hopes you aims the money, ez we needs it fer taxes an' int'rust an' spring garding-seeds. Ye know the cow air dry yit. Air this hoss ye air ridin' a good one, Brucey?"

"Fust-class," said the boy, eagerly; "but I never gits ter let him out none. It air allers pullin' in, holdin' back—them 's the orders."

"Slip erroun' thet stall an' change yer clothes, son. Ye look scand'lous. Oh, yes; ye air weak. Fools air allers knock-kneed arter fool doin's."

Shamefaced, the lad presently returned. Mrs. Goforth washed his face, and with a tuck-comb from her hair made his curls tidy. Then she picked up his clothing.

"Ye air suttinly mortal hard on clothes," she sighed. "But whut on this airth air these turrible stains on the legs o' yer jeanses, anyhow?"

The boy, still in a flabby condition, stared at the trousers stupidly.

"I dunno, mom, onless it comes off the big hoss when he sweats. I gits it on my hands sometimes."

"Hosses don't sweat no ink like thet, ye crazy boy."

"Mundane do," asserted the boy, stoutly; "an' it hez a quare smell, sometimes, mom, I don't keer whut ye say."

"Thet air truly fine talk fer them chicken an' sodys, now. I wull take ye on my knee an' chastise ye, ez the Bible says ter do. Ye air corruptin'."

The boy looked sober.

"Mommy, it air true. It do seem funny, don't it?"

"We won't quarrel none over it," said the mother, lightly; "but do ye come right erlong an' p'int me out them men. I warnts ter spot 'em, an' hev a leetle talk on this stuntin' an' liquor bizness. Don't ye crawfish none ner meddle with me. Ye wull see me comin' in fust, er the Lord air not with the widder an' fatherless."

"But ye hain't a real widder, mom."

"I air wuss, fer yer own paw air dead onnatchul airly, an' his substitute air cavortin' roun' in other pasters. I hain't got a livin' sure thing but ye, Brucey."

Brucey squirmed.

"Ye air shorely responsible fer a hull lot ter me. A woman hez ter hev men folks



roun' ter be happy, an' mine hev been lopped off onaccountable. I expects ye ter make up all them other shortcomin's."

The boy's eyes, large and very like his mother's, were doubtful as she went on.

"Daddy war sort o' shif'less, but he war never crooked. Yer paw, Bird Smith,

had filled that little fellow up with whisky and busied themselves while he was in his first stupor. What they said at this sudden and untimely resurrection, Mrs. Goforth imagined.

One of the men was tall and grizzled-gray. His eyes were a hawk's, gray-brown,



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by J. Tinkey

"'IS N'T IT LONESOME SOMETIMES?'"

hed his faults, but he war straighter 'n the usual run. I don't trot in any class, myself, with them thet air off color er tricky; I expects ye ter be squar' likewise. Don't ye warnt a leetle bit o' chicken breas', son? It do stand ter reason thet ye air ez empty ez a rain-barrel in August."

Upon the top row of seats in the grand stand two men sunned themselves and, by their countenances, gravely discussed weighty matters. Up toward them climbed a prepossessing, alert woman, half supporting a pale boy. The men stared at him and at each other. Two hours before they

and over one of his eyebrows circled a peculiar mark or scar. The other man was bullet-headed and stocky, with a bloated face and meeting, sullen brows.

The vivid color faded quite out of Mrs. Merino Goforth's face. She stopped as if to catch her breath, then in a second or two she went steadily forward and stood out in front of the boy.

"I air Gimlet's mother," she said quietly; "an' I 'm here ter collect fer 'im, an' ter arrange. Ye see, he hez frien's. 'T ain't like some pore strays—jes at any one's marcy."





Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'VE BETTER TRY TER TELL ME ERBOUT IT'"

"He has n't been with us a month," retorted Tobey, eying her sharply; "an' you certainly look purty young to be his mother."

"Thet air a compliment I hev offen heard," said Mrs. Goforth, affably; "from my husband thet air in Louisville speshully, an' from him I most enjoys it. But Brucey—ez ye calls Gimlet on the track—he air mine, ez ye kin durrectly see by his favorin' me. Ez ter the hire fer him, I allers collects every two weeks, ez I ginerally air in need o' it long afore thet. We air pore folks."

The two men consulted a few moments, and then the older produced a bill.

"Here is ten dollars, but we don't want you round the stables. 'T is n't any place for women, and our horses are nervous and must be humored."

A brighter color appeared in Mrs. Goforth's cheeks.

"Settle right up with Brucey, Mr. Yannev, an' we wull perceed ter the Downs an' git him a new place. He air handy with hosses, an' they likes him. Ye may own yer hosses—an' may not,"—her voice grew sharper,— "but ye don't own the boy. Ef ye do keep him, don't ye give him no more liquor. I don't want him with low folks. My fambly war allers sportin' people, but uster dealin' with the top-notchers in hoss circles."

Brucey whispered, sheltered by his mother's blue-print gown:

"Ye got 'em, mom. Mundane won't let any one o' them other boys ride 'im. They hev got ter hev me fer the races, they hev."

So it seemed. The men came down to Mrs. Goforth, and endeavored to placate her. Indeed, Gimlet must ride Mundane on Derby Day. The horse had taken a great fancy to him. Everything would be



right. Only she must see the boy outside. The horses were so nervous.

Mrs. Goforth promised nothing. She was trying to place the grizzled-gray man. He had a niche in her memory, one that she herself had described as "a reg'lar cupboard o' clutter." She was thoughtful as Brucey accompanied her to the gate, where she tied up the remaining provisions for him and bestowed on him direct and emphatic parting advice:

"Ye don't need ter be low-down an' o'nery 'ca'se ye air on the turf, Brucey. Be jes ez high-strung ez a good hoss. The good Lord looks down on this race-track same ez on a church steeple, an' he peruses all yer doin's, son. I don't like them two men one ioty; but ef ye aims yer money, ye wull hev to hev it. Ye better hol' ter the 'job unless they asts ye ter do wrong. Ef they does, ye must tell 'em ter git any limb o' Satan they kin ter ride thet pore animile—an' ye come right home. Jist tell 'em yer maw don't trot in no sech class, an' thet ye got a home ter come ter ef things goes wrong outside. Ye hain't got any handicap o' bein' 'thout a place ter go—an' do ye be prupperly raised up an' stiff-backed 'cordin'."

### III

OVER a week later, in the first hours of the night, Mrs. Merino Goforth heard some one coming up the creek-bed that made the only road to her acre of clearing. Her trained sense of hearing and long experience soon convinced her that it was a nocturnal visitor who knew the way well and was not exercising any caution in approach. She opened the door and stood waiting in the starlight for the late-comer.

A forlorn little shadow slipped up from the deep gloom under the overhanging bank to the cleared spot.

She met him half-way, and opened her arms as she had done when he stumbled up to her a little child, crying with a hurt. And he, shaking and still blazing hot with resentful anger, choked out:

"Tobey struck me, mom; he struck me fer nothin'!"

In the faint light great welts showed across his arm where he pulled back the sleeve of his sweater.

The woman trembled as she held him to her, her breath quick and uneven.

Slowly she drew herself up and guided him toward the house, where the dim lamplight showed.

"Come in, sonny."

There was a rough wooden bench along the stone chimney, and on it some calico comforts and cushions. Here she laid him down, and stirred the covered embers on the hearth to a lively blaze. Then she stood beside him, with her bit of shawl over her shoulders and two long plaits of dark hair, like a child's, hanging down over her breast.

"Ye better try ter tell me erbout it when ye kin, Brucey."

"I did n't do nothin', mom; I did n't. I dunno whut he hit me fer. The hoss likes me an' keeps whinnyin' when I come roun'. I heard 'im callin' this mornin', an' I went in an' patted 'im, an' Tobey come in. He hit me cruel an' kicked me out the stall. I did n't do nothin'."

The mother lifted the thin hand and arm. In the red glow from the fire the rough palm was stained in ridges and lines. A dark streak ran up the wrist.

"Did this come off the hoss, Brucey?"

The boy rubbed it vigorously.

"It 's thet hoss sweat ag'in. It 's all over my pants, too. I told Tobey I never seen no hoss like thet. He tole me ter shet up er I 'd git hurt. Mom, I been tryin' ter ride good an' keep the place, but he dass n't hit me when I did n't do nothin'. The hoss don't like nobody else but me; he kicks at Tobey an' the old man. Thet air a good hoss, mom; but they air not showin' him up fer anything. They never wull let 'im out none ter show his time. 'T ain't fair ter belittle 'im, I say. He looks at me like he was j'lumb disgusted when I keeps holdin' 'im in. He don't like it."

The mother smoothed back the curls from the hot brow. She went to the door and looked out—looked and listened.

"Them men don't know ye cut an' run, do they?" she asked in a low voice.

"I dunno an' don't keer. Ye tole me ter come home. I crawled in the hay. Tobey dared me ter snivel loud, he did."

A blazing stick had fallen forward on the hearth, and Mrs. Goforth pushed it back. Then she shoved the rough chair aside, and threw herself on her knees by the settle. Her arm slipped under the restless head, and the boy was stilled by





Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"AND RUN HE DID—ON WITH A SWEEP AND MAGNIFICENT RUSH THAT CARRIED HIM UNDER THE WIRE HALF A LENGTH AHEAD"



the leap and strength of the blood in her veins. Her very vitality calmed and nerved him. His sobs grew less frequent as his anger ebbed away. When the silence was broken only by long sighs, the kneeling woman spoke to him.

"Brucey, ye hev come ter a high jump, shore; but I b'lieves ye wull take it all right, like a man, 'stead of a leetle lad, bein' ez ye air sca'cely more yit. I b'lieves ye got thet in yer make-up thet wull kerry ye over. Them welts don't hurt ye nigh on to ez much ez they hurts me, son. They cuts me clean inter the bone—an' sinner, too. But, sonny boy, ye shorely knows thet both ye an' yer step-paw promised ter help me a-buildin' a kitching ter this house last summer; an' I owes sixty-six dollars on it yit, with int'rust, an' a mor'gidge ter bind it. We hev seen hard times sence, speshully sence 'Dullam bolted off. I hain't hed many fine washes durin' the winter, an' we air likely ter see some money troubles onless ye kin jes set yer leetle teeth an' grit this thing through till the garding an' the cow air ready ter help out. It air hard ter ast of a leetle feller like ye, but I got ter do it, Brucey. Ye hev ter git ter be a man, an' ye can't git ter the stake in a minute. Ye got ter toughen yer hide an' feelin's gradooal. Bein' ez ye hev the makin's of a fine man in ye, I looks ter ye ter swaller down yer big bad dose o' other folks' meanness, an' go back thar fer a leetle spell."

Hot rebellion was in the boy's eyes.

"I air on'y astin' ye ter do whut ye wull hev ter do many an' many a time afore ye dies—ter take whut comes an' suffer 'thout squealin' like a pore leetle pig. Ye must l'arn ter git hurt an' keep still—thet air bein' grown folks. I dunno whut ye air goin' ter do fer a livin' when ye gits beyant ridin' the hosses, but I hopes fer the best. Even in race-hossin', any branch, ye 'll need squar'ness an' grit ter live by the right rulin' o' things."

"Dummy says the old man an' Tobey air up ter suthin' with the hoss," temporized Brucey; "ye shorely don't want me in sech doin's. They ack quare—not lettin' me inter thet stall when thet hoss air callin' ter me ez plain ez day."

"Who air Dummy?"

"Thet cryin' yeller boy ye fed oncet. He says he crawls roun' ev'rywhar, an' thet he heard 'em say thet hoss war never ter

be let out tell race day in some yuther place."

"Whut do ye think yerself, Brucey?"

The boy threw up his arms.

"Would n't I jes like ter speed 'im, jes oncet!" cried he. "I would show 'em. But Tobey follers me on the boulevard an' the Downs. He air allers cussin' me ter hold 'im in. Folks don't know nothin' erbout thet thar hoss Mundane."

There was a long silence. Brucey was in a light doze when he heard his mother's voice next. It was again low and tender.

"Ye must go back afore daylight, son; but I 'll wake ye an' give ye some coffee. Thar may be suthin' goin' on, Brucey, thet ye kin ferret. Ef it air wrong-doin', thet air the time ter show yer true colors. I kalkilate I seen thet grizzle' man in my daddy's time. He war n't gray then, Brucey; but he war thet mean he war spotted on every track in the country. Go back, an' mebbe the Lord wull even up them thar welts fer ye afore many happy days goes over yer head. Now git a leetle sleep, son. Ye kin depend on me ter watch ye an' wake ye. I like ter see ye lyin' thar—safe an' peaceful in yer home, an' shore thet the Lord wull even thet thar hidin' up fer ye, somehow er yuther."

#### IV

A COMELY woman in a clean print gown stood in doubt at the terminal of the trolley-line at Jacob Park. Far away across the flats between her and the city she could see the green car coming over a sinuous path.

"I did 'low ter walk up an' save a nickel," she meditated; "but ef I does, I wull be both tired an' muddy, an' with no traces o' hevin' been spick, spandy clean at the start. When I war settin' by Brucey larst night an' studyin' whut I must do, I thort erbout Mis' Renfrew bein' brung up sportin', an' her daddy a hossman. My dad uster onfold ter me thet ef ye hain't got enough in yerself ter kerry a big bet, ter frequent them thet air paved with gold, an' git suthin' fer yer tip. I can't see roun' this here thing, but I kin shorely git some one else ter be at the place whar the wuss dust air risin'."

Whirled rapidly into the heart of the city, Mrs. Merino Goforth tried to formulate her suspicions. Suggestive memories



hovered around the man with the scar over his eyebrow. Vague they were; connected, somehow, with her father and the days of old. The dark stains puzzled her, and also Tobey's conduct. The hot blood welled up in her when she thought of her little lad sobbing in the night, but she never lost her head.

"Ef thar air crookedness a-goin' on, thar will be the price ter pay now on the road ter him," she thought; "an' 'thout me mixin' in none. The preachers say thet settlin' up ercounts with wicked folks air the Lord's doin's, an' not for humans. I never done a thing ter pay back folks in all my life, but whut I felt real mean an' low myself. So I long ergo l'arns ter fit thet feelin' down when it oncet rises. I shell leave thet business fer men ter 'tend ter, ez it air men's place."

Deep in her heart was the true womanliness—the happy dependence on the idea masculine that makes the joy of the sex. Men could do everything, anything. They were the power in the world. Betrayed and neglected as she was, her heart longed for the recreant 'Dullam. He would know what to do; or, if he did not, he would pretend he did, which was quite as comforting and conclusive.

Her ideas of Mrs. Renfrew's home had not been of a stately and splendid mansion of red brick, with plate-glass windows and beautiful filmy draperies showing behind tall vases of bloom.

"Lawdy! I never oncet dreamt it," she observed, "with her nice free ways o' speech."

Should she ring the front bell or go around the house? Her decision was prompt.

"I won't belittle myself none; I allers treated her perlite."

A lovely room it was where Mrs. Renfrew, ensconced among silken cushions, received her. At the wide window to the south sat a big, broad gentleman with gray hair and mustache. Could this be any one but Mis' Renfrew's own daddy?

"Law, Mis' Renfrew," she said, "I air shore thet must be yer daddy thet ye sot sech store by."

"It certainly is," said the gentleman, smiling.

"The Lord sent ye," beamed the countrywoman. "I come ter ast Mis' Renfrew's advice about a race-hoss matter

which a man should ferret out. An' ye air here, which I hev wished."

They placed her in a chair between them, and she told her story. The gray-haired man was at first amused, then interested and excited. When the story was finished, he brought a hearty hand down upon a ponderous knee with a slap.

"By the powers, ma'am, you have unearthed something! That horse is probably being tampered with, and is kept dark to play for a big stake at the races. Look into it? Well, I most certainly will. I am going to have horses here myself. You deserve something good for your trouble."

"Ez ter thet," replied Mrs. Goforth, "I air glad ter meet with sech a gentleum fer my Brucey's sake. I hev his makin' on my mind. Ef he could on'y git a good place ter work when he air too heavy ter ride, an' 'Dullam would come home ter his rightful place, I would n't be astin' one thing thet a nangel out o' heaven could offer me. I feel like a feather a'ready beca'se I hev shed thet secret. I would n't be handicapped with a onderhand doin's fer a fortun. I don't need no extry weight ter trot straight, do I, Mis' Renfrew?"

v

HAVING passed on her burden of care, Mrs. Merino Goforth considered that her duty was done, save that of keeping watch on Brucey. Hardly a day passed but she hurried over the flats to Douglas Park. Long since a system of communication had been established with the aid of the silent Dummy, who crawled around everywhere. Sometimes Brucey met his mother at the freight siding, sometimes near the gate. The interviews were short.

"He hain't beatin' me up none," averred Brucey; "fer I tells him I jes won't ride fer him ef he takes ter it. Thar I got 'im, fer thet hoss natchully despises him. But thar air some one else on his trail, mom; an' I feels shore of thet thar."

"Whut makes ye think thet?" asked the mother, easily.

"Dum an' me speers a big man erroun' consid'ble," replied the boy; "an' he asts questions. Ast me erbout the hoss. I jes said it war a purty good hoss. Ast me did I curry 'im up, an' I said I'd hev ter git on a box ter do it. Then they larfed like it war funny. Ast me hed he one white



foot. I said I never hed seen no white foot ter thet hoss, an' he larfed ag'in. I believes, mom, the hoss hev hed a white foot, an' they air puttin' some stuff on thet an' on a spot on his side. Dummy seen 'em, he says. But ye shet up an' don't say nothin'. Tobey would kill me."

Mrs. Goforth closed her lips firmly enough. Mrs. Renfrew's daddy knew all by this time, and, whatever happened, the matter was in better hands than her own. Her part was the anxious one to keep Brucey safe. As she walked away along the pike she came up with a horseman who, sitting erect on a splendid hunter, was scanning the park race-track and also the speedway to the boulevard.

Here, surely, was the big man, Mrs. Renfrew's daddy, otherwise Colonel Maurice. So intent was he on the outlook that she waited sometime before he noticed her.

"How do you do, ma'am? Been to see your boy? I talked to him the other day. The scamp has the making of a man in him, Mrs. Goforth."

The mother colored with pleasure, and a mist blotted out the landscape.

"Shorely thet air a fine thing ter say ter a mother," she began tremulously, "an' air calkulated ter stir up her feelin's. When yer has but one an' only offspring, yer eggs air all in one basket, ye sees, colonel."

"I have been trying to get a good square look at that horse, Mrs. Goforth," continued the rider, going nearer to her; "but it has not been possible. If it is the horse I think, there will be something doing on Derby Day. If I could be sure—umph! But they will not have it. I would know Wanderer in a tan-yard if I could get near him, but I do not want the men to be suspicious of me. Now, Mrs. Goforth, if I do not find out anything between this and Thursday, you give your boy a word. Tell him that, no matter what those men tell him to do at the race,—either to ride to win or not,—that he is to ride for all that is in that horse and himself, if it finishes both—and I will see fair play afterwards."

"I believes ye, sir," said the woman, then her lips went white; "but them air bad men. Ye must take care o' Brucey."

"I will be there," said the big man, with a jovial laugh. "I don't mind telling you that I have several scores to even up with Yanney, as he calls himself—that man with the scar. He has n't been in Kentucky

for years. His name will not let him in. You must have heard of Coll Crum, if you've always been round the tracks, Mrs. Goforth."

Doubt and certainty struggled in Mrs. Goforth's countenance for a few moments. Then slowly memory seized the name and ransacked the "cupboard o' clutter."

"Coll Crum?" she repeated fearfully. "I orter hev known thet scar ter oncel. He 'most broke my daddy's heart with a mean trick, an' he war run off the Downs shorely. An' thet man hez been hirin' my Brucey! I wull never rest day ner night till he air hum ag'in."

"He is safe until after Derby Day," said the colonel; "and we will protect him then. They have to have him to race the horse at all. I know him—notional and nervous as a woman. These folks left their last boy in a hospital in Memphis with a broken leg. They will want to take Brucey on with them, or I will miss my guess, especially if the horse goes through here all right. I don't suppose any one knows whether he is to run to win or not."

"Brucey do not," asserted the mother. "He air ez innercent ez a day-old colt. An' no matter how I feels pussional, I got ter act a woman's part an' hev patience. Ye take my boy's life in yer hand; but I air leanin' on yer promise. I wull shorely tell Brucey ter ride ter win; but I must be thar ter see it."

"You shall be," answered the colonel; "my daughter and I thought of it. I shall send you a ticket, and she says she intends to make you some little presents."

"Seein' it air Mis' Renfrew, I am proper thankful," was Mrs. Goforth's answer; "fer I hev no idee she wull clean out closets an' attics on me, but feel like I orter be treated like I war not a hard-workin' woman—with feelin's. I never hed no fine closes, colonel, ner hed a single hanker thet a-way. I seen lots o' knob females go ter perdition fer gay ripparel. Daddy uster say thet a good hoss did n't need no yellor saddle ter win, ner a jockey rigged out like 'n old maid's parrot. But, colonel," and her eyes shone, "ef I air goin' ter set up in thet gran' stan' like a ledly, arter all these years o' the turf an' observin' races from cracks in the fence an' from the roofs o' sheds handy, I wull shorely consider Mis' Renfrew ez real thortful ter lend me some things. Ef ye would n't fergit it,



colonel, would ye mention a parysol? It would n't make an ioty o' difference ef 't war a year old er so; but ef ever I hed one dream when I war a real leetle slip, a-settin' with daddy's arm erroun' me an' seein' races, it truly war ter be a leddy an' set under a parysol when the Derby winner comes cahootin' under the wire. Thar air nothin' ez movin' ter express all yer feelin's with ez a parysol; an' I would kerry it back the next day shorely, with no bones broke."

"You shall have that parasol," said the colonel; "and you shall certainly wave it when Brucey comes home in the third race, and we all win a pot out of Coll Crum's rascality. I will send it out on Wednesday, and the ticket also. You can count on us, Mrs. Goforth."

SUNSHINE, the fairest of blue skies, and a warm and delightful little breeze, made Derby Day delightful. The field was the brightest green; the grand stand, crowded with ladies, a mass of lovely color that from a distance looked like a great bouquet. Opposite the judges' stand sat a woman who caught the eye because of a certain wholesome and fresh radiance in her face. Mrs. Renfrew had done well in sending her a gray cloth suit and a white shirt-waist. Under the neat black hat were the refractory dark curls in wild confusion, in spite of all the soapings, slickings, and hair-pins. She carried a pink-and-white-striped silk parasol, which the colonel declared he would not have missed buying for a fortune, and which guided him to her in the last half-hour before the races.

"Mundane is to run in the third race," he announced; "and Brucey is all right. Now I want you to have a share in this. Here is some money in envelops marked one, two, and three. Before the third race you call one of those men that take the bets, give him one to win, two for place, and three to show. You cannot lose much that way."

"Bettin' with yer money?" gasped the woman.

"We'll divide. There's Mrs. Renfrew, her husband, and half a dozen others in it. We think Mundane can win. Lucky Devil is the favorite, but they don't know the other horse like I do."

"Ef I hain't settin' up here bettin' like an old banker!" soliloquized Mrs. Goforth, "with a leddy's dress 'n' hat, 'n' a pink

parysol. Oh, ef daddy could on'y see me now, an' realize thet I war holdin' stakes, —mebbe more 'n a hundred dollars, —he would actooally be happy wharever he air! An' this air shorely suthin' ter remember an' ter recount for ever 'n' ever. I wonder whut 'Dullam would say. I don't s'pose thet he ever considered me ez wuth much in looks er bearin', er he 'd never hev gone erway. But I hev real good frien's, an' I wull suttinly take whut I kin git in this world an' enjoy myself, with no repinin's ter handicap me. It air in folks ter be er not be. The hoss shorely gits in on its time, not its trainin'."

Much as she enjoyed the first races, her anxiety was too great for her to be quite herself. In her mind's eye there was only one figure, that of a slim, curly-haired lad with bright eyes. Because of him she did not appreciate the brilliancy of the bustling scene, nor could she enjoy the gay music of the band, that, at other times, would have filled her with a childish delight. The little lad was in her heart, tugging at her thoughts, her interest, her fears. She imagined him getting into his white and crimson, the flaunting cap on his rowdy curls. She mentally saw Tobey tightening straps, with commands and strong language, and the pseudo-Yanney toss the boy into the saddle. Her heart stood still, her eyes were strained to the spot where she knew he would appear. Into the flood of spring sunshine he would suddenly come, splendid and triumphant. He was hers in this hour of worldly glare and glory, her man-child to do all that her sex had denied her, to achieve, to stand out before the world. And this was his first step.

Into the glare and glory, swirling around as the last bars of the dashing music crashed, —dazzling orange, blue, green, and crimson dots on animate forms that curved and curved and danced and backed, —there came the horses for the third race. Up rushed Lucky Devil, gray and lean, and topped by as lean a boy in harlequin colors of green and scarlet. On came Corona, a slippery sorrel with four dainty white feet and a proud head. Bullet Ben was astride, and he had not been beaten in two seasons. Alaric plunged and ran as if to overturn his rider, brave in black and scarlet. Lastly there came down easily a big brown horse, with a little crimson-and-white chap aloft. There were instant



whisperings and buzzings. The brown horse was not known. There were excited runnings to and fro below, and the bookies were frantic. The men played Lucky Devil, but the women, sentimental enough, divided between Bullet Ben's Corona and the scarlet and black for the next moment. Then Mrs. Merino Goforth calmly gave her bets, one to win,—her own eyes nearly popped out as she counted out one hundred dollars; two for place, another fifty; and, from number three, fifty dollars to show. The messenger's eyes bulged. Had he a tip that meant something? This woman was evidently "on" somehow. He whispered to a rusty-coated man as he went down the steps:

"Git on to Mundane. I bet thet woman up there thet put two hundred on him knows something."

The man stared and scowled.

"He ran like a mud-scow at Memphis. Like to have killed the boy, too."

Nevertheless, he circulated through the crowd a meaningless whisper that resulted in hedging and some money being placed on the brown horse. Something was brewing and doing. Yanney was over in the sheds, but Tobey ran across the field like mad to the half-mile post, stumbling and cursing wildly.

It was owing to the brown horse that there were many false starts, and that, when four fretted animals at last went away like the wind, the crowd was at a high pitch of excitement.

"I thank the Lord they air now off," said Mrs. Goforth to herself; "I feels like a sick crow balancin' on a teetery rail—all unhinged. Waal, they 're a-runnin'—an' may the Lord bring in leetle Brucey Goforth! Ef daddy could on'y be here, he would plumb sweat with proud feelin's."

At the half-mile post Tobey ran out, flinging up his arms for Brucey to see and to remember. It looked as if the boy had forgotten—forgotten—or else Mundane would have his way and was running, running like mad.

Black and scarlet and black, gray and scarlet and green, blue and gold and sorrel, crimson and white and brown, a jumble of colors over field, but coming round the track, gray and scarlet and green leading, brown and crimson and white at his tail, the others trailing. Was Lucky Devil gaining? Was this unknown Mundane to beat

Bullet Ben and his famous record? Over in the sheds a grizzled man with a scar on his face raved and jumped behind a glass. Across the field ran Tobey the trainer again, livid, and with a great whip in his hand. But down to the finish, gallantly, splendidly, in all the glare and glory, coming in to the music of thousands of wild whoops, hurrahs, and cheers, were Lucky Devil and Mundane.

Never a word said Brucey. His lips were set firmly, and he patted Mundane's neck. Oh, they never would let his horse out, would they? They had shamed him before all the stable-boys and gentlemen day after day. Now the horse should run. And run he did—on with a sweep and magnificent rush that carried him under the wire half a length ahead. Then the boy's head swam a little. He had won the race, and there was Tobey to deal with, the terrible Tobey with the whip. Could he face him, when Mundane had won against all orders?

He knew that he must ride back to the stand, and he went, the brown horse conscious and proud. He saw Tobey waiting, but he saw something else. Several men pushed forward, and one of them had the look of that big man who had laughed. Brucey rode back among cheers that actually frightened him. Mundane had won them, not he. It was a good horse, that was all.

Tobey stood waiting with the crowd about him. The big man lifted the boy down and patted the brown horse before he was blanketed.

"Where 's the owner?" cried several voices. "Where 's Yanney?"

"He is n't here," growled Tobey; "he 's been called North suddint. Come on, you kid, an' git out o' them rags."

"Don't you hurry him," said the colonel, quietly; "he is a brave little fellow and deserves praise. When he comes over I will be with him. I know his mother."

"He is a sneak," growled Tobey, angrily. "I believe he sold us. Our turn will come."

"Whut 's he sold?" asked a clear, steady voice. "Did n't ye want yer hoss ter win? Whut air ye runnin' races fer?"

A woman stood forth in front of the boy.

"Ef ye got any spite ter take out, don't do it on no innercent child," she went on. "Hev ye heard enough ter still ye? Ef not, I wull go on. I air a leddy o' peace



an' balance, but ef ye warnt ter know the class I 'm in, I 'll continny right here."

"Take yer boy!" yelled Tobey, making off amid the laughter and jeering that followed him until the Derby entries came galloping down.

"Trust Brucey to me!" cried the colonel; "I will get him some clothes and take him down home with me. We 've won a pot of money, Mrs. Goforth, and you need n't mind dividing up. Great day, is n't it? Mundane was not to win here. At Latonia what a clean-up!—or even later. That dye really looks very well, but oh, such a stale trick! And Wanderer's stride—what living man could forget it?"

"An' ye wull see to it that Brucey air safe from thet turrible man?"

"Yes, indeed. Besides, Yanney will get away at once. I 'm going to take Brucey home with me to Madison County and make a man of him. He is a cute trick."

"Thet air truly the best o' all," said Mrs. Goforth; "fer his natur' suttinly do require the handlin' o' a man. Boys air precisely like colts, an' need breakin' in; but it do take a master hand ter do it prupper, an' I air lighter 'n feathers ez I hands ye the reins. Mebbe in days ter come he may riz ter be thet which wull make me feel thet I hev done my sheer ter push on the world."

Brucey wore a grin of relief. Between the magnificence on his back and the new favor shown him, he had not forgotten his sick fear at the sight of Tobey. His thin little fingers seemed to clutch at the colonel's coat-tails. His daring deed oppressed him, and his mother knew it.

"Allers hold up yer head," she whispered, "an' do credit ter yer class an' yer fambly. Thar 's suthin' big in yer make-up, er ye never would hev dared ter do thet. I air thet proud o' ye I could eat ye, I could."

## VI

MRS. MERINO GOFORTH arrived at home an hour before sunset. She had taken a short cut over the knobs by devious ways, but with such an inward exultation that she knew no fatigue. Her feet seemed winged, and her heart throbbed an anthem. Her simple ideas of God and nature were justified by the events of the day. She felt an assurance in the future and the righting of her own affairs. What a glorious world,

what a universe of lovely greenery, of brilliant sunshine, of love and kindness!

On her very door-step sat a shambling creature, unclean, and gaunt from bad food.

"I been a-waitin' a year, 'pears like," he whined. "Our sick folks air rale baid ter-day. I hev ter go ter the store arter the doctor's stuff he war to leave thar."

"Why did ye wait," cried Mrs. Goforth, "when thet pore thing may be in mis'ry? How air ye fixed fer victuals?"

"None whutever," replied the man, with promptness. "I kalkilated ye would do a leetle fer us. We hain't hed much sence yestiddy."

"Hurry back with thet med'cine," retorted Mrs. Goforth, "an' thar wull be suthin' over thar fer ye. Stop at Plashke's an' ast Coolie ter sit up ter-night. She 'll 'commodate ye fer oncet. Now don't ye stan' erroun'. Ef ye wants yer meal, ye must hurry hum."

Deeply disappointed, the man clattered off down the hollow to the road. Mrs. Goforth changed her gown, picked up a pan of cooked hominy, a coffee-pot, the inevitable "sodys," and some eggs, and set off over the hill behind her house. Hard work it was to carry a basket and scramble up the steep slope; but once on the ridge, she went swiftly. It was no new errand, for the poor woman in the rough log cabin in the next hollow had been ill for months. A worn path led downward through underbrush and fallen timber. Her errand was quickly but heartily despatched, as the sick woman lay in a merciful stupor and two other women had arrived to "help out." Mrs. Goforth waited to fill the hands of the four-year-old child with biscuits and to give him a drink. That he should run crying after her was a foregone conclusion, for she had long since determined her place of good angel to him. Pitiful as she felt, there was that in her that brooked no stay or interference. Something told her that her place to-night was not here with sorrow, but elsewhere with joy.

Panting for breath, she scrambled up to the ridge, the winding way covered with tall and beautiful trees. These were newly clothed in young and tender foliage of varying green hues. From the west came a golden glow that transfigured the emerald wood. The soft air was full of changing



spicy scents, intangible combinations of bloom and growth. There were stirs and flutters in the undergrowth where wild creatures fled to safe haunts. At the last turn, Mrs. Goforth could look over and down into her own little hollow. Darkly the sides of the steep knobs fell down to the rocky little brook, but on the tops was the yellow glory of the sunset. Her little cleared plot lay below, the ground plowed and dug up and the garden-truck faintly green. Faint blue smoke curled upward from the chimney into the splendid glows, and she heard the tinkle of a cow-bell not far away. A white dog, watchman at the door-stone, slept peacefully. Her heart swelled in contemplation. This was home, her best refuge, once more free and undisputed. Against her warm heart lay the money package. Its possibilities she had not yet realized, but she hoped for another cow after the mortgage was paid.

From her little home her gaze wandered up the hollow, following happily the path that sometimes crossed the brook on flat stones and finally ended at the highroad. As she looked forward her hair was lifted from her temples and her gown was blown backward. As she waited, almost expectant, a dark figure suddenly entered the hollow from the road. It was too tall and

straight for her little lad, and there was about it a certain bravado that made her heart almost cease beating, and then beat faster than ever before. Leaning forward, one arm around a young sapling near by, the woman watched each step, each movement, as the man passed from sunlight into shadow, under the overhanging rocky bank, and up the slope toward the little house. The white dog, with a sudden awakening to duty, dashed forward with an ominous bark that died away in a long, glad whine. She saw the tall man stoop to pat him, draw nearer, and enter the house slowly. Still she did not move. Then he came out, in his hand an old tin can from which he took a brown pipe. He lighted it leisurely, and sat down upon the door-step, as if in wait. The dog curled himself under the sturdy limbs, and a pet pigeon from the house roof, recognizing a familiar odor, flew down to strut and preen itself on the turf before the door. 'Dullam had come home.

Her footsteps were soundless down the slope. One hand busied itself at her hair, and as she reached the rear door of the kitchen the dark plaits fell over her shoulders. From a nail she snatched a clean ruffled sack. Then she tiptoed to the doorway and slipped down beside the smoker.



## SONG

BY LYDIA SCHUYLER

A CLOUDLESS stretch of yellow sky  
 (The wide world's western rim),  
 And, scintillant, one star on high.  
 Bright star, hast thou seen him?


He wandered very long ago;  
 I cannot make a quest,  
 For where to seek I should not know  
 In all that shining west.

The ones who loved him once are dead:  
 None cared, save I, to wait.  
 Keep vigil, Venus, overhead—  
 I watch the open gate.



## A DEPARTURE IN CHURCH BUILDING

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

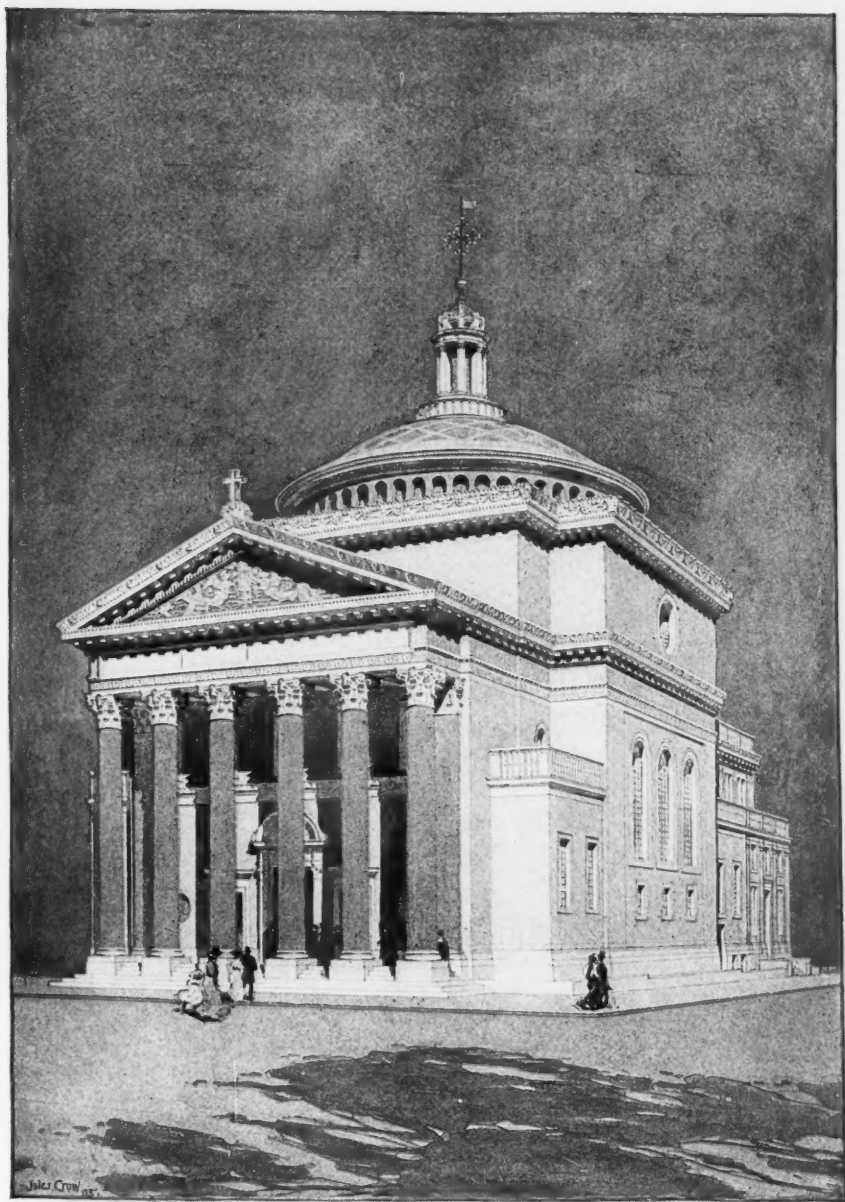
HROUGHOUT the spring and summer of the present year there has been nearing completion, here in New York, one of the most beautiful and characteristic of recent buildings. The Madison Square Presbyterian Church reveals not only discriminating taste, but an ingenious triumph over adverse conditions. Backed by a fifteen-story sky-scraper, with the possibility of a similar neighbor on one side and a six-hundred-foot tower just across the street, the site offered little that was promising beyond an outlook over the square. It was obvious that a departure had to be made in order to overcome the difficulties of the situation. A Gothic structure must inevitably be dwarfed by its massive surroundings just as Trinity, or, indeed, Dr. Parkhurst's old church, now is. Confronted by such circumstances, the architects, Messrs. McKim, Mead & White, broke boldly away from tradition by designing an edifice not on medieval, but on semi-classic lines. The Madison Square Presbyterian Church reverts to the broad simplicity of the early, pre-Gothic manner.

Cruciform in plan, with the arms of the cross projecting but slightly beyond the square mass, the structure maintains its dignity owing to the dome and an impressive portico, the columns of which outweigh in scale anything in the immediate vicinity. The church is built, upon a white marble base, of buff brick and glazed terra-cotta. In order further to differentiate the edifice from its neighbors, it was decided to use color more liberally than had been employed in any building hitherto erected in this country. The six columns

of the portico, the shafts of which measure thirty feet, are of pale-green granite. The capitals of the columns are Corinthian, the color-scheme being blue, white, and yellow, and all other ornamental features reveal a delicate and appropriate use of these same shades with the addition of green. As in many Syrian and Roman churches, the dome is tiled, showing an alternating pattern of green and yellow, the green serving as a background. To sustain and to enrich this effect the dome is surmounted by a gold lantern.

Within, as without, manifest effort has been made to escape the somber, ritualistic atmosphere of the average sacred edifice. The auditorium, with its ample vestibule and low galleries, is in no sense ornate. The prevailing colors, grading downward from the dome, will appear consistent with the exterior, being a judicious combination of mosaic, fresco, and stained glass effects. In almost every essential the Madison Square Presbyterian Church marks an innovation in church construction. In spirit it is a protest against the prevailing belief that a church, in order to be ecclesiastic, must be monastic in aspect. It is an attempt, and a welcome one, to adapt a place of worship to modern conditions and modern ideals. Though it vaguely recalls churches dating from the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, it seems appropriate to the twentieth. There is no danger of the sky-scraper being able to crush this little gold-and-green temple. Its frank brightness and beauty are, happily, enduring qualities. They are qualities that have survived the shadows of the Middle Ages and which will not be lost sight of to-day.



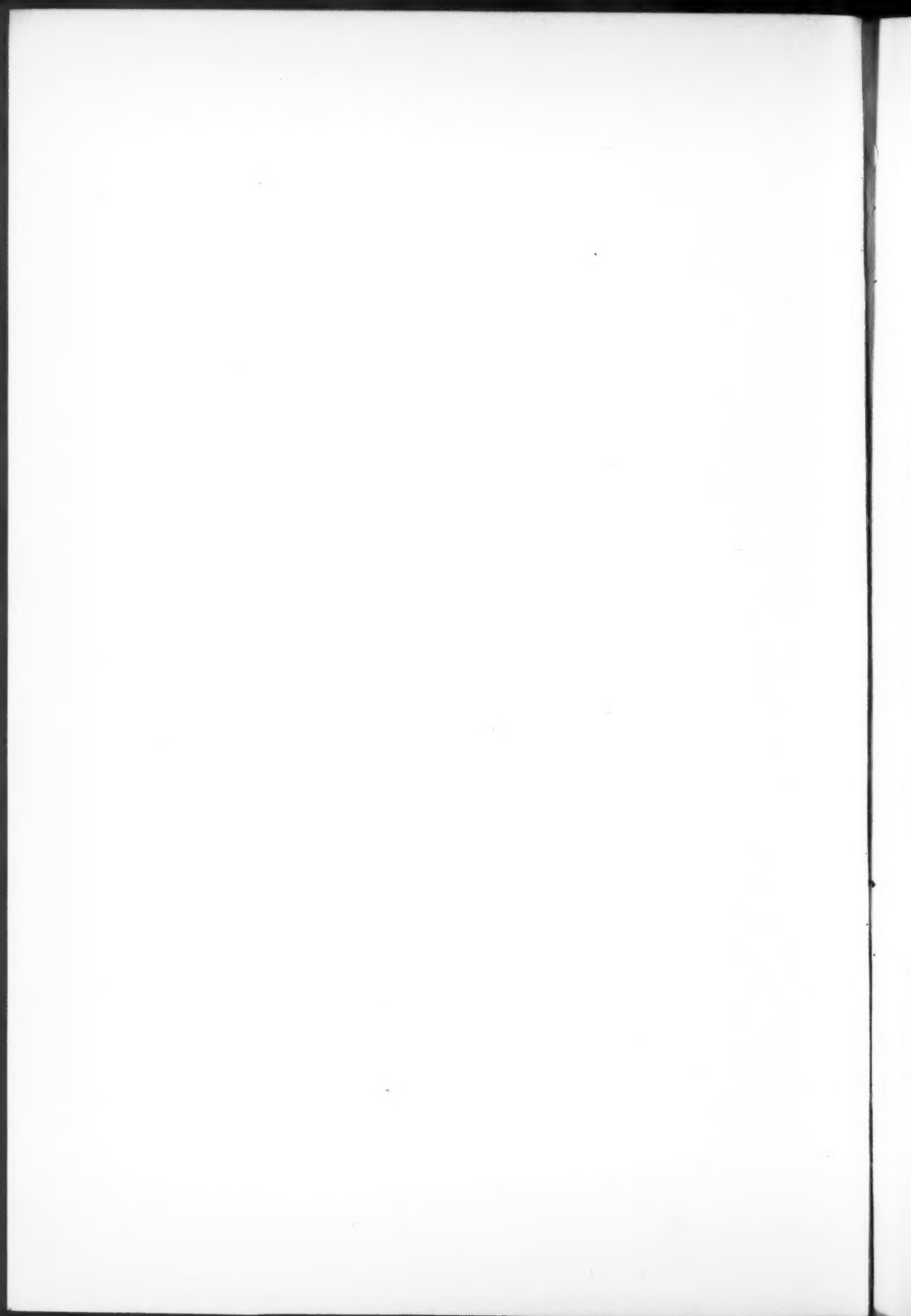


McKim, Mead & White, Architects. Color drawing by Jules Crow

THE NEW MADISON SQUARE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Madison Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street, New York City; the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, Pastor







# LADY QUASSIA

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS

Author of "The Magnetic North" and "The Open Question"



HEY had been for a country walk, and were now sitting by the loch-side, at Fort Augustus, waiting for the Inverness boat. The other people idling on the quay stared at them. The man was aware of the inspection, and resented it; or was it the prolonged warfare with the midges that had fixed that slight scowl on the genial face of the soldier? His companion looked steadily at the far-off plume of smoke blowing out from the tall hat of the approaching steamer, not seeing it at all—seeing only the sunburnt face toward which she never turned her eyes.

The somewhat unsuitable town air of the tall young woman, wearing a Bond-street hat on her elaborately *ondulé* brown hair, contrasted strongly with the rough grace of the great tweed-clad creature beside her.

"I have the largest hands and feet in the empire," Major Mackenzie had once been heard to say. It was remembered as his sole boast, although he was one of those servants of the crown who, young as he still was, had done noteworthy things in the Far East, before the outbreak of the Boer War had changed the scene of his campaigning. Even out of Africa, that "graveyard of reputations," he had wrung distinction. It was confidently said that in the list of coronation honors would be found a knighthood for Ferrall Mackenzie of the Seventeenth. But with three more months' furlough (and the girl of his heart) in front of him, that doughty soldier seemed to think as little of battles as of honors.

"Great luck," he was saying, "that your aunt chose the place near Invergarry."

Margaret Howe did not look as if she found the luck without a flaw.

"Even if she had n't come here, I suppose you could have got out of the Spean fishing," she said, with a note very like regret in her voice,— "if I had n't been coming to Scotland, too."

"Not so easy," he answered.

"Nonsense!" She flourished in front of her a piece of bracken bronzed and gilded by rain and shine; brandished it vigorously to discourage the onslaught of the army of midges. "We were n't engaged when you promised to go fishing. Nobody would have expected you—"

"Well, you see, Dick Ainger and I had talked about it ever since we left Bombay. Poor old Dick!"

"Why 'poor old Dick'?"

"Well—have n't you noticed?"

"What?"

"Your little cousin has bowled him over."

"Not Lettice!"

He nodded.

"Did he tell you so?"

"Oh, I did n't need telling. Poor old chap!"

"I would n't be so low in my mind about it. Letty Canby's a selfish little monster." Then, pulling herself up, "However, I suppose a man might do worse."

"Well, rather!"

"Oh, you like her?"

"Yes; don't you?"

"Of course—she's my cousin. You think she's pretty?"

"Yes; don't you?"

"Oh, yes," said the girl.

"Dick has n't the ghost of a chance."

"How do you know?"

"She told me so herself—*laughed* about—" Ferrall Mackenzie frowned and struck out savagely with one of his great



hands at the pestiferous legions peppering the air in front of him.

"I thought Letty was very confidential with you last night, after dinner."

Not so much the words as the tone made him turn and look at her an instant with an unenlightened surprise. Then thoughtfully he prodded the ground with his stick.

"What was it Letty laughed about?" Margaret persisted coldly.

"Oh—ah—she's got hold of some prejudice about life in the navy."

"H'm! Prefers the army, I suppose?" This seemed no oddity to Mackenzie;

but what was odd was Margaret's manner. It had occurred to him several times that she had seemed "different" since they had been in the Highlands. Had this delightful Margaret an uncomfortable temper, after all?

Now Ferrall Mackenzie was a man of courage, and could face wild tribes and tigers and even Boers with an equal mind, but his heart quailed at the thought of a faultfinding woman. The nagging wife of his beloved general had it in her puny hands to make more than one brave soldier quake and flee. To Mackenzie's discredit it must be set down that he was ever ready to lead the vanguard in that retreat.

After his first unreasoning attraction toward Margaret he had been anchored in his preference by a quite unformulated and yet governing faith in her dignity of mind. Her girlhood, parceled out among her relatives, had not been very happy, he gathered, and yet Margaret had never complained. She had made the best of her little patrimony and her social conditions, and had confronted life with a serenity that had not been without its charm to other men than himself.

"What were you doing this time last year?" Ferrall asked presently.

"Sitting by the *plage* at Deauville, pretending to be horrified at the *costumes des baigneurs*."

"Same party?"

She nodded. "Letty, her father and mother, Miss Roper, and I. How we have chased about, summer after summer!"

"Do the Canbys always take the spinster along?"

"When they can get her."

"And can't they always?"

"No. She's 'attached' in a kind of way to two or three other families, and they're

frightfully selfish about letting her go. You see, she does a lot for them."

"Oh, she's got money?"

"Pretty well off, I think; but that's not what I mean. She has a queer genius for doing things for people that they want done, and never making a fuss about it."

"What kind of things?"

"Depends on who it is. You were all admiring the new way Letty wore her hair yesterday. Georgie Roper did it for her."

"No!"

"Yes, she did. Why do you say 'no' in that tone?"

"I was only wondering why Miss Roper does n't do her own hair."

Margaret seemed to regard the observation as unworthy of notice.

"No doubt Miss Roper finds the result more creditable," he pursued, "when she expends her skill on—somebody else."

Margaret waved the bracken, and now and then flapped it in her face.

"Uncle John thinks she is the one person in the world who can read the stock-market quotations intelligently. Aunt Mary, who won't let a masseuse touch her, keeps poor Georgie busy performing the Swedish movement on her rheumatic shoulder. Miss Roper was a school friend of my mother's, you know, and the family adopted her. I don't wonder; she's an old dear."

"She's an old fright," laughed Ferrall.

Margaret Howe's flushed face took a deeper hue, but perhaps the midges were not wholly to blame. She lifted her head with a disdainful air.

"Talk of women caring about looks! It's nothing—but *nothing*—to men's abject slavery to smart frocks and pretty faces."

He laughed down at her.

"Well, you can't help your pretty face, Madge; but why do you pander to the weakness of my sex with a gown like that?"

"Do you like it?" she returned, slightly mollified.

"Oh, yes, I like it; but that's because it is n't a raging check—up to your boot-tops in front and limping along the ground behind."

"Georgie promised me she would n't wear that skirt again. I should n't have thought—" Margaret rubbed her chin and, surreptitiously, through her gown, the



much-stung calf of her leg—"should n't have thought a soldier was so taken up with clothes."

"Lord bless you! a soldier has eyes, until they're blown out—or filled with these beastly midges."

His own eyes were of that look-you-straight-in-the-face kind that seemed, never since they opened on the world, to have had aught to be ashamed of or to conceal. They rested now upon the steamer nearing the quay.

"The fact is," Margaret was saying in a softened voice, "no one, since my mother died, has been so good to me as Geo—" She had turned at last, and looked at Ferrall for the sympathy she felt must be in his heart and on his face. She followed the inattentive brightness of his glance, and saw her cousin's little figure leaning over the side of the steamer. Margaret turned her eyes again on Ferrall for the fraction of a moment, and seemed to make some rapid calculation. Whatever it was she saw, or thought she saw, there, the effect of it was suddenly to flash some resolution upon the girl. She stood up and tightened her veil, while Ferrall waved his stick to the group on the steamer.

Behind Lettice was Lady Canby, big, brown, and correct, from her felt hat to her tan shoes. On the other side of the deck, any one who had cared to look for her might have seen Miss Georgina Roper, reluctantly giving back a fat baby in a red hood to the clumsy arms of a young farmer. The baby shrieked with disfavor at the transference, and clawed Miss Roper's hat till it assumed an angle even more eccentric than usual.

That lady darted about the boat as the passengers disembarked, catching up a sketching-stool from one quarter, a reticule from another, a drawing-book, a small bottle of something, an umbrella, and Letty's silver-handled walking-stick.

"Dear Georgina! she's always late," said Lady Canby, benevolently, as she paused, after returning her niece's and Major Mackenzie's greeting. "Where's my—oh, Georgie!" she called, as the queer little figure came bustling along the gangway, "since you're the last, do you mind bringing me my thick brown veil? I left it on the far side." Then, with raised voice, "The one for midges."

With a nod and a smile, back to the side

set apart "for midges," as it would appear, did Miss Roper repair.

"How you two can go without veils!" Margaret said, looking from the pink and white of Letty's face to Lady Canby's smooth and brown.

"Oh, Georgie's discovered a way of treating those horrid midges," Lettice smiled up at Major Mackenzie.

"How's that? Intimidation or an appeal to their better feelings?"

Lettice gave him her sole encumbrance to carry, and walked on at his side, lightly heartedly recalling the Italian's advice: "If you go to Scotland, take always your mackinproof—I should say your water-tosh."

At the corner Ferrall turned.

"Are n't you coming, Margaret?"

"No; I'm going to drive up."

Miss Georgina looked sharply at Margaret a moment before following Lady Canby into the dog-cart, and then seemed to forget the girl's existence in a lively discussion about the contemplated coaching trip.

"What, are *you* coming, Aunt Mary?" asked Margaret, presently rousing herself with an effort.

"Oh, yes; I think I might as well," said Lady Canby.

"You are wonderfully enterprising, all of a sudden. What's happened?"

"Quassia's happened!" replied her aunt, briskly, as the dog-cart stopped at the door of the house they had taken.

Margaret kept looking back. No one in sight on the long, shadeless road, although one could see to the very bottom of the hill.

LETTY and Major Mackenzie came in late, laughing and sparring, and bringing with them that atmosphere of friendly nonsense that announces the satisfactory issue of an agreeable tête-à-tête. Evidently they had not bored themselves.

"I'm afraid the tea's cold," said Lady Canby; "but it serves you right for loitering."

"We did n't loiter; we toiled," said Lettice, dropping into a chair.

"You thought the highroad less agreeable than the bog, apparently," said Margaret, as Major Mackenzie stood a little awkwardly in front of her, holding out some grass of Parnassus.



He looked down at his feet with an uneasy air.

"Well, it *was* less—dusty," and he laid the little white flowers on the table near Margaret. After hesitating a moment, he went over and stood by Lettice at the tea-tray.

Margaret got up almost at once and went out, giving not so much as a glance at Ferrall or his flowers. Miss Roper cocked her queer little head on one side, like a bird listening. Her small bright eyes twinkled with friendly concern.

"Give me my quassia, Mary," she said, suddenly rising and shaking a few crumbs carefully out of the French window.

Lady Canby, with visible reluctance, yielded up a modest-sized vial two thirds full of a colorless liquid.

"Oh, don't take that away!" screamed Lettice, as Miss Roper stepped out on the lawn.

"Why not?" said Georgina, shortly.

"Because I'm sure to want some more if I go out."

"Then you can stay at home till I get back."

"Oh, Lady Quassia! *Dear* Lady Quassia!" called Lettice in wheedling tones as the little old maid went down into the garden, never turning her head. She was sure Margaret had gone that way, but where? Presently over the stone fence she caught sight of the girl hurrying across the moor.

"Margaret!" called a weak, piping voice; and again, "Margaret!"

It was the voice an energetic mouse would have, could it speak a human name. The girl went on. Miss Georgina pulled a long blade of ribbon-grass, and, holding it between her thin thumbs, blew a strident blast, another, and another. The girl half-way up the hill looked round. To Georgina's sign that she was to come back Margaret shook her head and walked on.

Miss Georgina swarmed up the stone fence in gallant style, caught her flapping skirt on a jagged stone, and fell flat on the other side. She picked herself up, clapped on her hat, and blew another blast on the bit of grass, which she still clutched in one hand.

Again Margaret turned to make a motion of "Let me alone"; but the vision of Georgina toiling up the glen coerced the younger woman into impatient waiting.

Miss Roper had once been heard to say that she meant to write a poem beginning:

Wise is the woman who realizes  
The day when violent exercises  
Cease to become her.

But she made as little pretension to poetry as to wisdom, and toiled on with disheveled hair, a purple mottle overspreading her face.

"What *is* it?" said Margaret, when they were within speaking distance.

"Oh, a—" (puff)—"I—a—" (puff, puff). "Oh, my dear!" Miss Georgina dropped incontinently on the springy heather and gasped while she straightened her hat. "Have n't you—walked enough—for one day?"

Margaret looked down upon her with ill-disguised impatience.

"You have n't run all this way to ask me that, I suppose?"

Miss Georgina shook her head, speechless, smiling in a deprecatory way. Then: "Sit down—till I—get my breath."

Not at all graciously, Margaret obeyed. Instantly the midges gathered thick about their heads, but presently Margaret seemed to engross their undivided attention.

"Where did you get that?" said Miss Georgina, presently, fixing her bright eyes on a spray of white heather in Margaret's belt.

"Ferrall— It came from—a rocky place above Loch Oich. You may have it, if you like." She held it out.

"Oh, no! What would Major Mackenzie think?"

"It does n't matter what he thinks." The girl made a thrust at the midges with the heather, then threw it in Miss Roper's lap, and seemed to follow with interest the fleeting gleam of white in the upturned tail of a rabbit as it disappeared into a clump of gorse.

"What have you two quarreled about?" asked Miss Georgina.

"We have n't quarreled."

"Why are you forever throwing him with Letty?"

"If you ask me, I think it's Letty who does the throwing."

"You could prevent her hitting the mark so often if you chose."

"And I *don't* choose!" Margaret held up her head and permitted herself the consolation of looking very proud.



"Margaret," — Miss Georgina leaned forward and looked the girl steadily in the face,—"men are inconceivably stupid. Don't count on Major Mackenzie's seeing your point."

"I don't."

"You are n't giving him up?" gasped Miss Georgina.

Margaret's face whitened. "I won't struggle to keep a man who—" She swallowed suddenly, and turned away her head.

"You need n't struggle. You need only behave like a rational being," said Miss Georgina. "What demon makes you give Letty every opportunity, morning, noon, and night, to practise her wiles on the man you're engaged to marry?"

"Because I'm not going to marry him, you see. They may have it all their own way."

"No, they may n't!" Miss Roper settled her hat on her head with a warlike air, as if it had been a helmet. "Now, we'll grant that I'm meddlesome, and don't understand affairs of the heart. Suppose for a moment that I care about Letty's happiness."

"Oh, I'm willing to admit that should be everybody's first consideration."

Miss Roper wasted no time over Margaret's sarcasm.

"Very well. Now, even if Letty was n't too young and too flighty to marry at once and fill such a position as Major Mackenzie's wife will have to occupy, she would bore and exasperate Ferrall into desertion inside of a year. But, fortunately, it would never come to that. I'm not saying, mind, that if you go on in the way you've begun, that you might n't make them imagine they had a great deal in common."

"They don't seem to need much help from me."

"Oh, yes, they do. And you are giving it. If that's what you're after, you can see one engagement broken and another made before pheasant-shooting begins." They were silent a moment. "And then Letty," she went on, "having taken Ferrall away from you, will feel she's accomplished that mission and will look about for some new interest."

"I never knew you thought so meanly of Major Mackenzie."

"I am not such a goose as to think meanly of him. He's a splendid fellow

—but—" she shook her head, smiling in an odd little way—"he's lived most of his life away from civilization, and he comes back to it—an infant. It's part of his amazing luck that he stumbled upon you. When you get the hang of him, and give up expecting him to see what is n't under his nose, you'll make him happier than any one has a right to be in this topsyturvy world."

"And what about me and my happiness?" demanded Margaret, with a little shake in her voice.

"Your best chance is to be faithful to your love." Miss Georgina laughed nervously. "I sound frightfully sentimental, don't I?" She laughed again.

"You seem to think," said Margaret, with recovered stiffness, "that if I let Major Mackenzie go, I may not have another chance."

"It's possible," said Miss Georgina, quietly.

"Good heavens, you talk as if I were forty!"

"You are n't eighteen, my dear."

Lettice was eighteen; Lettice was an heiress; Lettice was everything desirable.

"After all," said Margaret, "I'm not a fright, though you *do* seem to—"

"No," said Miss Georgina, unmoved; "you're not a fright, and you're not a beauty."

Margaret blinked her pretty brown eyes with surprise, ready to laugh and even ready to cry.

"And"—the brusque old voice dropped into a curiously quiet note—"and you've no talent for being an old maid."

Margaret looked at her. It would be absurd to quarrel with Georgie.

"Oh, come, cheer up," the girl spoke with a fine affectation of lightness of heart; "after all, I'm only twenty-eight, and I look younger."

"Nothing is more dangerous than to 'look younger.'"

"Don't be so tragic, Georgie!"

"People put such faith in it, and yet women who 'look younger' grow old in a night. I did."

The last two words were breathed rather than spoken. Margaret, frankly frowning, and fighting the midges with a brush of bog-myrtle, did not catch them.

Miss Georgina had clasped her nervous little hands and was looking before her



into space. Any one less busy with her own lacerated feelings than Margaret would have been struck with the unwonted intensity in the queer little face.

"Margaret—" Miss Roper began.

"I tell you, I've made up my mind, and I'm going for a walk." The girl jumped to her feet. "Seeing that I'm not eighteen, and no beauty, and likely to wake up any day and, instead of being in bed, find myself on the shelf—" she laughed angrily—"for these reasons I'm to eat humble-pie! After flouting Ferrall for a fortnight, I'm to go back now and say, 'Please, sir, I'll be grateful for the smallest favors if only you'll save me—from the shelf!' You know quite well, Georgie, it's impossible; things have gone too far, and I shall take a walk."

Margaret turned away sharply.

Miss Roper made a dash forward and held the girl fast by the skirt. Margaret turned on her angrily, but Miss Roper gave her no time to speak.

"Don't be a fool!" she said. "It was just like this that I spoiled my life."

"Georgie!"

"Yes, yes; I dare say it sounds funny enough," she tried to laugh, and the look in her face brought the tears to the younger woman's eyes. "You think I was always like this; but once, a long time ago, I was young, and—some one I cared about thought I was—no, that would be *too* funny, perhaps, to believe." Her birdlike eyes were dim and drowned. "Nobody knew, but we were engaged to be married, and I—" the wavering voice grew suddenly harsh and firm—"I was bent on being the same kind of fool you'd like to be. But I—I won't let you, Margaret; for your father's sake, I won't let you."

"For my father's sake!"

Miss Roper gave a little start, then seemed to cover her confusion by quickly adopting the large, impersonal view.

"Women expect too much of men. We want them to be heroes, demigods; we find them—" she gave a contemptuous flip of her claw-like hand—"infants! What they want is not a proud beauty to do battle for, but some one to mother them, feed them, and love them, and make them behave. Of course,"—she glanced apprehensively over her shoulder,—"*it's* only women, and only women in some intensely private moment, who may admit this. We

must keep up appearances. But it's no use—no use in the world, my dear, to give men tasks, in our pride and confidence, that they can't or don't perform."

They were silent a moment, and Margaret, sitting with lowered eyes, started to see a tear drop on the thin, tight-clasped hands in Miss Roper's lap. As the girl looked up she saw with a sense of vague surprise that Georgina was not bending solicitous looks upon her young friend. The tear-filled eyes were looking into some world where Margaret was a stranger and where the other was at home.

"We want to think," she said huskily, "that nothing else is 'possible' to the man we love but one's self." She shook her head. "Several other things are possible."

"Then it shows," Margaret burst out, "how worthless such 'love' is."

"It shows," said Miss Roper, firmly, "that a man may love one woman and yet make another an excellent husband."

"I don't believe it!"

The little old maid looked at Margaret an instant and then said low and hurriedly:

"Shall I tell you who convinced me?"

"Who?"

"Reginald Howe."

"Not my father!"

Miss Roper got up and brushed some dust and bits of dry heather off her dress. Underneath Margaret's astonishment she was queerly aware of the effort Georgina's confession had cost, and her agitation at speaking the name of the father Margaret herself had never seen.

"Dear Georgie!" The girl got up, too, and slipped her hand under her friend's arm. "I'd love it if you'd tell me about him. Oh!"

"What! an earwig or a mouse?"

Georgina clutched her scanty petticoats.

"*Ferrall*—coming up the glen!"

"Oh, that's all right. I'll go down and do Letty's hair."

Margaret held her fast.

"You'll do nothing of the kind. I'd never forgive you."

"Margaret!" Miss Roper's tone of gentle entreaty seemed to come like an echo out of that past of which the girl had to-day had the first glimpse.

"He saw you come after me," the girl faltered; "Letty did, anyhow—trust her! And they'll know you've warned me. Oh, he sees us; he's making signs!"



"Make a sign back," commanded Miss Roper.

Margaret's feeble lifting and lowering of the bit of bog-myrtle might have been the dying remonstrance of a midge-bitten martyr. But Miss Roper waved vigorously.

"Don't, Georgie!" pleaded the girl, half in tears.

"Don't what?"

"Don't make signals of distress," the girl laughed nervously through her tears.

"Let me alone. You attend to the distress and I'll make the signals."

Ferrall, still some distance below them, hesitated a moment at a strip of intervening bog. Miss Roper waved and gesticulated as if to cheer his fainting spirit.

"Georgie!" Margaret seized her arm. "Don't go on like a lunatic! Anybody'd think we were shipwrecked on a desert isle."

"So we are," said Miss Roper, gesticulating more than ever; "and you've got to be rescued." Then, with a sudden change of manner: "Dear child, he *adores* you!"

"Do you really believe—"

"I know it."

"Then why does he—"

"Because he's a man, and a man's a goose."

"Oh, what *shall* I do, Georgie," Margaret whispered as Ferrall came nearer, "I've been so *horrid* for days! He'll suspect now that I'm being prudent, or 'twenty-eight,' or something dreadful. How *am* I to account for—"

Miss Roper had mechanically taken Margaret's bit of bog-myrtle out of her hand and brandished it at the midges for one perplexed instant, and then dropped it with a cry. It might have been "Eureka!" but the word sounded like "Quassia!"

"Here, take up your veil."

"My veil!" echoed the astonished Margaret.

"Take it up—quite off—there!" Had the girl not been rather unnerved, she would have refused to comply without some explanation. Miss Roper had had a short, sharp struggle with her pocket, and now brought forth a vial. She poured some of the colorless liquid on a cambric handkerchief. Turning with quick, birdlike movement, she reached up and dabbed the soaked linen lightly over Margaret's astonished face.

"What is it?" asked the girl, feebly, thinking that poor Georgina's wits must have suddenly departed.

"Have you come for some quassia, too, Major Mackenzie?" Miss Roper called out.

"No, thanks."

"You can't imagine how good it is to keep off—"

"Oh, yes; I've used it sometimes in India."

"Well, I'm ashamed of you."

"Eh—wh—what?"

"Yes; I'm ashamed of you for not mentioning it before."

"Oh—a—why?" said Ferrall, a little anxious, apparently, lest he were going to be scolded some more.

"All the abuse I get in this family," Miss Roper went on briskly, dabbing Margaret's wrists and hands with the essence of the Eastern vine—"all the scorn heaped on me because in traveling I sometimes make friends with my fellow-beings. And yet if I had n't told that woman in the Inverness boat that her hair was coming off—down, she would never have offered me quassia to keep off the midges. And *then* where would we all be?" She seemed to arraign Mackenzie.

"A—really, I—I don't know."

"You would see Margaret and all of us bitten into a fever and *you'd* never suggest quassia."

"I'm sorry I—"

"Even Margaret's *beautiful* nature getting quite ruined with the irritation—a little more on your chin, dear. Day after day goes by, you see her suffering, and still you never say, 'Quassia!'"

"Awfully sorry. I'd have said 'Quassia' all day long if I'd only known."

"Oh, *you* had n't noticed any change in Margaret, of course. We all know love is blind. But *I've* got so I've been afraid to go for a walk with her. You see, her skin is so fine the midges make her quite feverish. But, thank Heaven! there's quassia! Don't you feel an extraordinary relief, dear?"

"Quite extraordinary," said the girl, smiling under lowered eyes.

"Now I must have some. But—" Georgina stopped in the act of pouring more of the stuff on her handkerchief—"don't stand staring at me, you two. I'd rather do it when nobody's looking."



They laughed and walked away a few paces.

"You must finish your walk without me, Margaret," she called after them; "I'm tired. Besides, I'm coming to pieces."

A backward glance showed Miss Roper perched on her heathery knoll, with her hat off, in the act of doing something mysterious to her hair.

"Come," said Ferrall, and they went on. Presently he added: "I can't say how awfully sorry I am I never thought of suggesting quassia."

"Oh, it's all right, since Georgie's discovered it," said the girl, meekly; and they walked on to the high comb of the moor.

Presently Margaret stopped.

"Oh!" she said.

"What is it?"

"Your beautiful grass of Parnassus—I left it to wither in the drawing-room."

"Oh, never mind."

"But I *do*."

"Did you care about it?"

"I loved it."

"That's all right, then," he said, smiling; "but don't go back just yet." He took her hand, doubtfully, with an awkward little air of uncertainty as to whether she was going, after all, to "be good." "We are n't alone together very much."

"And when we have been alone," she began, with an impulse toward confession, "I've been so tormented—"

"I know—I know. I was a brute not to realize—" he brandished a great protecting arm in front of her—"that to any one with a complexion like a baby's—"

"Oh, it's all right now," said Margaret. "Ferrall!"

"Yes."

"Whenever I'm bad to you I wish you'd just remind me of to-day."

He sat down in the heather, still keeping hold of her hand, and trying gently to draw her down beside him.

"Look at Georgie," said the girl, gazing down the glen.

"I'd rather look at you."

"She *is* rather like Miss Robinson Crusoe."

"Oh, come! You thought I did n't speak respectfully enough, but I never called her *that*."

"I've left her alone on the Desert Island—and—she's hiding her face in her handkerchief."

"She does n't like the midges any more than you do."

"She does n't like—some other things any more than I—would. Ferrall,"—Margaret sat down, and, braving for once the observation of the sea-gulls and the swifts, she put her hand through Mackenzie's arm and leaned her cheek on his shoulder,— "you don't really dislike my old friend, do you?"

"Dislike her! Rather not." He beamed down at the recovered Margaret. This was the girl to whom he had lost his heart.

"Should you mind asking Georgie to come and make us a visit?"

"Not a bit."

"Let us go back now and tell her."

"I sha'n't budge for at least ten minutes."

"Well," said the happy Margaret, "we'll call at the Desert Island on our way back and rescue her."

"By Jove! I feel as if *she'd* done the rescuing!"

"Well, it's true, Ferrall."

"Hey?"

"I'm not going to say anything more; but just—whenever I'm the least bad to you, dear—say quite low, so nobody else can hear—say, 'Quassia!'"

"And then will you be good?"

"Well—I'll be better."

"I don't want you better: be like this."

He looked down at the happy face, and, whether dimly divining who had worked the miracle, or just to please Margaret, he called out, one arm uplifted as if proposing a toast:

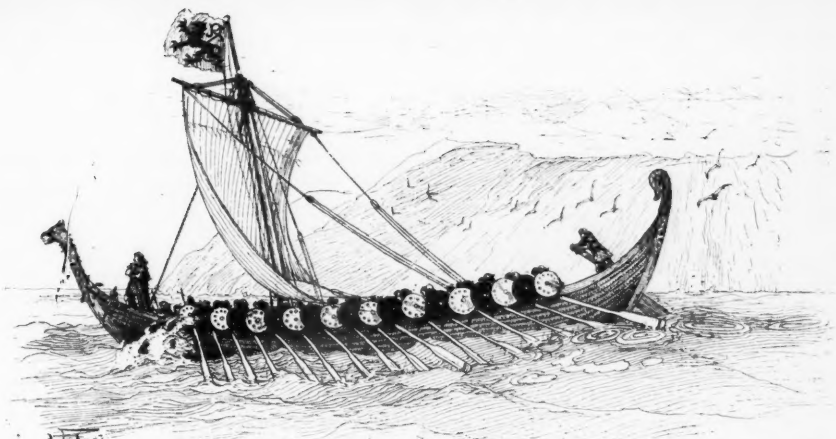
"Long live Lady Quassia!"

The uplifted arm came down, and with the other completed the circle.

But the ten minutes stretched to sixty, and, for all their good intentions, had it depended upon the rescuing party, Lady Quassia would have gone dinnerless that night.







Drawn by Harry Fenn

A VIKING SHIP UNDER OARS AND SAIL

## THE VIKING SHIP FOUND AT OSEBERG

BY S. C. HAMMER AND HAAKON NYHUUS

**I**N the history of Norway the ancient county of Vestfold, on the western side of the Christiania Fjord, holds a venerable place. Associated with the earliest traditions of the country, Vestfold played a conspicuous part in many of the dramatic events of the saga period. Later on, during the four centuries in which Norway was united with Denmark, Vestfold lost not only her name, but her traditions. But in the depth of her slopes and mounds, crowned by woods and verdure in delightful, undulating lines, Vestfold, like a jealous mother, guarded her precious treasures for the independent generations of Norway regained.

The general renaissance in literature, science, and art after the Constitution of 1814 created an unparalleled interest in Norwegian antiquities, of which the splendid collections in the national museums are the most palpable evidence. Here again Vestfold is in the lead, for among all the Norwegian antiquities unearthed

during the last century there is none like the famous Gokstad ship found in 1880.

Yet Vestfold had another surprise in store. With the unearthing of the Oseberg ship, in 1903, in the opinion of experts, she even beat her own record.

The particulars of the latter discovery read like a chapter of a historic novel. Many years ago, as early as the beginning of the sixties, the mound of Oseberg was supposed to contain antiquities; but as no investigations were made at that time, speculation as to what it might contain soon died out. Later a farmer residing on the very mound made the discovery that earth from the mound when spread on his fields had the effect of a fertilizer. Digging in the mound, he often found large bluish pieces of oak of extraordinary toughness standing upright in the earth. Still the ancient mound retained its secret even after many loads of its earth were subsequently carried off to fill up a country churchyard. By this constant digging, however, the mound had at length



become so excavated that one of the ends of the ship was only a few yards underground. In fact, the stem became slightly damaged from lying so close to the surface of the ground.

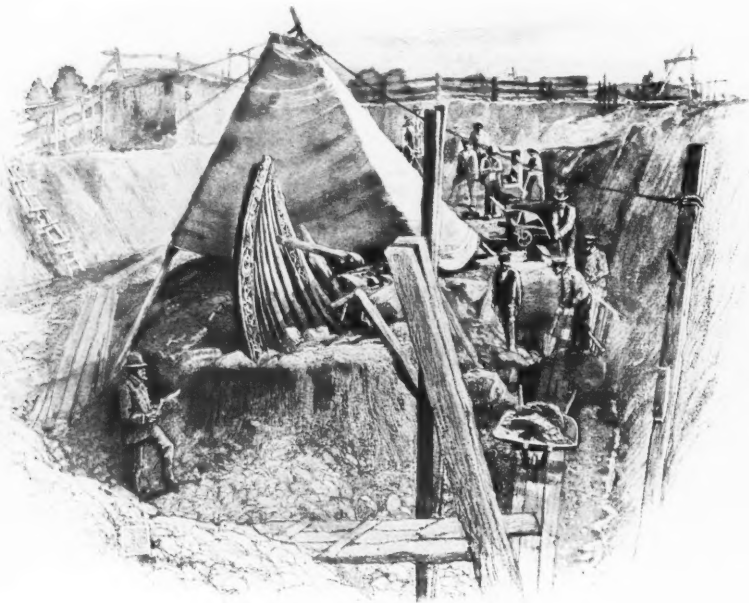
Like many Norwegian peasants living near the sea, the Oseberg farmer, whose name was Johannes Hermansen, was also a sailor, and in this capacity he often went to America, where he found work as master of a lighter. When at home he would often

"What are you seeking here in America?" she asked.

"Trying to make money," replied Johannes.

"Why, then you need n't stay over here. You have plenty of treasures at home; you have only to dig in the mound close to your farm. Would you like to see the mound?"

Johannes said he would, and the woman fetched a bowl filled with water and told



Drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph

THE OSEBERG VIKING SHIP PARTLY UNEARTHED

talk about the mound and express the belief that "something must be hidden inside of it." Some four or five years ago he was again in America, but after a winter's stay became ill and returned to Norway.

A story he told over and over again to his wife and friends made the latter feel that his mind had become unhinged. According to his story, there was in Brooklyn, New York, a gipsy who was very popular among the numerous Norwegians residing there. One day Johannes visited her to have his fortune told.

him to look into it, where he thought he saw his distant home, the Oseberg houses, and the ancient mound, with its blooming dog-briers.<sup>1</sup>

Johannes, as he used to say afterward, felt "as if he had lost his head," but on returning to Norway he lost no time in following the advice of the gipsy and at once began digging in the mound. Unhappily, he stopped his work at a too early stage and tried his luck on another mound, allured by what he described as a strange female flitting in the moonlight

<sup>1</sup> The gipsy trick practised on this occasion is the so-called "crystal seeing," by which persons looking at something limpid or crystal-like may sometimes be transferred into a state of ecstasy in which scenes and objects from their daily life will appear before them as distinctly as in a dream.



across the fields toward the other mound, where she vanished into the earth.

Shortly afterward Johannes Hermansen died, and the Oseberg farm, with the ancient mound, passed into the possession of the present owner for about sixteen hundred dollars. This man, who for many years had been Johannes's neighbor, was fully acquainted with the strange stories relative to the mound. He at once resumed the work of excavating, and dug a trench to carry off the large volume of water that was found to be collecting in the interior of the mound. Then resuming the regular work of excavation, he shortly arrived at the sepulchral chamber in the middle of the ship, a covering projecting above the layer of potter's clay in which the ship had been embedded in the prehistoric age.

At this juncture the owner, who did not think it advisable to proceed any further on his own account, reported his discovery to the University of Christiania, which at once sent Mr. G. Gustafson, professor of archæology, to Oseberg. After some preliminary investigations by which it was sufficiently ascertained that a discovery of unique interest had been made, the mound, owing to the advanced season of the year (August, 1903), was again filled up, as it was found impossible to finish the whole of the excavation before the setting in of winter.

The work of excavation was resumed at the beginning of the following summer, but owing to a lot of formalities and difficulties of various kinds it was not until the month of December that the ship was fully disclosed. During the Christmas holidays the ship, or rather the numerous pieces constituting her, was brought to Christiania in a lighter and temporarily stored in the

military arsenal of the old castle of Akershus, each piece being of course duly numbered pending the final reconstruction.

It is easily seen that in these circumstances the dimensions of the ship can only be approximately stated. At the preliminary investigations in 1903 the size of the ship, according to Professor Gustafson, was supposed to come very near that of the Gokstad ship, which would give a keel

length of about 66 feet, a length of about 101 feet between stem and stern-post, outside measure, and a width in the middle of about  $16\frac{1}{2}$  feet.<sup>1</sup> Later on the ship was found to be slightly shorter; and simultaneously there was discovered what seemed to be a remarkable disproportion between her length and her width. However, this riddle has been solved, the apparent disproportion being due to the pressure of the layers, by which the frames and strakes of the ship have been displaced in a regrettable way. The bottom has also suffered severely; in fact, the pressure from beneath has

been so great as to break up the bottom and change the position of several planks from horizontal to vertical.

Owing to this, it was altogether impossible to dig out the ship as an entirety. She was picked up piecemeal and will have to be laboriously put together. Many pieces will be wanting, and she will certainly not prove to be so well preserved as the Gokstad ship. On the other hand, she undoubtedly surpasses the latter as to ornamentation.

But the greatest interest possibly attaches to the inventory of the articles found, which may fairly be said to be of unparalleled richness and variety. Numerous articles have been brought forth,



Drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph  
THE CARVING ON THE PROW OF  
THE OSEBERG SHIP

<sup>1</sup> The Gokstad ship is 103 feet over all and 10 feet wide.—EDITOR.



among them a loom with a tapestry full of small pictures suggesting those on the famous tapestry of Bayeux; sleds with luxurious ornaments; implements of various kinds; and, last but not least, a carriage which is a first-rate work of art. Strange to say, no weapons of any kind have been found in the ship. This may be due to robbery committed at some time or another. The view is also entertained that a woman was buried in the ship, and if this be so, no further explanation is needed of the total absence of implements of war in the mound.

Professor Gustafson, some months ago, advanced a theory which seems to solve the difficulty in a fairly satisfactory way. From the fact that some skeleton bones which were found in the ship were lying outside the sepulchral chamber, he concluded that the corpses were displaced by the robbers who plundered the mound.

The slenderness of some of the bones, which do not constitute a complete skeleton, seems to indicate that they belonged to a woman. From an archaeological point of view the most natural hypothesis would be that the ship was the sepulcher of a man and a woman. That two persons were buried in the ship appears from the fact that two skulls and pieces of two lower jaws were found. The skeleton of a horse was also found in the mound, and even the stomach of an ox containing some grass.

The supposed presence of female bones in the ship, supported almost to a certainty by a number of the implements found, has raised the interesting question whether in the prehistoric age burnings or offerings of widows took place in Norway. From an eye-witness, Ibu Fadhlán, ambassador of the Calif of Bagdad to a potentate described as King of the Bulgarians, a graphic description of the obsequies of a

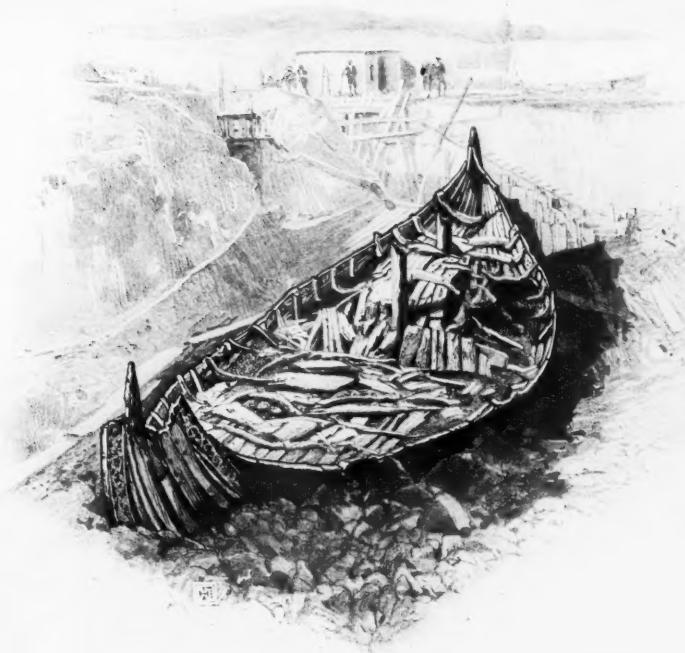


Drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph

#### THE GOKSTAD VIKING SHIP, FOUND IN 1880

The picture shows the starboard side of the ship (with the steer-board), as it stood in a shed of the museum of the University of Christiania, which is also custodian of the newly found Oseberg ship. When an ancient sea-jarl (or chief) died, his ship was hauled upon the land, a sepulchral chamber was built in it (as seen here toward the bow), and in it were disposed the body of the dead chieftain, the carcasses of his horses and dogs, and his weapons and other personal belongings. Then the ship was buried beneath a mound of earth raised by his followers.





Drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

#### THE OSEBERG VIKING SHIP NEARLY UNEARTHED

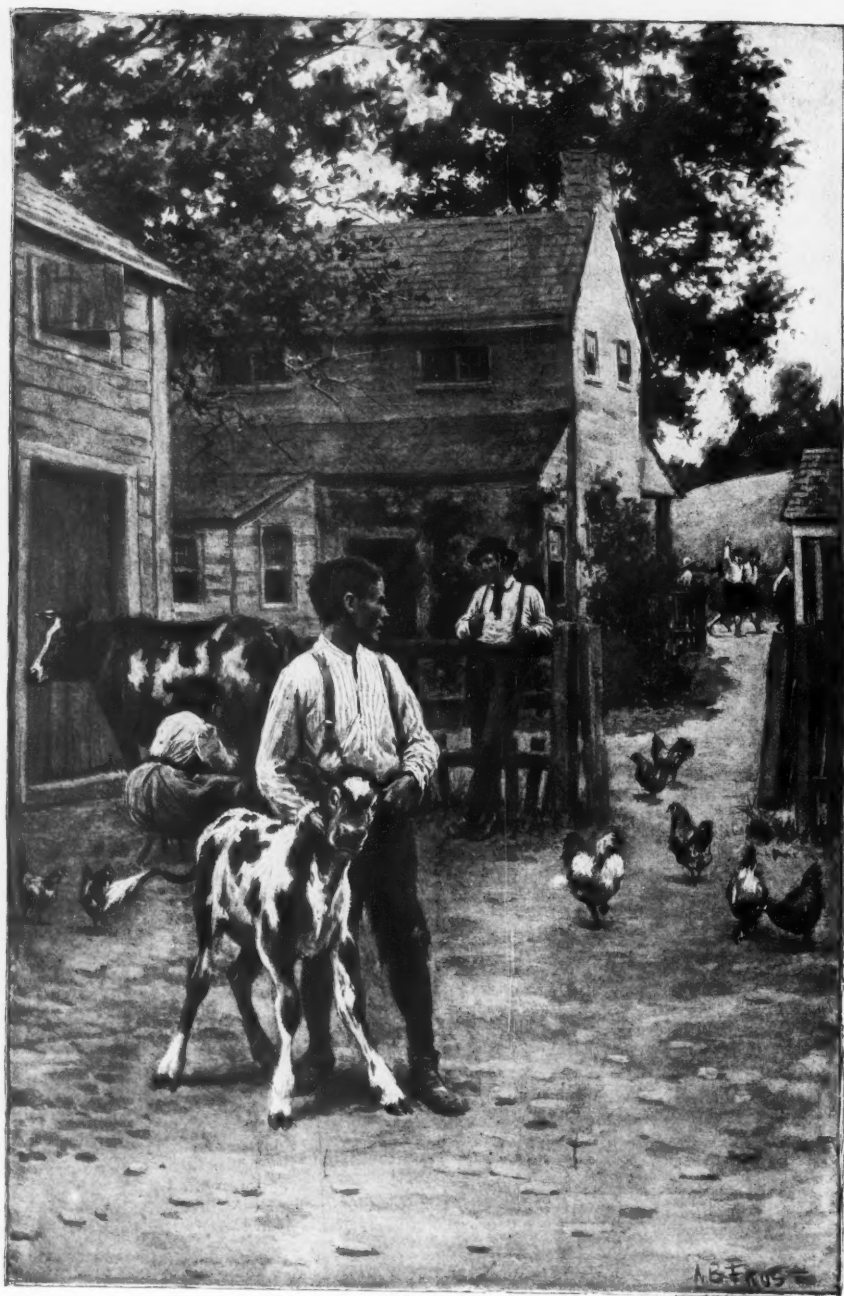
Scandinavian chief on the banks of the Volga, about 920 A.D., has come down to us. This description covers in a very striking manner the obsequies which may have taken place at Oseberg, judging from the articles found in the mound. The ship itself, with its human and animal remains and the various articles and implements mentioned, conforms to the ancient story of *Ibu Fadhlan*, particularly so if it should be determined that the skeleton bones in question include those of a man and a woman.

Not less valuable is the ship itself from a nautical point of view, as the description given in the *Odyssey* of the ships in which the famous lord of Ithaca for ten years defied the wrath of brow-beating Poseidon coincides with the form and capacity of the Gokstad and the Oseberg ships. That these hulls must have been seaworthy was sufficiently proved in 1893, when an exact replica of the Gokstad ship crossed the Atlantic in a splendid manner and became one of the sights at the World's Fair in Chicago. It is therefore not difficult to be-

lieve that in the ages to which the Gokstad and Oseberg ships belonged there might have been intercourse between South and North across "oceans so vast and fearful that hardly the swiftest birds can cover the distance within a year," as we are told in the *Odyssey*.

This brief description of the excavation of the Oseberg ship would be incomplete if, in conclusion, we did not speak of the strenuous efforts of the staff of archaeologists and workers who have been engaged in bringing the ancient ship out of her grave. Digging and shoveling in horizontal layers, the workers have slowly but surely made their way to the interior of the mound, while the archaeologists, in mud up to the top of their high boots, have scrutinized every shovelful of earth by letting it pass through their fingers in order that not the slightest object should escape notice. This laborious work points to a scientific ardor on the part of Norwegian antiquarians which cannot be over-appreciated, for in that field the old saying, "One may buy gold too dear," no longer holds good.





Drawn by A. B. Frost. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"WHENEVER THE FELLERS GO OFF TO SWIM"



## HOLDING OFF THE CALF

BY JOHN CHARLES McNEILL

THEY-ALL 'll tell you I would n't mind  
A-holdin' the kef at all  
If it did n't come at the very time  
I hear the other uns call.  
Jis when I see 'em goin' by,  
Wi' the'r dogs an' guns in a hurry,  
An' I want'er go, I hear maw cry  
'At she 's ready to mulk ol' Cherry!  
An' there I stan' wi' the kef by the yur,  
The boys done out o' sight,  
An' maw *a-whang, a-whang*, jis like  
There 'us nothin' else till night!

'Bout sundown 's time for the swimmin'-hole,  
But from me it 's mighty fur—  
That 's jis the minute, each blessed day,  
I must ketch the kef by the yur!  
The parson, my bud,<sup>1</sup>—he 's a preacher, you know,  
But he can't git nowhere to preach,—  
Looks on wi' 's thumbs in 'is gallus-straps,  
Smilin' sweet as a peach.  
The kef is a fool, don't mean no harm,  
Only wantin' to suck;  
But sometimes I git so awful mad  
'At I twistes 'is yur like a shuck.

They-all say I 'm lazy, no 'count in the worl',  
Only to raise a row;  
But I would n't mind workin' all times o' day  
'Cep' the time for mulkin' the cow.  
Whenever the fellers go off to swim,  
Or take the'r dogs an' gun,  
That pore white kef, a-wantin' his share,  
Heads off both ends o' my fun.  
But some sweet day I 'll be a man,  
An' when I 'm boss myse'f  
I 'll ketch ev'ry boy 'at stays on the place  
An' put him to holdin' a kef!

<sup>1</sup> A widely current term in the Carolinas for "brother."





Drawn by Albert Steiner. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"THE LITTLE LADY SAT TIMIDLY UPON THE UTMOST EDGE OF HIS OWN MORRIS CHAIR"



# THE CASE OF PATRICIA

BY ELIZABETH HERRICK

WITH PICTURES BY ALBERT STERNER

THRALL had come in late. The Superior Court was sitting, and he had been in court all day on the last of the five great damage suits that had crowded the week's docket. Then when, at four, the court adjourned and he had rushed back to his office to gather up the threads of the week's new business from the competent hands of a faithful clerk, there had been half a dozen clients to see, four of them women with voluble tongues and long stories. Accordingly, it was nearer six than five, the hour at which he was accustomed to leave his office, when, the last woman of them all having been heard to the end, the tired lawyer was at liberty to put on his hat and coat and turn his steps homeward.

His wife was waiting for him in the hall when he came in, an expectancy not altogether of the anticipated verdict in her eyes.

"There's a young lady waiting in the library to see you," she told him, with an odd sort of buoyancy, as he was pulling off his coat.

Thrall looked his annoyance. A lawyer's house is, or should be, his castle. Yet even here was the ubiquitous client, smugly established in the lawyer's last stronghold, the heart of the house. He had left him bowing and thanking in the court-room, and found him again, all brag and bluster, in his office; he had locked him and his documents into the office, and he was home before him. There was no getting rid of him. The legal frown that had almost smoothed itself out under his wife's smile deepened,—a straight black furrow between his eyes,—and the lines of his mouth took on an uncompromising rigidity.

"Why did n't she see me at the office?" he demanded.

There was a suspicious little quiver about his wife's mouth, as if the dimples that lurked there longed to show themselves.

"It may have been more convenient for her to come here," she suggested, with wifely soothing. "She lives on the street. You'll have to see her. It won't take you more than a minute, and she's a client, you know."

A client, of course, from morning until night, in court and out of it, for ever and ever; man or woman, good or bad, with the inevitable story of wrongs suffered or committed. This time, at least, the story should be a short one. Thrall set a rigorous face toward the library door.

"Please be as pleasant as you can," said his wife after him, rather dubiously. "She's in such distress, and she's so—so sure you can help her."

There was a new note in her voice: it was tremulous, half with fun, half with appeal; but Thrall's hand was already on the door-knob, and he caught no more than a suspicion of the flush that rose to her cheek under the swift yet searching glance that he threw behind him as he flung the door wide and strode into the room.

The room was dim; the electricity had not been switched on, and the ruby-colored rays from the lamp on the table insufficiently lighted its shadowy bigness. Thrall swept the illuminated circle at a glance, and found it empty. Then he looked beyond. It was customary for a timorous client of the other sex to seat herself against the wall. But the wall, so far as he could make out in the semi-obscurity, was blank except for vacant chairs. Clearly



the client was unusually—and most provokingly—retiring. The furrow on his forehead twisted into an unprepossessing scowl, part irritation, part eye-strain.

"Who wishes to see me?" he asked sharply of the furthestmost corner. There was a slight rustle, the catching of a short, very sibilant breath, close to his elbow. The lawyer wheeled suddenly and looked down on the fair head of a child.

The little lady sat timidly upon the utmost edge of his own Morris chair, its cavernous green-leather depths yawning behind her. She was trying to appear self-possessed; but she was very young, and the embarrassment of youth was complicated by the presence of a picture-book upon her black-stockinged knees—a relic, Thrall recognized, of his wife's own childhood.

The shock of the situation, conjoined with a certain shamefacedness in showing himself a very big ogre to such a very little girl, dissipated, as if by magic, the frown from his brow. At the same time his wife's entreaty to look his pleasantest recurred to him as an imminent danger. Though he was not used to children, he understood them, on the whole, better than she did. It would never do to smile. It was necessary to take this, the youngest client of a thirty years' practice, quite seriously. He made her his best bow.

"You wish to see me?" he inquired as deferentially as if she had been her mother. The child lifted a pair of very beautiful, very troubled eyes.

"I wish to see you," she repeated after him, struggling bravely against the little gasp of fright in her voice—"I wish to see you about—about—don't you sometimes get people divorces?"

It was very funny, but Thrall did not laugh. He did not even smile. The child was too serious. He drew a chair close up to hers and sat down, leaning forward.

"I sometimes do," he admitted. "You wish to consult me about a divorce?"

The child hesitated, the trouble in her eyes deepening.

"It's about a divorce that I don't want you to get," she explained at last, earnestly. "You got one, you know, and you must n't get another, because, if you should get the other, you see, I don't know what I should do."

The legal heart was not proof against

the complex little sentence. A kind look softened the lawyer's eyes.

"Ah!" he said, his mind flashing back over all the divorce suits he had ever brought, and wondering which of them involved this child. "You wish to contest it." He had spoken the words formally, as if to a real respondent. A faint smile crossed his lips.

The child looked bewildered.

"I want you not to get it," she repeated, clinging desperately to her own phrase. "She will come to you to get it, but I want you not to get it."

The lawyer regarded her attentively. The passionate seriousness of those blue, uplifted eyes vaguely disturbed his recollection. Probably she had been brought to his office most indiscreetly by a mother who ought to have known better. He wondered which the mother was, what was her name.

"Why was the first divorce?" he asked, feeling his way.

Either the child did not remember or was afraid to say. Thrall leaned still farther forward and dropped into the low, confidential tone of the legal adviser ministering to a law patient.

"When you come to the doctor," he suggested, with kindly tact, "you must tell him just what is the matter. You must tell me everything."

The little girl warmed to the thought. She looked straight into his eyes with the trustful, yet truth-compelling gaze of childhood.

"Can a mother get a divorce from her little girl?" she asked.

Thrall's first impulse was to laugh: the question, after all this preliminary seriousness, came near being too much for even his studied gravity; his next, to set the young lady on his knee and explain to her, in language suited to her comprehension, that divorce is a legal dissolution of the bonds of matrimony, and in no way applies to the relation between mother and child: but he acted on neither. Even if the legal habit of getting at the bottom of things had not been strong in his mind, the child's distress, betokening more than a morbid brooding over what she did not understand, was too deep to be lightly passed over. He had taken the child seriously at first from innate sympathy with the sensitiveness of child-nature; he took



her seriously now, because it was impossible to take her otherwise.

"Such a case has never come under my observation," he began, then stopped short. His mind, traveling far ahead of his words, reached the cross-roads where married life parts. There were almost always children, little ones like this, to be dragged one way or the other to the next cross-roads where married life begins. Thrall looked thoughtfully over the golden head. Can a mother divorce her little girl? Can she not? Have not the courts so decided? Take, for instance, the Seymour divorce. That was a case in point. The child, a girl of seven, was to remain in the mother's custody unless the latter should remarry, when a suitable guardian was to be appointed by the court, the father being accounted unfit. When, therefore, the mother should remarry,—and that she would remarry was almost beyond question,—she would have to put her child away. What else can you make of it? What else will the child make, knowing not the fine distinctions of legal phrases, knowing only her deprivation, her desolateness?

"Who did you say your mother is?" he asked absently, following the Seymour girl into the future.

The child before him had not said. She answered, with a little air of astonishment, almost of rebuke, that he did not remember better:

"Evelyn Towne Seymour."

Thrall gave a scarcely perceptible start, and regarded his small client with renewed interest. He remembered the child now.

"I see," he said, in a tone of the gravest consideration. "I understand." Somebody had been talking,—servants, no doubt,—and the proverbially big ears of childhood had drunk it all in. He set himself with the patience of his profession to unravel the story.

"What makes you think that your mother will come to me?" he asked, probing her with intent eyes.

The child spoke hardly above her breath. It was Thomas—he was the butler—and Irene—she was the nurse-girl. Thomas and Irene had said that there was a man, and Patricia knew that there was a man. She had seen him three—four times with her mother; and when the man had been with her mother, her mother had not seemed to notice Patricia. The man, they

said,—it was Thomas and Irene who said,—was going to marry Patricia's mother. But Patricia's mother could not marry the man unless she sent Patricia away; and she could not send Patricia away—this was Patricia's own idea—except the lawyer-man helped her. So Patricia had come to the lawyer-man to ask him not to help her mother.

Thrall listened gravely, interposing an occasional question from habit, yet with a growing sense of his impotence either to remedy her trouble or to comfort her. He might set her heart at rest by telling her that there was not the slightest probability of her mother coming to him on the errand she feared, but that was begging the question. The real point at issue was not a mere quibble of words, but a question of vital importance to the young life before him. Was the mother actually on the point of abandoning her child? If she was, could she be dissuaded? What argument would weigh heavier than man's love?

"I don't know what I can do for you, Miss Patricia," he said, in the tone of a man who would fain do something. He felt, as every good lawyer must now and then feel, that, apart from the merits of the case or his individual profit, he would particularly like to be helpful. "Your mother is a free moral agent."

The child's short upper lip quivered. She sat looking fixedly across the still open picture-book at the red globe of the lamp, and winking busily. It was evident that if his words had passed over her head, their tone at least had not missed her. Suddenly the little bosom heaved and the struggling lip gave way under a childish sob.

"But why should my mama not want me?" she besought of him piteously. "Why should she want anybody else to love her when she's got me?"

It was the logic of the situation. The lawyer who would get her mother the divorce ought to know why she was getting it. But the question passed the limits of professional knowledge. Thrall knew himself no wiser than the child.

"I don't know," he said simply, a genuine distress in his voice. Lawyer that he was,—and hardened, as a lawyer, to its frequent recurrence,—it nevertheless seemed to him a monstrous thing that a woman



could thus voluntarily give up her child. There were women in the world who would go down on their knees in thankfulness to God for a gift this woman was ready to toss lightly to one side, like the fan she was through toying with. There was his own wife. Thrall recalled her, with a strong rush of tenderness, as he had looked back upon her from the door—the unaccustomed color in her cheeks, the sweet wistfulness of her eyes.

"Is this all?" he asked mechanically and from mere force of habit. Not that he expected his clients had told him all; educated or ignorant, guilty or not guilty, there was invariably something withheld, —but all that they would. The child looked conscience-stricken. Clearly it was not all. Thrall sat back in his chair and waited. A big and painful secret was evidently struggling for utterance.

By and by it came. Did n't it sometimes happen that people got divorces because somebody had done wrong—because somebody had been thinking about somebody else than the somebody that belonged? That was the way with her papa. It had been—the child's voice sank to an awed whisper—a lady with very yellow hair, that was n't yellow at all, really, her mama said. Now, Patricia, too, had been thinking of a lady—she made the confession with downcast eyes and shamed, throbbing cheeks—a very beautiful lady, and she had been fearing that she loved the lady more than she loved her own mama.

"Ah?" Thrall interjected, in helpful interrogation, as the child paused, apparently overwhelmed by the magnitude of her crime.

The little girl caught her breath and went on hurriedly, with a soft rush of words, as if she were afraid her courage might fail her before the story was out. It was not the lady's fault, she assured him anxiously. The lady did not know. But it was impossible not to love her, she had such beautiful eyes! And such shiny, crinkly hair! And a smile—with dimples.

The child came to another pause, and glanced shyly up into the lawyer's face. It was a kind face and grave, as became one listening to a weighty secret. But there was a faint—the faintest flicker of amusement in the eyes.

"Where did you first see the lady?" he asked her, for the clearer establishing of identity.

The child answered artlessly.

She had seen her first at the lawyer-man's office. It was a very long time ago—as much as a year. She had roses on her hat.

"It was in the spring," said Thrall, with a flash of recollection. "Well?"

Afterward she had seen the lady in the lady's own house. Patricia had never been in the lady's house before—she meant, she corrected herself with an air of fright, that she had not been in the house *then*; but she could look down into it from her nursery window. And in the evening, when the lamp was lighted,—the child's eyes swept with unconscious incrimination to the fascinating red globe,—she could see the lady very well. There was a cat, with a ribbon on its neck, that sat sometimes on the lady's lap, but never any little girl. It had begun—the wrong of it—with Patricia's thinking she would like to sit on the lady's lap and be her little girl. Patricia's mother did n't hold her very often; she was afraid of being mussed. But it had come to Patricia that the lady would n't mind being mussed. And so she had imagined she was the lady's little girl, which was very wrong, very wicked; but she had been so lonely, and the lady had looked lonely, too, in spite of the cat with the ribbon on its collar and the red lamp. It was not wrong to love the lady, she explained, but to imagine herself the lady's little girl was to put the lady in her mama's place. She did not love the lady as she loved her mama. Once she thought she did—until she heard Thomas and Irene talk; but she knew then that she never had loved, and never could love, anybody as she loved her own mama.

The great tears were welling from the child's eyes when she finished her story. Thrall wheeled abruptly to the window to hide the mist in his own, and stood, with his back to the Morris chair, looking down into the darkening street. The child touched him profoundly with her odd mixture of innocence and worldly shrewdness that hit near the truth; for what is at bottom of most divorces save the putting of somebody into the place that ought to have been sacred to another? He felt a curious sense of personal responsibility,



partly because of his own share in the situation, partly that he recognized the inadequacy of the law he represented to deal with the abuses which spring from its own system. It struck him with sudden shame that the opposing sides in this game at law had played with reckless disregard of the fact that the ball struck between them was the sweetest and tenderest of all sentient creatures, — a little child, — and with still deeper shame that the law itself, which vaunts its protection of the fatherless and the oppressed, should have such small tenderness for the orphans of its own making, the oppressed of its own justice.

He turned suddenly from the window and came back to the child. This was no case for the court; the court's verdict was recorded. What if he appeal it to the mother's heart and rest it there?

"I will do what I can," he said kindly, but in a tone of finality. He did not sit down again, and the child understood that she was to go. She closed the picture-book and laid it carefully on the table. Then she rose.

"Thank you very much," she said earnestly. There was a sweet, shy gratitude in her wet eyes. Involuntarily Thrall stooped; but he remembered in the nick of time that this was a client, not a little girl, and straightened.

"I am very glad to be of service," he assured her. If he had entertained any doubt of the professional character of the call, it was dispelled at the door, where she extracted a five-dollar gold piece from a bright little purse of silver beads, and gravely proffered it.

"If it should cost more than this," she said, with manifest anxiety, "I have more money in the bank; only I can't get it of myself."

Thrall hesitated a minute, then he took the gold piece.

"As a retainer," he said, smiling.

He saw the child to the door, and bowed her out with grave politeness. When he came back to the library he found his wife sitting where the child had sat, the picture-book on *her* knees. A flash of humor lightened the gravity of his eyes. He came around behind her and rumbled her hair with an affectionate hand.

"Renewing your youth, Cecily?" he asked her.

She looked up with a little telltale flush and a wistful smile.

"I was trying to imagine which pictures she liked best," she told him.

Thrall smothered a laugh.

"Oh, you were, were you?" he said.

"Well, I guess there's no doubt of your complicity."

"My complicity?" echoed his wife, bewildered.

Thrall laughed again.

"I'm not at all sure that it is n't a professional secret," he told her. "Nevertheless, as you seem to be implicated, I think you ought to know." And, leaning over her chair, looking deep into her eyes, he watched their tears spring, as, with the rare blending of humor and pathos that made a jury one with him, he told the little story. He was sure of his listener; he knew what chords to touch; he made her smile even while the tears sparkled in her eyes; yet under both smiles and tears he read a deepening question—a sort of passionate protest against the ruling of the Supreme Judge who had given this other woman, who would not live with her husband, a lovely child to drag through the mire of divorce courts. He wondered if he could reverse his plea and make the mother feel with the childless woman. In a flash he had his argument. But when she asked, with curiously intimate interest, as if the case nearly touched her, "What are you going to do about it, Dan?" he turned the question professionally away from the point.

"Oh, I shall defend you," he assured her humorously. "I'm retained by the respondent."

But his first listener was possessed of rather more than usual feminine intuition; it approached legal perspicacity and came, no doubt, of close association with the legal mind. She measured him with reflective eyes.

"If you should say to that woman what you have just said to me," she suggested, "what do you suppose the effect would be?"

It was said of Thrall by his craft that no one had ever taken him unawares. His hand went to his beard in a habitual nervous gesture of dubitation.

"I don't know," he answered, with profound seriousness. "I'm inclined to think that she would change lawyers."



## II

MRS. SEYMOUR waited with visible impatience. The lawyer's summons had come at an unwelcome time: just when, in fact, her tailor and her dressmaker were halving her attention. Had it not been for a fear that her late husband was somehow connected with the summons, she would not have obeyed it so promptly; but certain dark threats of his that continued to inhabit her memory had brought her carriage at the appointed hour to the attorney's door. Nevertheless, as she sat in the waiting-room, she expended her impatience in a mental diatribe on the presumption of men of law. Time had been when a lawyer was really your man of business and waited deferentially upon you in your own home—at least she had read of such in Dickens, or was it Scott?—a sleek, black-garbed, learned man that glided as mysteriously as a Jesuit in and out of stately English houses. But nowadays the rôles were exchanged: banker or manufacturer, or wife of either, you were bid to the lawyer's office with as little ceremony as you ordered about your servants. Her own summons had been brief, pointed, and peremptory:

DEAR MADAM: Please call at my office to-day, between four and five, on a matter of importance.

*Daniel J. Thrall.*

She was still revolving the summons and wondering what it might presage when the client with whom the attorney had been closeted left the office and her own turn came. She went in with a little more than her usual dignity, because she had just been meditating upon the contrast between the past and the present status of the profession.

She sank into the client's chair opposite the window and lifted inquiring eyes. It struck the lawyer forcibly that they were very like her daughter's, only older, colder.

"You wished to see me?" she began, with haughty tolerance.

The man of law bowed and answered with equal tolerance—the amused tolerance of conscious mental superiority.

"I wish to see you—" he began, then checked himself. He was repeating her daughter's words with almost as painful a

gravity. Well, according to his wife, there might be a worse preface. He went on with them, smiling slightly,—“about a divorce.”

The woman who faced him suddenly forgot her loftiness in astonishment. Was the man mad?

"I don't understand you," she said.

"About a divorce," the lawyer repeated, still smiling with his lips, while his eyes, alert and smileless, looked her through, "that I am requested not to get."

Mrs. Seymour's mystification was complete.

"I shall have to ask you to explain," she stammered, she knew not what fear choking her voice. The lawyer went on calmly.

"The divorce, should it take place, will touch you closely. I may as well tell you, to begin with, that in case of any action I am already retained by the respondent."

A quick alarm shone in the woman's eyes. Thrall observed it with a glimmer of satisfaction in his own.

"You can't mean that my divorce is n't legal," she said blankly. Of course not, yet what else could he mean? She had feared from the first that this was some new move of Jack Seymour's. She was certain of it now.

The lawyer allayed her anxiety by a slight negative movement of his head.

"In point of law, Mrs. Seymour," he assured her, bearing slightly on the word "law," "it is perfectly correct."

A little embarrassed pink crept up into her cheeks. She had long suspected that her lawyer had scant respect for divorcees; he made her feel it now, and she was too shaken by her fright of the minute before to resent that slight, stinging emphasis on the moral aspect of her action. She was constrained to an apology.

"He was such a brute," she murmured.

Thrall assented, or appeared to assent. He nodded slightly; but that may mean with a lawyer that he has taken note of your remark and reserved his decision. Forthwith he proceeded to business.

"Mrs. Seymour," he said, "your little daughter came to me last night in great distress." He leaned over the table between them, his voice softened, and his keen eyes lost their uncompromising sharpness. "She imagines that you are about to procure a divorce from her."



Mrs. Seymour stared; then she burst into a little scream of laughter.

"Pat!" she exclaimed, on a high note of relief. "What a ridiculous idea!"

Apparently the attorney had not found it so. He did not laugh with her. The profound gravity of his countenance hushed the woman's mirth.

"If you will recall your decree of divorce," he said, "you will remember that the custody of your daughter was given you conditionally."

The woman looked at him with dismay. It was impossible to escape his conclusion. He had meant, though he had not said, that if she followed her own free will, if she fulfilled that partial promise of a night or so ago to the man who had sat beside her in the carriage on the too short drive home from the Burton-Grange assembly, she was voluntarily putting her child away. The idea was, of course, as she had said, ridiculous; and yet— She sat uneasily, her self-poise for the moment gone.

"But that was not what I wanted," she objected weakly, under the necessity of speech. "I wanted to keep the child. It was Mr. Seymour's lawyers who forced this other—this preposterous arrangement. I don't know what they were afraid of," she concluded, with a little air of bravado.

Thrall offered no opinion. He thrummed the table lightly with expressive finger-tips.

"You have the right of choice," he reminded her.

She made a gesture, as if she would excuse herself from it.

"What does it amount to? The law gives with one hand and takes back with the other. It says I am free, but if I use my freedom it takes my child away."

She faced him in petty triumph. She had been quick to see the law's inconsistency and to shelter her selfishness behind it. But there was something in the strong, deeply lined countenance into which she looked that belittled her argument. She awaited its refutation with a swift passing of assurance, a premonition of defeat.

Thrall did not answer for a minute. He was balancing his estimate of the woman against her own testimony. Selfish to the core of her, nothing was so likely to touch her as an appeal to that same selfishness. It was without much hope, but from a strong sense of duty, that he forced her to confront the higher issue.

"It amounts to exactly this," he said, with the sharp definiteness of a man accustomed to plain statement, "that you are a free moral agent. No decree of any court can set aside that fact. You are at liberty to elect your own course—to remain a mother or to become again a wife; but in choosing you cannot escape the obligation that has been given you with your daughter—or, Mrs. Seymour, the penalty for its non-fulfilment."

Mrs. Seymour gave a little nervous shudder of apprehension. The lawyer's manner was so exactly that of a judge charging a jury; it seemed to throw upon her an immense burden of responsibility. Panic seized her—sudden fear of him, coupled with trembling for the man in the carriage. She lifted eyes of entreaty.

"In deciding for yourself," he went on inexorably, "you will be compelled to remember that, by the peculiar circumstances of the case, you are deciding also for one who has not, legally considered, the right of choice. Have you ever thought what it would mean to your child to be deprived of her mother?"

Mrs. Seymour had not thought. It was a painful thing to think about, and she hated pain. It had always seemed to her that she would have chance enough to think about it when the time really came. Yet when the time came there would be something else to think of. The lawyer put it plainly.

"Have you ever asked yourself what she will ask of you in the moment of parting? What explanation can you give that will satisfy her? How are you going to make this separation appear to her any different from your separation from her father?"

Mrs. Seymour did not know. The lawyer had dealt his questions with the sharp rapidity of so many blows. Before she could rally from the one, she had felt the force of another. In the confusion of her mind one thing only was clear—that she could not answer unto her child. She could see the wide blue eyes fixed in reproachful wonder on her own. She could hear the innocent question: "But why, mama, should you want anybody to love you better than me?" She fell back in utter rout on her first position.

"But it is so absurd," she faltered—"a divorce from a child!"



The lawyer sat forward again and rested his elbow on the table. There was something compelling in the glance that searched her face. It held her gaze fascinated.

"What would *you* call it?" he asked, with swift directness.

Mrs. Seymour was not sure. She blundered like a school-girl over her definition. It was really, she supposed, in some sort a separation—an enforced separation, for which the law, not herself, was responsible.

"Oh! A legal separation!" he observed with irony.

The woman sat aghast.

"I don't see how she ever thought of it!" she exclaimed.

Thrall did not enlighten her. He went on as if there had been no interruption.

"It will be hard to explain," he said thoughtfully, as though he were arguing the matter with himself; "in fact, I should not wish"—strong repugnance to a possible future duty spoke in his voice—"to try to explain it to her. She will not understand, because she knows that she never has loved and never could"—the hard legal tone softened unconsciously under the childish words—"love anybody as she loves her own mother. Her loyalty expects of you a like loyalty. You would not, I presume, have her told that you love her less."

"Oh, no, no!" said the mother, hastily, a little catch of tears in her voice. The perspective of the man in the carriage was growing dim, just as she had known it would. Was it that the personality of the man before her was so much the stronger, the more full of color? Or was it that Pat, poor, funny, distressed little Pat, really held first place in her heart?

"Mrs. Seymour!" There was an abrupt change in the lawyer's manner. He sat where he had been sitting ever since she had come into the room, but his voice sounded less remote, as if the distance between them had all at once lessened. From being brusque and formal, it became gentle and almost friendly. He touched a new theme with a note of persuasiveness. "There is yet another person than the motherless child to be considered, and that is—" he held the words an instant before he let them fall, righteously, yet in kindness—"the woman who has repudiated her obligation and incurred its just penalty,

of which she cannot complain that it was not 'so nominated in the bond.' You don't know, because you have not yet experienced her lack, what a childless woman feels. However she may try to disguise it from those who love her,—from herself, even,—she is always listening for a step that never comes, a little voice that is always silent. She sees in a hundred places here and there about her house the child that is not; she imagines it at its play, poring over a picture-book, perhaps, or resting in her arms, its head against her breast. Or, if she has sometime been a mother, she sees the child that *has* been—a little presence, no longer real, which haunts her house. She sees it just where she was used to see her, on this chair, by that window, on those stairs; but she cannot clasp that evasive little ghost to her breast. It is less real than the empty nursery, the toys that are no longer played with, the doll without a mother. She can shut the door on the empty room, it is true; but her heart is not the less empty. No other love whatsoever can fill her desolateness."

Thrall ended with deep conviction, to which the woman thrilled. She had listened to him in the court-room, been swayed with the crowd around her by the power of his eloquence; but this appeal, both personal and intimate, was to herself alone as judge and jury to decide whether the mother should be childless, the child motherless. Sympathy with herself and with Pat—poor, lovelorn little Pat—welled in her breast. That was how it would be, she knew. She would always be seeing the child where she was not, always listening for the light, tripping little step, the high, sweet voice. And the doll without a mother would forever stare reproachfully up at her from the nursery floor. Mrs. Seymour caught her breath sharply in an unmistakable sob.

Thrall rose abruptly. He was wont to curtail an interview if a woman cried.

"You think this over," he said, in his usual curt legal manner, "and let me know in a couple of days, so that I can communicate with my client,"—a mirthful flash showed for an instant in his eyes,— "or communicate with her yourself, Mrs. Seymour."

He swept the papers on the table before him up under his hand, and bowed his





Drawn by Albert Sterner. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"‘YOU WISHED TO SEE ME?’ SHE BEGAN, WITH HAUGHTY TOLERANCE”

client out. She went in a little flurry of smiles and tears. He walked over to the window and watched her carriage down the street, a strong satisfaction on his face. Then he put on his hat and went home to his wife.

She was sitting near the red lamp in the library, bending over some needlework, her sweet face a little sober, Thrall thought. He came up to her and tossed a gold piece into her lap, then flung himself into the Morris chair with the abandon of a man who is always tired.

"I think it must belong to you," he said, in answer to her look of astonishment. "It has been burning my pocket."

"A fee you wish you had n't taken?" she inquired of him, dubiously.

"Oh, I earned it," he reassured her—"with your help. It came from my youngest client."

A pleased interest brightened his wife's face.

"I was just thinking of that little girl," she told him. "Did you talk to her mother? What did you say?"

Thrall turned his face for an instant toward the window.

"I should think," he suggested, with humorous point, "that you would be more interested in learning what *she* said."

She threw him a proud smile, in which there was not a little wifely wisdom. As if she should not know from what he said! But she forbore to answer him. After a little, as he sat apparently absorbed in thought, she got up and went over to the window and stood looking out between the curtains, tapping absently with the gold piece against the pane. There was a light high up in the Seymour house. Behind the bars of the nursery window a golden-haired woman—it had always been a white-capped nurse before—was putting the child to bed. By and by the woman came over to the window, the child in her arms, a little billowy mass of lace and muslin and tumbled yellow curls, and sat down, rocking gently to and fro like a very young mother hushing her baby to sleep.

As Mrs. Thrall watched, two drowsy



little arms stole up and clasped the woman's neck. With a swift, strong gesture of reawakened mother-passion, the woman strained the child to her breast and covered the sweet upturned face with kisses. Mrs. Thrall turned suddenly to her husband.

"Dan," she said, with certain intuition, "you told that woman what it is to be without a child!"

Thrall lifted his head from the chair-cushion and looked at her. Her eyes were shining, yet through their mist a fire flashed

—the light of her pride. He answered her accusation with his inimitable mingling of humor and tenderness.

"You would be surprised, would n't you, Cecily, if I should tell you that I left the other woman out of the story?"

There was another light in her eyes—a spark, this time, of his own humor flashed back to him.

"I suppose," she remarked, unshaken, "that there was another way of telling it." But she had been a lawyer's wife too long to press the point.



## "FRAIL SINGERS OF TO-DAY"

BY LEE WILSON DODD

FRAIL singers of to-day, your song is sweet;  
 The words that ye repeat  
 Are comely, making music as they pass  
 Faint as the singing glass  
 Rubbed by a moistened finger; round and round  
 Circles the rim of sound,  
 A thin yet poignant cry. But yesterday  
 Men sang a manlier way,  
 Plucking rough chords of strength from lyres too rude  
 Ever to be subdued  
 By this slight tinkling harmony of the hour.  
 Awake, awake to power,  
 Singers of songs—else die! Far better mute  
 Were the emasculate lute,  
 Far better silent, than thus chirping on  
 An echo of things gone—  
 Gone down forever with all those mighty hearts  
 Who brook no counterparts!





## “THE BATTERY FOOL”

BY OSCAR KING DAVIS

WITH PICTURES BY ORSON LOWELL



ANAGUCHI is such a tiny place that one might pass and repass it many times and never notice the little house just at the end of the single row of buildings, where the rice-paddies come right into the village. It is not very different from the other houses, with its low walls of paper squares and its heavy thatch, so thick that not even the summer sun of Japan can send its heat through. In front the old cherry-tree and the clusters of flowers make gallant show of imitating a garden, but the glory of the place is the great wistaria that hangs over the corner of the house and drapes it with festoons and garlands of purple beauty. If you saw Kadzu at work in her rice-field, with the sleeves of her kimono tucked up over her shoulders and her bare arms plunged to the elbows in mud, you never would think that she was the pretty girl who lived in the little house and tended the purple wistaria so carefully. But Kadzu does not mind, and her mother is feeble beyond her years and cannot help much with the barley and rice that keep them alive from year to year to love and reverence their Emperor, and be thankful they had had a man to give him when he fought his war with China.

Kadzu remembered very clearly how fine her father was the day she and her mother went with him to the barracks gate

and said good-by to him forever. It was a very sorrowful day for little Kadzu, in spite of the great honor she had had of carrying the little bundle of personal belongings he took away with him. One of them was the photograph of herself that they found in his pocket, with one of her mother, after the battle where he was killed. Working away in the mud and water, setting out her rice, Kadzu smiled now and then at the thought of that picture, and recalled very clearly the last time she saw her father, when she peered through the iron bars of the barracks gate and watched his company drawn up for final inspection before going away. How well he looked in his uniform, tall and straight and strong, a very ideal soldier, even though he had been a farmer all his life! And thinking of him, Kadzu would think of this new war that was eating up the lives and the fortunes and the hopes of Japan. They had told her, some of the men who had gone away, that this was to be a great war for the glorification of *Dai Nippon*. Now there was to be won the dear revenge upon Russia so long delayed. She was well grounded in the Japanese teaching that revenge is right, and she understood how grand it is to exact justice by strength. Her father had often told her that. But she wished it could be had some other way, without the war.



Goki, the telegraph clerk, who was too small to be a soldier, had talked to her by the hour, until she knew it all by heart, and was thoroughly tired of hearing it over again. But Goki never wearied. He could talk faster than his telegraphed words flew along the wires, and he knew so much! Kadzu wondered sometimes, when he was rattling on, how it happened that any one else knew anything, he knew so much. She liked much better to hear Sanko, the

carpenter, talk. He had a very pleasant way, and was not so conceited and bombastic as Goki. He used to come to the little house sometimes of an evening, especially when the wistaria was in bloom, and because he was so clever and entertaining he always carried away with him a fine spray of the beautiful flowers.

Kadzu liked Osame, too, but he very rarely had anything to say for himself or anybody else. He was as big as he was



Drawn by Orson Lowell

"GOKI, THE TELEGRAPH CLERK, WHO WAS TOO SMALL TO BE A SOLDIER,  
HAD TALKED TO HER BY THE HOUR"





Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"SHE LIKED MUCH BETTER TO HEAR SANKO, THE CARPENTER, TALK"

silent, and Kadzu had often admired the strength of his arms and back as he helped her get in the barley or rice. For although Osame could not talk much, he knew some things about farming vastly more helpful than mere words. Because he was so big, it was natural that he should be sent into the artillery when he came to join the colors for his military service. It takes strong men to handle the heavy guns, and Osame went away to Bakan to serve in one of the great fortresses there, the monster guns of which frowned down on the shining ribbon of water that marks the mouth of the Inland Sea. He was not popular in Kanaguchi. They said he was a stupid fellow, and all the town made jokes at his expense. And because there were few friends to defend him, and Osame would not speak for himself, there was little check on such talk. Pretty Kadzu did not fail to tell how kind he had been to her and her mother, and how he had helped them; how, when every one else was too busy with the crops to give a minute, Osame had worked at night in his own field in order to give part of the day to them. But what could Kadzu say that would stop a village from gossiping? She was only a girl working hard to support her mother, and she was grateful for the help of the big, sturdy young fellow. Sometimes the recollection of his friendliness would move her to some warmth in his behalf, and then the laugh would go round, and the know-

ing nod, and Kadzu would run home blushing, with the laughter ringing in her ears, and her heart hot with indignation.

Only once had she and Osame spoken about it. That was in the summer before he went to join the army, when the jokes and rough jests of which he was the butt seemed to have been increasing. He was helping her plant rice one afternoon when she suddenly asked:

"Why do you never have anything to say, Osame? Do you not know how badly people talk about you in the village and how they laugh at you?"

Osame stopped his work, pausing with a bunch of rice shoots in his hand, and looked perplexedly at the girl. Then he looked down at the rice shoots again, but said nothing.

"Do you not know that they call you a stupid," the girl went on, "and say even worse things, and make jokes about you, and, when anything is displeasing, say it is 'as stupid as Osame,' or 'as dull as Osame'?"

But Osame made no reply, and went on planting the rice, and the girl, despairing of rousing him, turned again to her work. Presently, when he had finished the bunch of shoots in his hand, Osame paused and looked up at Kadzu.

"Yes, I know how they talk," he said, as if there had been no pause. Then he picked up another bunch of shoots and prepared to go on planting.





Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"'BECAUSE, IF IT WERE NOT ABOUT ME, IT WOULD BE ABOUT SOME ONE ELSE,' OSAME SAID"

The girl turned and looked at him in astonishment. "Then—then, why?" she began, but stopped, puzzled how to go on.

"Because, if it were not about me, it would be about some one else," Osame said, replying to her unasked question. "I can stand it better than any one else I know in Kanaguchi."

There was no talking to a man like that, and Kadzu turned to her work, pausing now and then to note the swiftness and ease with which Osame set out the sprouts, two rows to her one, work as fast as she might.

After Osame went to Bakan to be a soldier, Kadzu never heard from him. The

man who was too silent to talk had nothing to write, and there was no one else in the village in whom he had any interest or who had any interest in him. His was a singular fate for a Japanese. His father was killed, like Kadzu's, in the war with China, and on the death of his mother, a few years later, there was no relative to whom he was willing to go. He preferred to stay on the little farm he had inherited and make the most of it for himself. There he lived alone, and Kadzu and her mother were the only friends he had in all Japan.

The work was very much harder for Kadzu without Osame's help. Sanko talked cleverly and was entertaining and



witty, but it seemed never to occur to him that there were plenty of things he could do to assist the two women who had such a hard time to get along. But Sanko was a carpenter, and perhaps thought farmer's work not suited to a man of his importance in life. He went so far as to try his wit once or twice at Osame's expense; but that was more than Kadzu would bear, even from him, and he soon ceased the effort.

Sanko was older than Osame and had completed his army service the year before the big farmer went away. But now that the great war of revenge had come at last, after the weary years of waiting and preparation, he knew he should be summoned soon to go out to see actual fighting. He was very glad, yet sometimes when he thought of Kadzu there was a pang in his heart that he could not ignore. He, too, had been in the artillery, and when at last the order did come, Sanko found, to his surprise, that he was to go to Osame's battery.

Kadzu was very sorry when Sanko went away. The carpenter was well liked in Kanaguchi, and many of the villagers walked all the way into the city with him, escorting him in honor to the gate of the mobilization barracks. Even little Goki went along, and carried the bamboo pole from which floated the banner setting forth Sanko's history and merits, so that all the people of the city might know who was this soldier who had come to join the colors at the call of war. Kadzu went also, walking with three or four others, silent and thoughtful. But when Sanko passed through the great iron gate of the barracks, she waved the little flag she carried, and cried "Banzai" as loudly as any of the others. Sanko heard, and smiled as he caught her eyes. And though he had said good-by forever, after the manner of a loyal Japanese, as he was, and had made his preparation to die in the field, as in-

deed he honestly expected to do, yet in his secret heart he found himself cherishing a great hope that he might come back honorably and well, and building plans of what might happen if he should.

If hard work were always a relief for loneliness and trouble, Kadzu would have been neither lonely nor troubled that summer, for the tightening pinch of war made the hard problem of life even more difficult for the girl and her mother. But there was much to talk about now in the events of the conflict, with plenty of excitement. And now, too, Kadzu heard of her long-absent friend. Osame did not write himself, but Sanko did. It was little Goki, who was too small to go to war, who received the wonderful letter, and bursting with the importance of his information, he could hardly wait until his release from duty to strut down to Kadzu's house and relate the news to her. Sanko was already a sergeant, his excellent training in his previous service having speedily won honor for him.

One of the men in his section was Osame, the farmer. He was the same old Osame, only, perhaps, if that were possible, a little more stupid and silent. He was not even a first-class private, in spite of his year of service. He was the target of the jokes and jests of all the men, as he had been in Kanaguchi, and they called him "the battery fool." They were going to the front in a few days. They had been taken out of the fort and equipped with howitzers, forming part of the new regiment of heavy artillery which had just been organized for field service. But poor Osame! He would never win the great fame that comes to men who perform great actions in the face of the enemy. He was too slow and stupid. It was strange to Sanko that the officers allowed him to stay. Only his tremendous strength made him of any use in the battery. He



Drawn by Orson Lowell

"GOKI . . . WENT STRAIGHT TO KADZU'S HOUSE"





Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by W. Aikman

"THE GIRL WAS SITTING IN FRONT OF THE WISTARIA-VINE"



could do a man's share in handling the guns when some one else told him how, but that was all. He would be only a farmer all his life, if he did not have the luck to be killed in this war.

So the letter ran on, and little Goki, swelling with pride in its possession, mouthed it over and dilated upon it and the certainty of Sanko's coming greatness, and the unhappy lot of poor, stupid Osame, until Kadzu could bear it no more, and sent him away confounded and speechless, for once, with astonishment, perplexity, and indignation.

But if Kadzu would not listen to him, there were plenty of others in Kanaguchi who would, and Goki soon recovered the use of his tongue, which wagged and wagged as he spread the story of Osame's uselessness. And then, as is the way with such reports, the story grew and took on new proportions, and changed through shades of sinister meaning that began with mere lack of proper spirit in the performance of duty and ended in absolute cowardice, the most terrible and unpardonable crime in all the range of desperate offenses conceivable to the Japanese mind.

Kadzu went about her work sad-hearted over what she felt to be the disgrace of her friend, the only person in Kanaguchi who had ever really held out a helping hand to her and her mother. She was too loyal to hear Osame openly disparaged, but in many ways the gossips of the village contrived to get the growing tale to her ears, although none of them dared speak directly to her about it. Little Goki had told the story of her reception of the letter, and had not failed to give it due setting and importance in his repetition. Kanaguchi drew its own conclusions, and many a sigh went up at the sight of the girl, coupled with a pious "Poor Kadzu!" She was not the girl to believe the story of cowardice. It was a wicked slander, she knew, and she lost no chance of denouncing it as such, all unaware of the manner in which thus gradually but persistently she was linking herself to Osame in the minds of the villagers.

Thus matters stood when one day word came to Kanaguchi that the battery had sailed in a transport from Moji, bound for the "certain place" so characteristic of Japanese reports of military movements. In the course of time Goki received an-

other letter from Sanko. The battery had arrived at the "certain place," from which the letter was written, and it was the hope and expectation of the men that in a short time it would proceed to a "certain other place," there to engage in a great action against the "merciless enemy." This time there was no mention of Osame. Sanko contented himself with recounting his own exploits, and his hopes of soon becoming sergeant-major, in the proud belief that the destinies of at least a part of the battery lay in his hands.

The barley was heading out in Kadzu's little field when Sanko's battery sailed for the front. It had been harvested and threshed when this letter came, and the water was standing deep inside the dikes in preparation for the rice-planting. The blight of war left little open trace on the villagers. When they met they were as cheerful and smiling as ever. It was only in the privacy of their own homes that they gave way to the sober feelings that lay ever in their quiet hearts. They would not have been loyal Japanese if they had permitted even their closest neighbors to see anything of the sadness that oppressed them. So Kadzu worked in her rice-field with a smile on her face; but under her heavy blue-and-white kimono her heart beat sometimes with an energy that almost stopped her breath.

There was no news from the front. The wonderful conspiracy of silence which kept reports of the doings of the army from the outside world served also to keep the people whose fathers, brothers, husbands, and sweethearts were offering their lives for the glory of the empire in almost as complete ignorance of their whereabouts as of their deeds. Weeks passed after the receipt of Sanko's second letter, with never a word to any one in Kanaguchi as to what was happening to her sons in Manchuria. If Kadzu had had opportunity to read the city papers, she might have gleaned some inkling of what was going on from the mass of vague allusion and the lines of non-committal ciphers intended to represent the names of men and places which the stringent military law forbade to be printed. But city papers were beyond the range of the farmer girl and her small circle of village friends, and it was only now and then that she caught from words passed from mouth to mouth some-



thing of how it fared with her soldier friends.

Wonderful Goki knew everything. Not only did he occasionally see a city paper picked up in the railway-car where some traveler had dropped it, but there was added to his importance the mystery that pertains to all those who have to do with the handling of telegraph files, those monumental repositories of the secrets of individuals and governments. But even through the monstrous conceit of the self-complacent telegraph clerk there had penetrated at last the consciousness that he was no longer welcome at the wistaria-covered hut, and he stayed away, occupying the time he would have spent there in the invention of more and more mouth-filling reports of the astounding deeds of his comrades in the field.

Then one day there came real news, a cold, bare recital, which not even Goki's vivid imagination could embellish with greater interest. He realized his own helplessness as he read the story in a fortuitous newspaper dropped from a car window as a train rumbled through the station. Two great facts stared him in the face from the printed page. There had been a fight, a great battle which had raged for fifteen hours around one devoted spot. In the midst of the maelstrom, the battery, Kana-guchi's own battery, in which Sanko and Osame served their country, had stood all day the target of the enemy, the rock of solid support for its mates. The day had been won, the battle had been a great victory, and Goki read with eyes swelling out of their sockets the words in which the general who commanded the army had praised the battery for its gallantry and its work. And then, with a shock which numbed his sensibilities and made him as stupid as the man he had delighted to call "the battery fool," he read how the general specially commended Shinobu Osame "for coolness, daring, and judgment, which, at a critical moment, and at the imminent risk of his life, had saved the battery and rendered the day's result possible."

Goki put the paper down on his table and stared at it in speechless astonishment. There was no mention of Sanko in it, not a word. Not even was an officer named. Only Osame, the coward, "the battery fool," distinguished by his general above all his fellows and his commanders for the

work no one who knew him would have believed it possible he could perform. It was too wonderful for the little telegraph clerk to comprehend. Yet there it was in the brief, colorless sentences of the official report. Osame had done it; he was the hero, and Sanko was not mentioned.

A long time Goki sat heedless of everything else, pondering this inscrutable event. His relief came in, and, finding him thus occupied, demanded the reason for such unheard-of conduct. Goki replied deliberately that there had been a great battle. Then he picked up the precious paper and walked out of the office into the road. Hardly aware of what he did, he went straight to Kadzu's house. The girl was sitting in front of the wistaria-vine looking at the rice, whose tall rows of clean, straight shoots gave good promise of the harvest. She hardly spoke to the telegraph clerk when he stopped beside her. Without a word he shoved the paper into her hands, pointing to the wonderful news. Kadzu glanced at the place indicated, and then there happened a thing more surprising to Goki than even the news he had brought. For, as she read, the girl both laughed and wept, and then, springing to her feet, gave the little telegraph clerk a stinging slap across the mouth, and crying, "Slanderer!" ran into the house, hugging the paper in her arms. Straight to her mother she ran and thrust the paper into her hands. Here was the truth at last, she cried, and when the mother finished reading the joyful report and looked around for her daughter, Kadzu was lying prone on her face on the mat in the corner where she slept, sobbing as though some terrible calamity had overtaken them.

Utterly dumfounded, Goki walked back along the village street toward the telegraph office, and, for once, had no word for the people he met or who hailed him as he passed. Something more unfathomable than the amazing news in the paper had happened to the garrulous little gossip, and he needed time to think it over by himself. He had caught his first glimpse of the complex working of a woman's heart, and, being only a man, who had thought but little, and never at all of such things, he completely failed to comprehend.

But the mother understood, and made no effort either to comfort or quiet the girl.



By and by, when the paroxysm had passed, Kadzu's first thought was for the paper, and again she read the glorious report. At first it had seemed quite complete. The one great fact was all-sufficient. Osame had proved himself. But now she wanted more. What had he done that was so brave and fine, and how had he done it? Even the smallest detail she craved, and here was nothing beyond the brief words of the hurried general necessary to state the bare fact. It seemed to Kadzu that all the world must be made to know how Osame had been calumniated. The wicked slander must be thrust down the throats of the slanderers, and she herself would do it. She took up the paper and started out. At the door she paused. A sudden blush surged up over her neck and cheeks. She turned back and sat down again on the floor, the paper spread out before her, silently studying the cold, official story.

Kanaguchi did not need to be told by Kadzu of what Osame had done. Even if Goki had not found his tongue again and begun to celebrate the deeds of the man of whom he had been so fond of making jests, with as much enthusiasm as if he had always been Osame's greatest admirer, there were enough of the villagers who had read the report to spread the news. It was wonderful how quickly the tide turned—quite as wonderful as the manner in which these loyal Japanese accepted without question the bald outlines of the story for every detail of which they were so hungry. Only now and then did some doubter try to cast a little shadow over the brightness by suggesting that it must be a mistake, and that Sergeant Sanko probably would be found to have been the man who did the work for which Osame got the praise. But, to their credit, few listened to such sinister suggestion. For the most part Kanaguchi was simply, honestly glad of Osame's proved bravery.

It was on a morning when the village had settled down to its old routine again, after all the excitement, that the letter-carrier brought to Kadzu a long, very official-looking envelop. The girl was so surprised that she studied the outside a long time before venturing to break the seal. It surely was hers right enough. There was the address as plain as if written by a priest. She tore it open, wondering who could have written it, and, woman-like,

looked first at the signature. It was that of the young priest of the little temple on the hill back of Osame's farm. She knew the place well. Since Osame had gone to the war she had been there as often as was proper for a young girl who knew the "greater learning for women," to make offerings for his safety. But she did not know that the priest had gone to the front, too.

Mr. Shinobu Osame asked me to write this to you [the letter said], and to tell you that if you heard he had been killed it was not true. He has a wound in the head where the piece of shell struck him, and his hands are very sore from beating out the fire, but he says that is all.

Mr. Shinobu did not ask me to say anything more [continued the priest], but it may be you would like to know how he was hurt. There was a great battle. The enemy held a very strong place on a large hill, where they had many guns. Mr. Shinobu's battery was sent into the center of our line to attack this hill. It was very much exposed, and many of the men were hit; some of them were killed. Mr. Shinobu was struck by a piece of shell on the head and knocked down. But after a little he got up again and went on with his work. He was very strong, and it was his duty to bring ammunition from the wagons a little back of the battery. All the wagons were stationed together in a hollow where it was thought they were under cover from the enemy's fire. But just when the fight was most severe and when most depended on the battery, a shell from the enemy struck one of the ammunition-wagons in the center of the group and burst, setting fire to the wood and exploding some of the shells. It was very dangerous, for a strong wind was blowing, and it seemed likely that all the ammunition would be set off, so that the battery would have to retreat, many men would be killed, and perhaps the battle be lost and the guns captured.

The captain of the battery called to his men to draw away the burning wagon from the others, but although they did not quail before the fire of the enemy, they were afraid of the bursting of their own shells. Then Mr. Sergeant Miyaoka Sanko was ordered to put out the fire; but he replied that he could not, for he had no water and could get none.

It was then that Mr. Shinobu, who had just delivered some shells to the guns, saw what had happened. He ran to the burning wagon at once, and such was his great strength that he alone drew it out of its place and away from the others, so that there was no longer danger of setting them on fire. Then, although the shells in the wagon-box were likely to explode



at any instant, he set to work to put out the fire. He had no water and nothing to work with, so with his bare hands he beat the fire. This he continued until it was all out, and the battery and the ammunition, and, as it proved, the day's great battle, were saved. But he was struck again on the head, and is severely wounded. In a few days he will be sent home to be taken care of. He will get well again in time; but he is too much hurt to be able to recover quickly, and therefore cannot be sent to the hospital, where only those are treated who are expected to rejoin the army soon. By this great act he has fulfilled his service and done his whole duty to the empire, as well as earned the *Kanjo* and the pension which have been already given him.

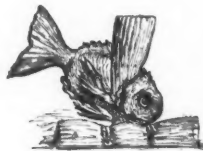
The tears ran down the girl's face unheeded as she finished the letter, and she sat for a long time silent and motionless. This was what he had done—saved his battery alone and made the victory possible; stood by the burning wagon, with death only the thickness of a thin board away, and beat out the fire with his bare hands! No wonder they gave him the *Kanjo*, the certificate of merit for extraordinary gallantry in action, more highly prized than life itself! No wonder the great general had given space in his report to commend him! Perhaps the general did not know that he was only "the battery fool"! The girl laughed scornfully as she thought how he had saved the men who had made sport of him. And now he was to be sent home for care, for the nation was too poor to maintain hospitals for those who could no longer fight for it. She knew how that was, and how all over Japan there were homes where only by the strict-

est economy, often by living on only two meals a day, the people had kept their fighting relatives in the little comforts in the field their beggarly pay would not buy, and who, when they were wounded or sick, must care for them to the end with no help from the government. But Osame? There was no home for him to go to. There was no one to nurse him and bring him back to health in all Kanaguchi, unless—the blush came surging up over her cheeks again. She rose and went to her mother.

"Osame is coming home to get well," she said, "and there is no place for him to go."

"Yes," replied the mother, gently; "we must make a place for him here."

Ten days later a hospital train stopped at Kanaguchi, and from it the Red Cross men bore on a stretcher the wounded Osame, his head and arms swathed in bandages. There were plenty now who would be proud of the opportunity to care for the man who had given distinction to all the place, but the stretcher-men bore him gently to the last house in the row on the road, where the purple wistaria hangs thickly over the corner of the thatch, and where a bright-eyed girl and her feeble old mother received him with glad words and happy hearts. And if you chance to be in Kanaguchi when the wistaria blooms again you will doubtless see Mr. Shinobu Osame, "the battery fool," busily at work putting in his barley, while his wife trims the beautiful vine and tends the little garden, she as neat and bright and happy as the little house where they live.





# MRS. M'GROARTY'S INHERITANCE

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS

Author of "A Lad of the O'Friel's," "Donegal Fairy Stories," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



MRS. M'GROARTY waselbow-deep in the wash-tub when the message came that old Ned Mulvanny wanted to speak to her. It was Nannie M'Ilwaine who left the message, on her way to the shop where she was going for her daily ha'penny worth of snuff. With arms dripping over the tub, Mrs. M'Groarty politely harkened to the message.

"An' Ned Mulvanny wants to speak to me, does he?" she then said. "What 's come over his first cousin, Bridget Mary Durneen? Has n't he got her, that 's sibber<sup>1</sup> to him than I am, to speak till? Or what should he want to speak to me about?"

Nannie informed her that Bridget Mary had taken her departure from Ned's in a bad temper the night before.

"Hagh!" said Mrs. M'Groarty, with the air of one on whom a light has dawned, "so Bridget Mary has left in a bad temper, has she? That means that she has discovered he has n't any Ameriky money, after all."

Said Nannie: "Indeed, an' Mrs. M'Groarty, let me assure you you are not the only one in the parish that has got the same opinion of Bridget Mary's leavin'."

Mrs. M'Groarty set one stout bare arm akimbo, and the other dripping, smoking arm she extended and shook at her visitor.

"When Ned Mulvanny come home from New York," said she, "three months ago, at death's door with the asthma, an' wheezing like Patrick Mullan's cow, an' people thought he must have more money nor a Jew peddler, Bridget Mary Durneen was as bold as brass, an' she let the parish know that as she was his nearest an' his

sibbest friend, it was her had the best right to nurse him, an' care him, an' look after him. An' it was Bridget Mary he chose. An' he was said by her an' bid by her, an' the inside of his house was cowlder than the outside for any of his friends that went there—with the best, mind you, an' the charitablest of intentions."

"Aye, aye," Nannie M'Ilwaine said, reflectively shaking her head.

"I went to see the owl crathur myself," said Mrs. M'Groarty, "an' I killed an' fetched with me my best spring chicken,—I could have picked the eyes out of myself for it after,—an' he allowed Bridget Mary Durneen to insult me an' to tell me that he was too delicate for chickens, and to frown on me comin' in, an' smile on me quittin' the house."

"Aye, aye," said Nannie.

"An' now," said Mrs. M'Groarty, "after three months' nursin' an' carin' an' cod-dlin' him, and ferretin' into his business an' his private affairs, has Bridget Mary discovered, after all, that Ned Mulvanny is as poor an' bare as the dog that led Lazarus—is that it, I say?"

"By all signs an' tokens," said Nannie M'Ilwaine, "it is, ma'am. The parish knows Bridget Mary to the marrow of her bones, an' it 's what I have heard one an' all say, as I come along this mornin', that if Ned Mulvanny had been worth fifty pounds, Bridget Mary, far from gettin' out of temper with him, would have took all insults as compliments an' stayed by him, if it was ten years, till she would have seen him cofined."

"An' now," said Mrs. M'Groarty, with dramatic indignation—"now that Bridget Mary has found out his poverty an' de-

<sup>1</sup> Nearer akin.



sarted him, he has the imperence, has he, to send for me, in hopes that myself an' my family will take up the curin' of him at the place where Bridget Mary Durneen stopped the killin'?"

"An' it *is* imperence," said Nannie, "when ye come to think of it. An' myself

of my mind to Ned Mulvanny, an' aise my conscience of a good deal that was lyin' onaisily upon it since the day that myself an' my spring chicken were bundled out of his door by Bridget Mary Durneen, without as much as sayin' 'Thank ye,' or 'May God be with ye.' Good mornin',



"MADE A VERY HASTY TOILET IN FRONT OF A PENNY LOOKING-GLASS"

had nothin' more to do with it than deliver my message, as I was bid."

"An' no blame till ye, Nannie, no blame till ye," said Mrs. M'Groarty, "for doin' what you were asked to do. But—" and here Mrs. M'Groarty began decisively unfolding her sleeves—"I am goin' to step over with myself to Ned Mulvanny till he speaks till me—an' *till I speak till him.*"

Mrs. M'Groarty, as she laid aside her apron, made a very hasty toilet in front of a penny looking-glass, and donned a heavy gray shawl, said: "I have n't much time to lose on him; but I'll go till I give a bit

Nannie, an' thank ye, anyhow, for deliverin' your message."

"Good mornin'," said Nannie, "an' good luck to ye!"

Mrs. M'Groarty tossed her head very high and planted her foot firmly on the road that led to Ned Mulvanny's. The kindly neighbors, who, as she passed their doors, hurried out to put time of day on her, and have the usual *seanach*, thought Mrs. M'Groarty uncommonly curt that morning. They turned their eyes disdainfully after her as she strode onward, and tossing their heads, they went into their



houses again in high dudgeon. They said: "One would think she was left a laigacy."

When she stepped into Ned Mulvanny's and flopped down upon a chair, and dropped her hands on her knees, and gave Ned one look of defiant expectancy, he, from the arm-chair into which he was sunk, in the corner opposite to her, deliberately eyed her for a moment, and—for he was ever the cutest of rascals, as well as the trickiest—in that one moment read every black, indignant thought that weighted Mrs. M'Groarty's bosom.

"Mrs. M'Groarty," Ned said, as cool and composed as if he felt a May-day serenity in the atmosphere, "it's myself is glad to see ye. How is your own four bones, an' Donal's, an' every child's under your care? If you an' them are as well as I would wish them, there would n't be an ache or a pain from the crown of the head of the eldest to the sole of the foot of the smallest of them."

"Thank ye heartily, Ned Mulvanny," she said, in her chilliest manner, "for your kind, good wishes; I am sure I appreciate them. Myself an' Donal an' our care are right well, thank God, an' *you*," putting undue emphasis on the final pronoun.

"In troth, ma'am, an' it's myself's glad to know it," said Ned, who, despite his many years in America, had never forgotten his homely idiom. "I'm sorry I have seen so little of ye since I come home."

Mrs. M'Groarty opened her eyes upon him.

With most admirable affectation of unconsciousness Ned bore her gaze, proceeding: "But I have always been inquiring after you an' yours. Ye have n't forgotten, Mrs. M'Groarty, that we're second cousins by our two mothers—at least I have n't forgotten."

"Hem!" said Mrs. M'Groarty. "Are we?"

"An' blood, you know," said Ned, still unobservant, "is thicker than water."

"Some people's," Mrs. M'Groarty corrected him.

"Aye, some people's," said Ned. "But as I was goin' to say," he went on, rather hastily, "I have sent for you this mornin'—"

"Yes, you have," said Mrs. M'Groarty, putting down a rock in his path. But old and frail as Ned may have become physically, he was still the mental athlete that

he had ever been, and he could skip over her rocks faster than she could put them down.

"—sent for you this mornin'," he repeated, with the unconcern of one whose conscience is clean, "knowin' you to be the good, wise, an' trustworthy woman that you are—in order to have the benefit of your advice an' directions upon two points."

Mrs. M'Groarty's aspect changed just by a shade, and she strained her attention while Ned proceeded.

"The first point," said Ned, "is that I want you to recommend me a good, steady, trustworthy woman who, either by herself or herself an' some member or other of her family by turns, will undertake to housekeep for me, an' give me the nursin' an' care an' attention that I deserve durin' the remainin' few days that God spares me here. An', in the next place, as I have been consitherin' that it is time I settled up my worldly affairs, an' bequeathed to them I like best an' them that are most deservin' the few thousands' worth of property of mine in America—"

There was now passing over Mrs. M'Groarty's face, and that not unnoticed by Ned, a wave of genuine interest, and she had leaned forward to give respectful attention.

"I want your advice as regards the best scholar and most knowledgeable man to be got, to draw up my last will and testament."

Said Mrs. M'Groarty, without a moment's delay: "Ned Mulvanny, would you dare to throw the slight an' the slur upon me and mine—our two mothers bein' two first cousins—for to go for to ask into your house a paid housekeeper to nurse an' attend you when I an' my family are, thank God! strong an' hearty, an' have willin' hands an' ready; an' when you know—as you do know in your heart—that it would be a pleasure an' a privilege an' a delight if we could be of any service whatsoever to you or to any other cousin of mine in the country, be the same cousin gentle or simple, be he lord or beggar?"

"Och, sure, I'm sure of that," said Ned Mulvanny, with a bony knuckle digging out from his eye what must have been a tear. "It's the kindly heart was yours and your family's ever an' always, Mrs. M'Groarty."

"An' why, then," said Mrs. M'Groarty,





"THOUGHT MRS. M'GROARTY UNCOMMONLY CURT THAT MORNING"

with just indignation—"why, then, I say, go for to put the slur an' the slight upon us of thinkin' to pass us by an' to ask in a stranger to your house?"

"It was stupid of me, surely; but it was n't intentional, believe me, Mrs. M'Groarty," Ned said deprecatingly. "It was stupid of me, for I did n't look at it in that light, an' I now thank you from my heart."

"If you go thankin' me, Ned Mulvanny," she said, "you 'll insult me worse nor ever. Pocket your thanks," Mrs. M'Groarty said, in a noble burst of generosity, "an' don't let me see any signs of them again, if you don't want to drive me out of your sight."

Overcome with such noble generosity, Ned just bent his head.

"An' now," said he, "regarding the most knowledgeable man to draw up my last will and testament?"

"Yes," said Mrs. M'Groarty, "regardin' such a man, I could just put my finger an' thumb on the identical person you want—Master MacGinley of Loughrossmor, the best an' most knowledgeable man in the

barony, an' a man, moreover, who has drawn up more last wills an' testaments than you could shake a stick at. But," said she, hastily, "what's the hurry to make your last will an' testament? Please God, you have long days afore ye yet."

"I trust so, I trust so," said Ned; "but in an important matter of dividing one's little personal estate upon them that we wish well to, I 'm of opinion that there 's nothin' like bein' in good time about it."

"Please God," said Mrs. M'Groarty, waiving the point, and demonstrating her disinterestedness, "there 's plenty of time yet."

"Plenty of time," said Ned, "is the nick of time—so my poor father, God rest him! used to say—an' the right time to do a thing. But," said he, in a considering voice—"but, sure, if you think, Mrs. M'Groarty, that there 's no hurry, why, then, I will be said by you an' put no hurry on me."

"Well," Mrs. M'Groarty said, with deliberation, altering her tone at once, "that sayin' of your poor father's, God rest him! strikes me as bein' one of the wisest of sayin's. Yes," she said reflectively, "plenty



of time is, after all, the nick of time, an' the right time to do a thing; so, in God's name, Ned Mulvanny, maybe it 's better for me slip home an' send little Mary over at once to Loughrossmor, to Masther MacGinley, an' bid him come here as soon as it is convenient."

"I think, ma'am," said Ned, "you are right."

As Mrs. M'Groarty returned along the road she had a doubly gracious smile for every soul with whom she had been curt in the coming, but still she had no time for a seanach with any of them.

Master MacGinley brought his ink-horn, a pair of pens, many sheets of foolscap, and all his importance, with him, to the house of Yankee Mulvanny on that evening.

Mrs. M'Groarty had her asthmatic patient in "good rotation," as she styled it—washed, brushed, dressed, and well propped up in his arm-chair. And she had the table from the room set in the middle of the kitchen floor,—for it was by the kitchen fire that Ned sat, and it was in an outshot of the kitchen that his bed was,—with an immaculate linen covering it; and a bottle of whisky and a glass upon the table,—in the generosity of her heart Mrs. M'Groarty had purchased the bottle of whisky at Mollie Rooney's sheeben as she passed, foreseeing that it would be needed both by dictator and inditer.

Master MacGinley, pen in hand and foolscap spread, was soon awaiting the pleasure of Ned.

Said Ned, in whose mind were echoes of wills that he had heard or read in his time: "I, Edward, alias Ned, Mulvanny, of the townland of Knockagar, an' parish of Inver, Ireland, formerly of the city an' State of New York, America, bein' sound in mind an' limb, knowin' that it is given to all men once to die— Have you that down, Masther?"

Master MacGinley, who was a bit doubtful about the form, hesitated a little while before he said "Ye-es."

"Drive ahead, then," said Ned. "An' wishful to make my peace with God an' man,"—Ned was prompted to say, "an' Mrs. M'Groarty," but on second thoughts he considered the will might look better without it, so he continued,— "wishful to make my peace with God an' man, an' die fortified by the rites of the Church of which I hereby declare myself a faithful adherent,

do hereby voluntarily, an' of my own free will an' determination, make my last will an' testament, an' bequeath, dispose, an' bestow my cash, property, an' belongings, in the following manner:"

Mrs. M'Groarty, who was nursing the bottle and glass, at this critical juncture interposed: "Ned darlin', I beg your pardon, but all that talkin' is too much stress on ye. Ye must take a weenie dhrop of this to loosen your throat an' cut away the asthma afore you go any further."

Ned, indeed, had no decided objection—and never had—to taste a wee drop of whisky, more particularly when, as in the present instance, he had n't had to pay for it.

"Poor man, poor man!" said Mrs. M'Groarty, her voice shaken with sympathy as she watched him put the glass to his lips and toss it over. She remarked, seemingly to the fire: "God grant that he may live for a hundred years to come, an' enjoy all his own wealth yet!"

Then she treated Master MacGinley to a drop from the bottle before she allowed him to proceed.

"Take your time an' your aise now, Ned darlin'," she said, "an' don't 'stress yourself, my poor man."

"Thank you, Mrs. M'Groarty, thank you; no fear of me," Ned said, licking his lips in manifest relish of what had recently passed them.

"Namely, my three houses in Pine street, New York City, United States of America, with all the rights, titles, and privileges appertaining thereto, to my dearly beloved cousin—"

Mrs. M'Groarty, laboring under suppressed excitement of an intense character, was leaning eagerly forward and breathing short and quick. Ned Mulvanny, with that unobservant nature characteristic of all great men, did not see this. His eyes were fixed straight ahead of him, seeing nothing; for, to the most casual observer, it was evident that his thoughts were inward.

"To my dearly beloved cousin," Ned repeated, "Eilis Gildea, alias Mrs. Donal M'Groarty, her heirs, an' assigns forever."

Mrs. M'Groarty turned up her eyes as in thanksgiving to Heaven and drew a long breath. But, as Ned was seized with a coughing fit, with the bottle and glass she hastened to aid him.



"A thousand thanks to you, Mrs. M'Groarty," he said; "that cures me. Have you down that, Masther MacGinley?"

Master MacGinley answered affirmatively.

"Well, then," said Ned, "proceed. I give, bequeath, and bestow my block of houses on Three Hundred and Thirty-third street,—between First and Second avenues,—with all the rights, titles, and privileges, to my dearly beloved cousin, Eilis Gildea, alias Mrs. M'Groarty, her heirs, an' assigns forever. Is that down?" said Ned.

"Down," said the master.

"Very well, then. That valuable block of house property held by an' belongin' to me, an' situate in Lower Broadway, New York City, United States of America, with all its rights, titles, an' privileges, I bequeath an' endow upon my very well-beloved cousin Eilis Gildea, alias Mrs. M'Groarty, her heirs, an' assigns forever."

Again Ned Mulvanny was seized with his coughing fit, and Mrs. M'Groarty hastened to his aid with the invaluable remedy.

"Poor man, poor man, God help ye! It's disthressin' yerself ye are."

"Oh, no, no, not at all, not at all," said Ned. "I'll be aisier when I get this testament off me mind."

"So you will, true," she said. "I think you'll find it will aise your mind a great deal."

"Now, then, Masther," he said; and the master got his pen in readiness.

"That line of houses, my property, on the west side of Fifth Avenue, between Sixty-fourth and Sixty-eighth streets, both

inclusive, with all rights, titles, and privileges appertaining thereto, I voluntarily, an' of my own free will, give, bequeath, and bestow to my well-beloved cousin Eilis Gildea, alias Mrs. M'Groarty, her heirs, and assigns forever."

"The strain is too much for you, poor man," said the sympathetic Mrs. M'Groarty, who was hovering around him with bottle and glass.

"No, no," Ned said buoyantly; "I am fit for it, if it was double as much. I'll soon be through now."

"Now, then, Masther MacGinley, them nineteen houses, my sole an' only property on the south side of Fulton street, from Broadway westward, inclusive, with all the rights, titles, and privileges appertaining thereunto, I bestow, will, bequeath, and endow upon my dearly beloved cousin Eilis Gildea, alias Mrs. Donal M'Groarty, her heirs, an' assigns forever."

Again Ned was overcome by the coughing fit, and was promptly cured once more by the infallible remedy.

"Thank ye, Mrs. M'Groarty," he said; "thank ye," handing her back the empty glass. "May God prosper ye, an' your hand never go empty! Give Masther MacGinley a

small dhrop; for writin' testaments is drier work nor lime-burnin'."

But Mrs. M'Groarty was not going to forget Master MacGinley.

"Now, then," said Ned Mulvanny, "let us proceed, Masther MacGinley. To my dearly beloved cousin Bridget Mary Durneen—" Here Mrs. M'Groarty coughed hard; and repeated the significant remark three times; but it was wasted.

"Bridget Mary Durneen," the ever un-



MASTER MACGINLEY BROUGHT HIS INK-HORN, A PAIR OF PENS, MANY SHEETS OF FOOLSCAP, AND ALL HIS IMPORTANCE"



observant great man repeated to Master MacGinley, as he deliberately watched him pen the name, "her heirs, an' assigns forever, I give, bequeath, and bestow—"

Mrs. M'Groarty was seized with an uncontrollable fit of coughing, one effect of which was that she had to support her hands upon the table while it lasted, thus effectively preventing the master from continuing his writing until the attack had subsided.

"—give, bequeath, an' bestow," the still unobservant Ned coolly repeated, while Master MacGinley as coolly penned it, "the sum of—"

Mrs. M'Groarty, good Christian that she was and ever had been, here resignedly bent her head.

"—the sum of one shilling," said Ned Mulvanny.

On a convenient chair Mrs. M'Groarty collapsed. She silently clasped her hands and lifted her eyes, as thanking Heaven for some signal favor bestowed upon her.

"Finally and lastly," Ned Mulvanny went on, "on my dearly beloved cousin Eilis Gildea, alias Mrs. M'Groarty, her heirs, and assigns forever, I endow and bequeath all the gold, silver, and cash in my house, possession, or person, or in any other way belonging to me, as well as all the gold, silver, and cash owed to me at the time of my death, as well as all my personal belongings, articles, and possessions, as well as, furthermore, any other cash, property, or real estate that may have at the present time escaped my failing memory.

"An' this, in the presence of witnesses, I hereby declare to be my last an' final solemn will an' testament. In witness whereunto I sign my name, Edward, alias Ned, Mulvanny."

About these princely gifts that he was showering upon his dearly beloved cousin, Ned Mulvanny, still after the manner of all great and wealthy men, seemed as indifferent as if he had only been giving a friend a pipe of tobacco.

On her part, diplomatic Mrs. M'Groarty, putting a due restraint upon her feelings, and refraining from covering Ned with thanks and gratitude, let him see that she had a soul above worldly wealth.

And herein did the greatness of the woman appear.

Ned Mulvanny, who heretofore had

been suffering much from lack of care and attention, never had reason to complain of either from that day forward. For solicitously and attentively and perseveringly Mrs. M'Groarty, either by herself or through the members of her family, nursed and cared him night and day, and kept him ever and well supplied with the luxuries, delicacies, and dainties of the place and season. Blood, she used to remind Ned at times, when, in his own humble way, he apologized for the great trouble he was giving her—blood, as he himself had said, was thicker than water, and if he had been a beggar on the roadside—let alone her cousin—Mrs. M'Groarty could not and would not do for him less than she was doing.

"I'm sure of it, ma'am; I'm sure of it," Ned Mulvanny asseverated; "for I know the good an' kindly, an' charitable heart that's thumping in your bosom, ma'am."

It was not entirely against Mrs. M'Groarty's wish that the parish got wind of her good luck and of Bridget Mary Durneen's misfortune; and if, from that day forward, Mrs. M'Groarty carried her head a bit higher than usual and was patronizing to her former friends and gossips, it was not to be wondered at by anybody, and was not wondered at by anybody, that a woman who had come into such astonishing good fortune as she should so comport herself. Moreover, now, Mrs. M'Groarty was a woman to be courted and not criticized.

As was becoming, also, Mrs. M'Groarty not only dressed herself better, and sent out her children in "better rotation," but Donal, also, good man, was forcibly deprived of his old coats at a point where, formerly, they would have been only entering upon the first of the many stages of renovation and reformation which they were wont to undergo, before—when no shred of the original coat remained—they were finally discarded. Thus Donal was made a proud man in spite of himself, and he was the most ill-fitting and the uneasiest proud man that the parish had witnessed for many a long year.

When Bridget Mary Durneen had the misfortune to meet Mrs. M'Groarty upon the road, she snaffled and tossed her head, and affected to go past disdainfully, thus wantonly aggravating Mrs. M'Groarty, who naturally expected Bridget Mary to





"YE MUST TAKE A WEENIE DHROP OF THIS"

be both humble and downcast under the circumstances.

The asthma, bad as it may be, is a lingering complaint, and Ned Mulvanny was a tough parcel of property, anyhow: so that, before he died, Mrs. M'Groarty, if she had not been an exceptional woman, might well have run out of stamina and broken down under the excessive state which her great good fortune naturally compelled her to carry. Preparing for eventualities she had, at the outset, taken down the address of Ned's lawyers, "Comstock & Bedlow, Attorneys-at-law, 195 Broadway, New York City"—copied down this address from the envelopes of the frequent letters which, very naturally, as it seemed to her, he was receiving from them; and when, at length, after long and tedious and patient waiting, Ned Mulvanny finally went the way of all flesh and had the last green quilt drawn over him and copiously watered by Mrs. M'Groarty's tears, there was no time lost in informing Comstock & Bedlow, 195 Broadway, New York City, that Ellis Gildea, alias Mrs. Donal M'Groarty, was, by the last will and testament of the deceased Ned Mulvanny, heir to all of his cash, property, and belongings; that she

was desirous of having his affairs settled up without any unnecessary delay; that she wished a statement from them and desired to know whether it would be necessary for herself or a representative to go to New York in person to arrange matters with them.

In due time, to her delight, a reply, in the envelop so familiar to Mrs. M'Groarty, arrived, and behold ye it ran thus:

*195 Broadway, New York City,  
October 24, 18—*

Mrs. D. M'Groarty.

DEAR MADAM: We beg to acknowledge receipt of yours of the 4th inst., and to thank you for same. We congratulate you upon inheriting the estate of the deceased, Mr. Ned Mulvanny, and sincerely hope that it represents something very substantial.

We cordially appreciate your offer to settle his account with us, which account we had been forwarding him from time to time for some years past, without getting a response, due, as now we clearly see, to his declining health and prolonged illness.

We beg to thank you for your offer to come in person (or by representative) to arrange with us, but wish to say that such kindness is quite unnecessary.

We wish to explain that we did not press for payment of this account before his depar-



ture for home, accepting his statement that he was about to realize some landed property which he possessed in Ireland, and that our claim would be the first satisfied.

We have pleasure in inclosing our statement of account for work done for him in the fall preceding his departure for home, from which

statement you will observe that the amount due us is \$213.50, or, in English money, at the present rate of exchange, £43 19s. 5d., a draft for which, at your early convenience, will very much oblige, dear madam,

Your faithful servants,

*Comstock & Bedlow.*



## HOMEWARD BOUND

ON THE RETURN TO AMERICA OF THE REMAINS  
OF JOHN PAUL JONES

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

WITH proud, uplifted head  
The fair Republic claims her dead;  
With outstretched hands—the hands he  
fought to free—  
Awaits, oh, not in ruth,  
The lover of her youth,  
Her Bayard of the sea.  
Let the sea once more caress him,  
And the land he loved possess him;  
For now the years are sped—  
The proud Republic claims her dead.

Atlantic waves, that smiled  
Of old so oft to greet your child,  
List not to hear his battle-orders ring;  
Care not to break his sleep,  
But softly, softly bring  
Your nursling of the deep,  
With his birthright flag above him,  
To the shores that own and love  
him,—  
Of old their rover wild,  
Now held in slumber as a child.

The oaken ship that won  
His storied sea-fight, gun to gun,  
To Freedom's flag its red baptism gave,  
Aflame, still made reply,  
Fought on to victory,  
Then plunged beneath the wave.  
Let the squadrons close around him  
Till the Nation's hands have crowned  
him,  
Whose fierce sea-fight he won  
'Twixt the setting and the rising of  
the sun.

Not far from ocean's strand,  
His tomb, made lasting by her hand,  
Shall henceforth tell within the guarded  
field  
Of him who that dread night  
Began anew the fight,  
And, sinking, could not yield.  
Down the lengthened line bequeath it,  
Let our sailor sons enwreath it,  
And the challenge and command  
Be heard anear it and the strand.

Erect, with shining head,  
The great Republic claims her dead;  
Nor, in that day when every stripe and star  
Proclaims the reign of Peace,  
Shall honor to him cease  
Nor Fame his laurel mar.  
Though no battle-peal awake him,  
Time upon its scroll shall make him  
One of earth's heroes dead,  
Whose deeds that golden day more swiftly sped.

July 12, 1905



# OLE BULL AS A PATRIOTIC FORCE

BY MARGARET E. NOBLE



HE national impulse, as distinguished from the personal and romantic, plays a larger part in the history of art than is often realized. It was the energy of Marathon, and the need to make a nation out of Hellas, that spoke in the plays of Æschylus. "Nine dumb centuries," it has been finely said, "found a voice in Dante." Who shall say how far Giotto, Shakspeare, and Bach were aware, in like manner, of bringing whole realms out of the sphere of silence, and conferring upon them the franchise of the world? Ole Bull's had the good fortune to be one of those world-voices in which perfect command of a difficult technic is made, in its turn, only the instrument of a higher impulse, the heart of a whole people pressing forward to the utterance.

When the present generation was born, Norway was already one of the recognized centers of art-consciousness in Europe. The plays of Ibsen, the works of Björnson and Jonas Lie, and the compositions of Edvard Grieg have prepared us all for the facts that we observe as soon as we visit the country—the joy of the peasants in wild and beautiful landscape, their keen enthusiasm regarding works of art and artists, and their spontaneous utterance of themselves in music. No one who witnessed in Bergen, in 1901, the unveiling of Sinding's statue of Ole Bull could have failed to be struck by the Hellenic element in the character of the Bergensers, whose very feet spoke the language of delight, beating time to the voice in a sort of dancing march, as each new group caught its first glimpse of the fine bronze.

It must have been on just such a day that Cimabue's great masterpiece was carried through the streets of thirteenth-century Florence, and old men wept for joy

that they had lived to see the painter's brush express so much. Similar festivals, though subtler-toned, are known even now among the simple peoples of Asia, when the proud master-workman seats him for the day beside his newly achieved tower, or pillar, or door, and passers-by linger to see his handicraft and to throw the small coin of acknowledgment and praise into the bowl that rests beside him. Such days are alike wherever they may occur, because they are everywhere the celebration of a single truth—the communion of the whole people in the attainment of genius.

In the case of Sinding's statue, however, it was not alone the work of the artist to which the people responded with such ardor. The peasants had poured in from the country-side, and, at the moment of the unveiling, a great choir, under the conductorship of Edvard Grieg, burst into song, in direct invocation of Ole Bull; everywhere his picture was seen; and the hours resounded with speeches and even hymns addressed to him. In good sooth, the figure of Ole Bull stands to Norway almost as the symbol of her nationality itself. Every year, at dawn of the 17th of May, the anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution in 1814, the school children of Bergen carry the Norwegian colors in procession, first to the grave of President Christie, who framed the Constitution, and then to that of him who awakened the national consciousness, their never-to-be-forgotten wizard of the bow.

For the land was not yesterday as to-day. That pine-clad coast so close upon the arctic circle—the hearth of the midnight sun—knew not at all times the strength of its own destiny. Less than a century ago, the Norwegian people regarded the Danish tongue as the medium of polite communication, thought of themselves as provin-



cials, and did not dream of aspiring to any serious place in the world of European thought; and the main force in the changing of all this was the burning enthusiasm and dogged faith of Ole Bull and those whom he was able to gather about him.

With two of the sacraments of the national life he was, from the first, very closely connected. One of these is the "pure flag," as it is called, meaning the flag which carries the colors of Norway alone, unmixed with those of Sweden, and the other is the observance of "Norway Day," on the 17th of May. The importance of the first of these will be understood only by those who know what banners mean in Norway. They are not, in that country, used chiefly as international signaling apparatus, but regarded rather as *ikons*. Every house has its flagstaff, and on all occasions of festivity the flag is flown. Or when a foreign guest is received at dinner, hospitality is naturally and gracefully expressed by including the flag of his country among the table-decorations. Such customs come easily to a people whose life is spent so much upon the sea, and whose ancestors were the vikings, or harbor-men.

It must be remembered that the psychological problem of the national sense in Norway is, to keep itself at once friendly to and yet wholly individual and distinct from that of Sweden. The Norwegians have always refused to consider themselves as anything but a free nation accepting the sovereignty of the Swedish king; and they showed their teeth so plainly in this matter when, in the year 1814, they found themselves divided from Denmark, that they forced Bernadotte himself to subscribe to their view and acquiesce in the independence of the Norwegian Constitution and Parliament.

Ole Bull and the men who, twenty years later, were young with him could not tolerate the fact that the flag then in common use was the Union standard

bearing the Norwegian colors in a minor position.

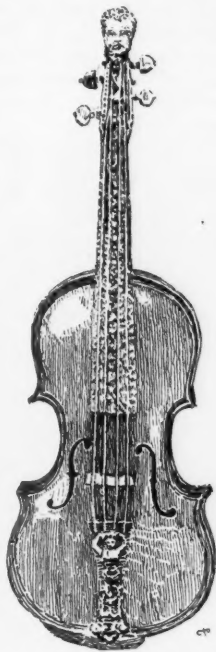
The festival of Norway Day in like manner will be understood by any one who has once seen it for himself. Salutation of the national heroes, hymns and songs to the national idea, the celebration of Olympic games, contests on field and fjord, processions with banners, and a constant refrain of the national anthem—all these features fall into due relation round the central scene, the prow of a viking ship raised in the town square at noon as platform for the speakers of the day.

The story of the first celebration of Norway Day, in the year 1829, when Ole Bull met Wergeland the poet in Christiania, one carrying his violin, the other the pure Norwegian colors, only to be hooted and pursued with flying missiles through the streets, and Wergeland severely wounded by the police, seems now hardly credible. But it has been the devotion of a lifetime, not the courage of a moment, that has made the day what it is.

In succeeding years, Ole Bull would make every possible effort to reach Bergen for the occasion, once going to the length of paying five hundred dollars for the privilege of detaining a passenger-boat at Hull for three hours. Always he was to be found in the procession, cheering the races and games, and playing in the open square for the thousands who would assemble to hear him there.

Throughout his life Ole Bull was sensitive to anything that could add honor to the day, and a story still lingers about his name of an anniversary spent in some distant land, and a long reverie suddenly broken by the words, "Yes, it is Norway's birthday. Fit that we say but few words."

This success in formulating the ritual of the national life, however, was only the blossom of a deeper growth—a whole life's



Drawn by Otto Bacher

OLE BULL'S VIOLIN



passion for his country and her people, and definite and clear thought regarding the importance of the sentiment of nationality. The question must needs arise, then, Whence did Prometheus fetch his gift of fire? This question leads us to pass swiftly in review the life of Ole Bull.

Undoubtedly he had from the beginning that passionate and spontaneous love for place and people that we can see only, in such measure, in the childhood of men of genius. A fifteen-mile run along a mountain road is no small feat, yet the return of the Saturday holiday, during school years, often saw the long-legged boy on his solitary race out of Bergen and back, "just for a peep" at the vale of Lysekloster, where, in the pastures between the mountains and the shore, the ruins of a Cistercian abbey overlook the fjord, and the old manor-house, with its gardens and its Turkish roses, stands guard over both. Long years later, when his hair was gray, the island of Lysøen, visible from these Cistercian "Cloisters of Light," became his home, and it was in the midst of the much-loved scene, to the music of Mozart's "Requiem," that he died.

But all this would have done no more than to make him a poet. What was it that made him undeniably the greatest political influence in the history of modern Norway? The riddle is easy to read. Although he voiced the peasants, his own voice was that of no peasant, but one of the most severely learned of European utterances. His instrumental mastery was complete, and the technical difficulties of his compositions have left them for the most part unperformable. But Mozart was his chosen theme, worshiped with such an ardor of consecration that the whole range of his works had for him no secret. His fame, therefore, was of that order that opens all doors. Statesmen and chief captains like Bismarck and Von Moltke were his intimates, and he was their confidant. To world-artists like Liszt, Chopin, and Mendelssohn he was own brother. Indeed, a curious physical resemblance between Liszt and himself led to many amusing *contretemps* on this score. And sovereigns, diplomatists, and great nobles were all proud to name him among their friends. In him, then, Norway had found one who could stand for her in the highest ranks of the nations, learn for her the secrets of state-

craft, and recover in her behalf the trick of thinking like a king. For this is one of the losses entailed on a people who are governed by foreigners from a foreign seat, that they *forget* to think of their country as a whole, the habit that is the secret of rulers.

Yet it was only as a man, and not by any means as a politician, that an autocrat could claim the friendship of the distinguished artist. His own sovereign felt that he had cause for grave offense when the news reached Stockholm, in 1848, of his heading a procession in Paris to present the Norwegian colors to Lamartine. But even royal anger could not resist the good stories told on the next visit, and the king stood biting his lip at the careless *bonhomie* of Ole Bull, as he turned suddenly and said, "By the way, sire, you should have been with us the other day in Paris, when we went to acclaim Lamartine."

Few tales are told, indeed, which are finer than that of the encounter, in earlier years, with this king's father, the old Bernadotte himself. The king had referred to the Norwegians as "my Poles," at which Ole Bull, drawing himself up, inquired, "When has a Norwegian shown himself disloyal to the king?" Then, without waiting for an answer, he announced that he must at once take leave. Upon this, the king turned to him with an imperious, "I command you to stay!" But the violinist shrugged his shoulders and replied: "Then I will see, sire, whether a Norwegian remains free in the palace of the King of Sweden!" At this, as Ole Bull would tell, when recounting the scene, there came into the face of the monarch the most winning smile he had ever seen on a human countenance, and, putting out his hand impulsively, Bernadotte exclaimed: "Nay; I beg you to remain. A prince should hear the opinions of all his people." And the talk which then resulted was the basis of deep confidence on both sides.

It is said that the first time Bernadotte heard Ole Bull's "Polacca Guerriera," its martial character so stirred the warrior spirit of the old king, to whom the music of battle was ever the sweetest, that he rose while it was played and remained standing to the end.

In later years it was a natural expression of Ole Bull's affection for the royal house



that on the eve of his departure for Egypt, in 1876, he should take tea privately with the king and queen. They asked to be specially remembered at the Great Pyramid; and it was always a happy memory to him afterward that when, in obedience to this

even the friendship of crowned heads was effective only to make him dream of nationality and a national art for his native land. He had started out as a student on his first foreign tour the day after the original celebration of Norway Day, with



From a photograph lent by Mrs. Ole Bull. Half-tone plate engraved by W. Aikman

STEPHAN SINDING'S STATUE OF OLE BULL, BERGEN, NORWAY

request, he had taken out his violin on the summit of the pyramid and played "The Herd-girl's Reverie," two wild swans, as the last notes died, rose from its base and flew away to the north.

It is necessary, however, to look at the intellectual character of the Europe of Ole Bull's day in order to understand deeply why no favor of fortune could avail to shake the steadfastness of his love and hope for the common people, and why

the "pure flag," in Christiania in 1829. This is significant of the fact that the idea of nationality was not gleaned in Europe, but had already formed the theme of his own life and that of his friends at the Norwegian university. Like Ole Bull himself, who was born in 1810, the generation then students were the sons of the men who had faced war in 1814 rather than allow Norway to become subject to Sweden, and who had finally shaped and





From a daguerreotype by Richards. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

#### OLE BULL AS A YOUNG MAN

secured her Constitution. Spiritually the heirs of the French Revolution, they were politically the product of the anti-Napoleonic reaction among the nations, and Wergeland was the leader of that party in the university which desired to root out every vestige of Danish influence from the industries, the literature, and the art of Norway. Welhaven, also a poet, was, on the other hand, the leader of the Conservatives, who aimed at building up the Norwegian culture more on the basis of the Danish. The authorities, like officials

of all foreign governments, forced by their very position to prefer order above life, looked with disfavor upon the national party among the undergraduates; and possibly it was this fact which caused the spread of the movement till it was no longer a faction in the university, but the common topic of interest throughout the country as a whole.

Thus Ole Bull's first public return to Norway, in 1838, from his seven years' wanderings in all parts of Europe, covered with glory and loaded with the trophies of



his fame, did not *create* the national idea; it only conferred upon it an overwhelming prestige at the same time that it brought his ripened political sagacity to bear upon its problems. We must not forget that those years from 1832 onward were the years in which 1848 was awaking—1848, that hour in the history of nations when the wave of the hopes of peoples gathered itself together, ran forward, and broke in the long white line of thwarted endeavor on the receding shores of the constituted order.

Such was the era covered by Ole Bull's life. When he left home the second time, in 1831, the great mind of Lamartine had only just gained possession of itself. The prime shaping force of 1848 was Lamartine's fusion of political thought in religious fire. Possessed, as the musician was, of the key to two distinct worlds,—those of rank and art,—there was no movement in Europe that did not send its tides surging through his veins. To this day the guest at Lysöen may be startled to catch suddenly in a mirror the reflection of a proud, sad face. It is a portrait of Kossuth, for Kossuth, as well as Bismarck, was Ole Bull's friend.

It was on his return home in October

of 1848 that he determined to venture everything in the creation of a Norwegian national drama with national music. Thus it was that the National Theater at Bergen was at last opened on the second day of January, 1850, with the then unknown Henrik Ibsen, who had just left the university, as its director. It was for this National Theater that Ibsen wrote the long list of heroic plays from Norwegian history which may some day supersede his later social dramas in European taste. More wonderful still, on Ibsen's resignation he was succeeded in the management of the theater by Björnson. The significance and impetus of the National Theater cannot indeed be easily estimated. It was a wonderful stroke of insight and daring that established it at Bergen instead of at Christiania, though it is easy to be wise after the event, and to point out how the very provincialism and remoteness of the more northern town would operate to maintain its native powers in fuller vigor than would the capital. Art reaped by its means an abundant harvest; for peasant music and poetry, rustic humor and dramatic capability all enjoyed an unexampled opportunity here. And the hand that led the orchestra was that of the man

And when he played, the atmosphere  
Was filled with magic, and the ear  
Caught echoes of that clasp of gold,  
Whose music had so weird a sound—  
The hunted stag forgot to bound,  
The flying ravenlet backward rolled,  
The birds came down from bush and tree,  
The dead came from beneath the sea,  
The maiden to the harper's knee.

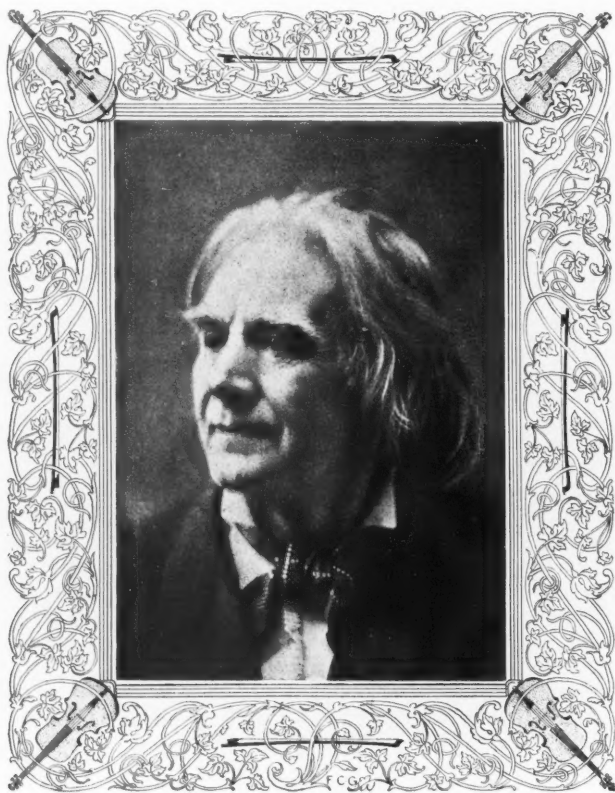
Oct. 5. 1876.

Henry W. Longfellow.



whose voice had called them together, and whose friendship and good cheer were strong to sustain them till success was assured. These years were, in fact, the

their *tarantella*. They were convinced that he must be one of themselves. The warm Irish heart was captured by his rendering of Tom Moore's melodies; and in a time



From a photograph lent by Mrs. Ole Bull. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

#### OLE BULL IN OLD AGE

crown of Ole Bull's life as a political force. For henceforth we watch the labors of a second generation, and in the love of those who are proud to have been chosen of him we can but read his influence.

"It is the man," said Björnson of Ole Bull, "that possesses his own national inheritance who can interpret theirs to other peoples." Seldom has a great saying been more apt. The Poles refused to hear his "Polacca Guerriera" in the time of defeat, so poignant were the memories which it revived in all their fullness. The Italians would not believe that any foreigner could have caught so perfectly the rhythm of

of strain between Sweden and Norway, he so took his audience by storm in the Swedish capital, as he played his "Herd-girl's Reverie," that they leaped to their feet and stood, singing the air with him. It was the glory of his life that Spaniard, Italian, Russian, Swede, German, and American were all in their turn as eager to claim his utterance for their own as his motherland had been proud to give him her credentials. For he was in one sense a tone-painter, painting the inmost hearts of peoples.

This love it was that formed the burden of his music. His name is written in the



memory of art, beside those of Tartini and Paganini; the same wild aroma of pathos and romance clings to them all. But in Ole Bull's case, the wail of the violin was the voice of the heart, not of Italy, but of Norway. For that land it was, of peasant songs and peasant fiddlers, that he now made articulate even in the courts of kings. The piercing sorrow that spoke through his bow was the lament of lonely generations to whom the wind on dark nights in mountain forests, or the storm in terror-stricken days upon the seas, could not give voice enough. Or the wild delight of the halling-dance, where the solitary dancer will touch the ceiling with his foot, would alternate perhaps with delicate music-poems of peasant bridals, where the crowned bride, hand in hand with her "man," and heading a procession of all the children in the valley, follows the village fiddler over the hill-crest to the new home,—and the melody played by that other fiddler mingled itself also, on Ole Bull's instrument, with the picture and the sunlight-dance of tender hopes and fears in the hearts of the newly wed. The strange airs of the Northern night, till now despised as mere "folk-music," acquired undreamed-of glory when the great world had assembled to hear them from Ole Bull. As Wergeland wrote, when he first came home from his triumphs, "The greatest marvel is that he has brought Norway home to Norsemen. Most people knew the folk-songs and dances, but were ashamed to admire them. Now these homely melodies have suddenly begun to gleam like stars, and the people have

come to feel that they, too, have 'jewels of their own.' "

In the love of his comrades there is still to be seen a strong tinge of the Eastern rapture of discipleship. One tells the story of a midnight climb with Grieg and others up the Lysehorn on midsummer eve, and of Ole Bull standing with his back to the rock and his eyes shut, as was his wont, playing. "And as the music ended," says the narrator, catching his breath, "the light of the dawn appeared in the north, as if drawn upward by his bow."

He and the men he called about him were as full of the sagas as Sir Walter Scott was of medieval romance. It was in the inspiration of the sagas that their work was done. It was even in the same inspiration that his mistakes were committed. For to a descendant of the race that could bid farewell at Romsdal to the flower of the age, sending her own children forth, to settle in bleak Iceland rather than force them, against heart and will, to submit to kings,<sup>1</sup>—to this man, ten centuries later, it seemed all too easy to lead a Norwegian colony to a brighter fate in distant Pennsylvania. To Ole Bull, Norway was still and forever the saga-land, the land of vikings and heroes, the land of Sigurd and Brunnhild. And if in the depths of silence the sound of joy can reach the happy dead, it must be to him pride's crown of pride that the Norwegian national anthem,<sup>2</sup> strongest and most beautiful of all the national songs of the world, has taken its place, short though it be, as the modern saga, being the fruit of that movement which was born of him.

<sup>1</sup> Harald Fairhair, the first sovereign over all Norway, in 872, when many of the first families migrated to Iceland rather than accept his rule.

## 2 NATIONAL SONG OF NORWAY

BY BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON

Translated by John Volk. Copyright, 1903, by John Volk

Yes, we love this land arising  
Stormbeat o'er the sea  
With its thousand homes, enticing,  
Rugged though it be—  
Love it, love it, not forgetting  
Those we owe our birth,  
Nor that night of saga, letting  
Down its dreams to earth.

Harald saved this land and bore it  
With his warriors strong;  
Haakon guarded it, while o'er it  
Eyvind poured his song.

With his blood King Olaf painted  
Here the cross, and here  
Sverre spoke 'gainst Rome, the sainted,  
Spoke and had no fear.

Norseman, where thou dwellest, render  
Praise and thanks to Him,  
Who has been this land's defender  
When its hopes looked dim.  
Wars our fathers' aims unfolded,  
Tears our mothers shed,  
Roads of them for us He molded,  
To our rights they led.

Yes, we love this land arising  
Stormbeat o'er the sea  
With its thousand homes, enticing,  
Rugged though it be.  
Like our fathers who succeeded,  
Warring for release,  
So will we, whenever needed,  
Rally for its peace.



## A RARE PORTRAIT OF PAUL JONES

THE LITTLE-KNOWN ENGRAVING BY MOREAU COMPARED  
WITH THE HOUDON BUST AND THE PEALE PAINTING

BY ALEXANDER CORBETT, JR.

THE discovery by General Horace Porter of the remains of Commodore John Paul Jones, and the proposed reinterment in the land he loved so well and served so gloriously, have aroused an interest such as has never before been known in his portraits as well as in all other pictures relating to his meteoric career. The event, therefore, justifies the publication at this time of a French engraving, which is not only the best portrait of Jones in existence, excepting the Houdon sculptured bust, but is also the earliest in point of execution, and yet is so rare that its being brought to light at this time is little short of an actual discovery.

It is surprising that the most lifelike as well as the most artistic of all the graphic portraits of our first and greatest naval hero should have remained virtually unknown to Americans until a hundred and thirteen years after his death, while bad partial copies of it are not uncommon; but such is the fact, and the credit of having finally brought it to public attention is due to Mr. Louis A. Holman, a Boston illustrator of an investigating turn of mind.

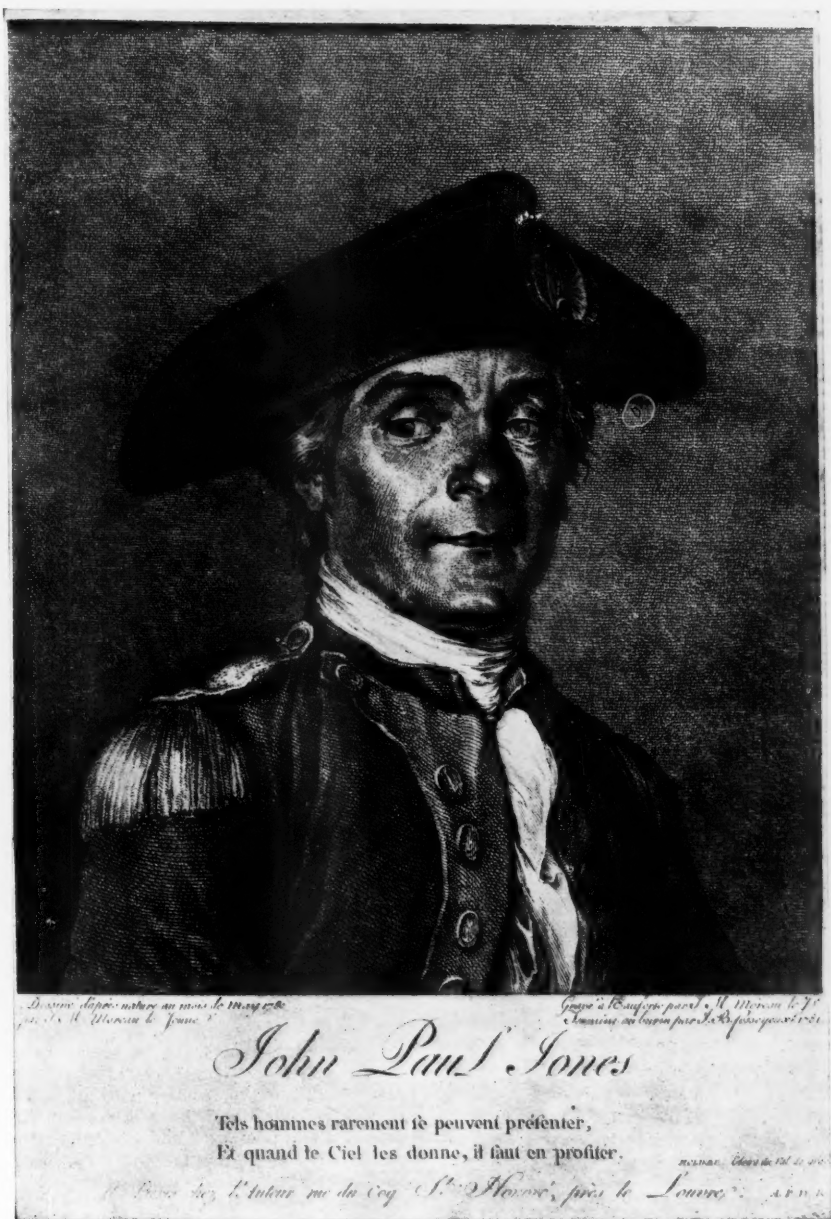
This portrait is a copperplate engraving by Moreau, measuring five and one half by six and one half inches. It was casually purchased for perhaps four or five shillings, twenty years ago, at a second-hand printshop in London, by Mr. Benjamin Franklin Stevens, a well-known Bostonian of antiquarian tastes, who, in his early manhood, was in the United States navy. He had no idea of the value of his find when he bought the print, or even when, sixteen

years ago, he gave it to the Bostonian Society, a historical organization having rooms in the Old State House. The gift was straightway hung in an obscure corner of the ancient council-chamber, whence the stern and haughty face of the fiery Scotch-American warrior has ever since looked down upon an old circular mahogany table around which were wont to gather, during nearly a hundred years prior to the Revolution, the British royal governors and their councilors. There Mr. Holman observed the picture recently, and, after having searched in vain all the biographies of Jones, as well as all accessible lists of his portraits, for some reference to this particular one, he became convinced that it possesses an interest and a value hitherto never suspected.

The Jones portrait most familiar to Americans—that by Charles Willson Peale, now in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, executed seven years later than the one here referred to—has heretofore been regarded as the best ever made, and it has been reproduced many times, in whole or in part. It is, however, vapid and expressionless, compared with this new engraving, and a comparison of the two with Houdon's bust, which was modeled from a life-mask, and must necessarily always be the standard *par excellence* in judging portraits of Jones, demonstrates at a glance that this earlier work is a much more faithful likeness, and possesses far more of the real personality of the great fighter, than Peale's painting.

The greater number of the other Paul





From an engraving in the possession of the Bostonian Society

THE MOREAU PORTRAIT OF JOHN PAUL JONES



Jones portraits having any resemblance to him are only mere adaptations of the Houdon bust, with variations of one kind or another, and usually with the likeness pretty well eliminated in the processes of drawing and engraving. This new engraving lacks the military badge which Jones was so fond of wearing, but which was not awarded him till after he gave this sitting, though it appears in Houdon's bust, made a few months later.

The data engraved beneath this new-found likeness tells that it was drawn from life in Paris, in May, 1780, by Jean-Michel Moreau, that he also etched it on copper with aqua fortis, and that the burin that gave the finishing touches was directed by the hand of J. B. Fosseyeux. Below the name, "John Paul Jones," is this quotation from Molière's "Gloire du Val de Grace":

Tels hommes rarement se peuvent présenter,  
Et quand le Ciel les donne, il faut en profiter.

Moreau was one of the most eminent French artists of the eighteenth century. He was special designer and engraver to Louis XVI, whom he assisted in immortalizing by making a number of historical engravings illustrating the most spectacular incidents of the reign of that monarch, including the coronation. Moreau was also illustrator of virtually all the *éditions de luxe* of the French classics published in his day. He was the grandfather and the teacher of Horace Vernet, the famous historical painter of the First Empire. Another of his pupils was Fosseyeux, who had a hand in the engraving of the Jones picture. One is obliged to smile upon finding this portrait in the French catalogue of Moreau's two thousand productions mentioned under the title, "Portrait of Paul."

In this sample of his work, Moreau has certainly given us a fine example of effective modeling, of a discriminating combination of line and stipple, and of harmonious contrasts in light and shade; he has also most successfully suggested vigor and strong individuality in the countenance of the Scotch gardener's son, whose genius gained him the homage and the friendship of kings and princes in an age and a country where social lines were sharply drawn.

Of all portraits of Jones having any claim to authenticity, this one alone shows us the rough-and-ready American sailor,

as yet not transformed, by French fashions, powdered wig, and the airs of the courtier, into what Mrs. Livingston of New York termed, eight years later, "the beau-ideal of a French duke of the *ancien régime*." That transformation began, by the way, the very month Jones sat for this portrait. Moreau exhibited it, together with his "Coronation of Louis XVI," in the Salon of the Royal Academy in 1781.

Up to December, 1775, when he received his first commission in the navy of the United States, our hero had been but a humble captain in the merchant service and for a short time a Virginia planter. After nearly two years of enterprising service at home, he was sent to France in the *Ranger* in October, 1777. With that ship he captured the *Drake*; and in September, 1779, with the *Bonhomme Richard* he won his great victory over the *Serapis*, which set the whole world ringing with his fame. Between April and December, 1780, he was frequently in Paris. Wherever he went an enthusiastic crowd followed. When he entered Marie Antoinette's box at the opera, the audience rose and cheered, and again when a laurel wreath was lowered from above and hung pendent over his head. He was living, meanwhile, at the Palais Royal, as a guest of the king's cousins, the Duke and Duchess of Orléans.

The proudest and most aristocratic beauties of the court sent him *billets-doux*, begging the favor of a call from the popular hero. The state of the female mind at that time among the *haut ton* is well indicated by letters of a young Englishwoman at the French court, who wrote:

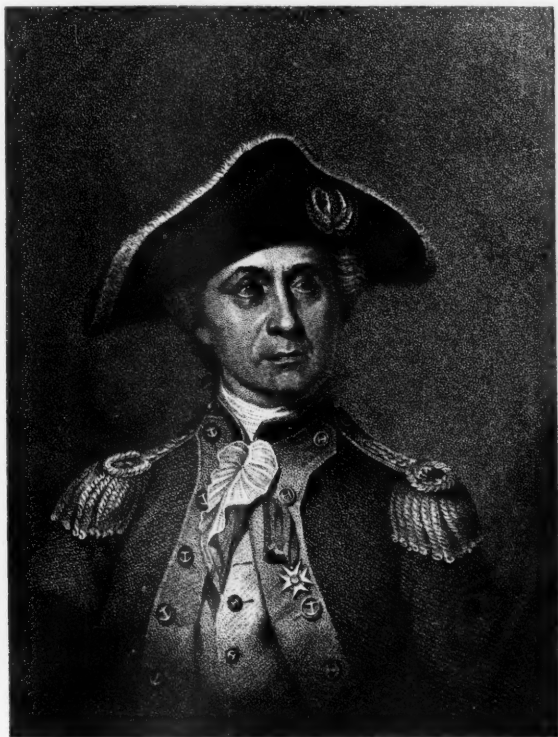
Paul Jones dines and sups here often. He is a smart man of thirty-six, speaks but little French, but appears to be an extraordinary genius, a poet as well as a hero. He is greatly admired here, especially by the ladies, who are all wild for love of him, as he for them; but he adores the Countess la Vendahl, who has honored him with every mark of politeness and distinction. If I am in love with him myself, I may die, for I have as many rivals as there are ladies, though the most formidable is the countess, who possesses all his heart.

The lady's estimate of Jones's age as thirty-six, when he was only thirty-three, is an apparent vindication of Moreau, who certainly made him look older than thirty-three in his engraving. About two months



before he sat to Moreau, possibly in anticipation of his subsequent adoption of the court wig. Jones had cut off his queue, as appears by a letter he wrote the before-mentioned Countess la Vendahl, about the middle of June, inclosing a lock of his

dore had cultivated his queue again. At this particular time his hair appears to have descended only to his coat-collar, and to have been unconfined behind. It was during this visit to Paris that the Countess la Vendahl gave Jones a miniature portrait



From an engraving by J. B. Longacre of the portrait by Charles Willson Peale

THE PEALE PORTRAIT OF JOHN PAUL JONES

During Jones's last visit to America, in 1787, he was a guest at the Livingston Manor while Peale was there making portraits of members of the family. Peale also made a sketch of Jones, which was afterward elaborated into the painting of which the above is a copy.

hair with this message: "Had you received this three months ago, it would have been eighteen inches longer." It may be observed that Moreau has represented the hair as flowing outward from behind the ears, with a freedom that is not seen in later portraits, made after the commo-

of himself painted by her own hand, the sight of which caused him to exclaim: "Now I am like Narcissus—in love with my own picture."

This La Vendahl miniature, another, made by a Dutch artist, Peale's painting, and the Moreau engraving are, so far as





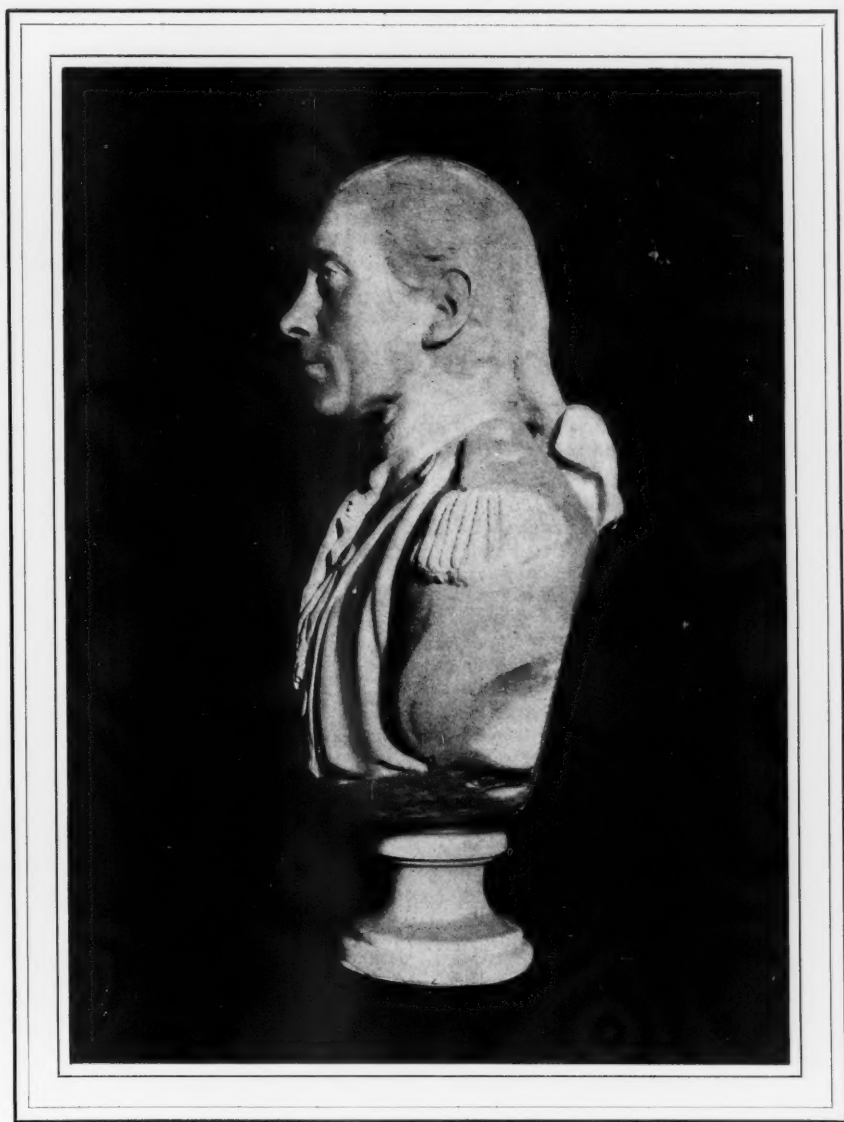
From a photograph of the copy in plaster owned by Charles H. Taylor, Jr.

THE HOUDON BUST OF JOHN PAUL JONES—FRONT VIEW

known, the only likenesses of the commodore made from life-sketches. All others are either purely fanciful or else bad copies of one of these just enumerated. It is difficult to account for the ignorance that has existed in this country as to this engraving by Moreau, save upon the supposi-

tion that Jones, whose particular weakness was vanity, and who was always partial to the Houdon bust, may have considered that Moreau had not sufficiently idealized him, and, for that reason, may have stopped the publication of the print when only a few copies had been put in circulation.





THE HOUDON BUST OF JOHN PAUL JONES—PROFILE VIEW

"His bust by Houdon is an exact likeness, portraying well the characteristic features stamped on the countenance of the original."—James Madison, writing on April 28, 1825, to John Henry Sherburne, a biographer of Jones.

The Houdon bust, photographs of which are herewith presented, is owned by Mr. Charles H. Taylor, Jr., of Boston. It is one of thirteen, in plaster, sent by Jones himself, in 1788, to friends in this country.

The whereabouts of only five of the thirteen are known to-day. The original was made in 1781, at the request of the Paris lodge of Masons, called the Neuf Sœurs, of which Jones was a member.



# UNDER ROCKING SKIES

BY L. FRANK TOÓKER

Author of "The Call of the Sea," "Kerrigan's Diplomacy," etc.

WITH A PICTURE BY M. J. BURNS

XIII



N the cabin Lieutenant Stromberg was still playing solitaire; at the opposite side of the table his sister sat, with Drew beside her, reading aloud, as she took a lesson in English.

"Da sea grows sto'-mee, da lit' ones mo-own, But, ah-h, she gafe me nef-fair a lo-o-ok, Faw her eyes weh seal'd tow da holy bo-o-ok! Loud prays da pries'; shot stahnds da do'. Coam away, chillen, call no mo'! Coam away, coam da-own, call no mo'!

"Yo' pro-nouns doze *d* in 'chillen'?" Her concerned eyes flashed an anxious look up at Drew.

"Yes," he answered—"children."

"Chil-d'en. Iss das mo' betteh?"

He bowed gravely, but said:

"You must pronounce the *r*, too."

She shrugged her shoulders and laughed.

"Ah t'ink doze *ahs* ve'y difficult tow pro-nouns. Alone, no; but wiz doze ot'er let's doze bec-ome los'." She laughed again.

"Coam away, chil-dahn, call no mo'!

Coam away, coam da-own, call no mo'!"

She turned a bright look upon Hetty.

"Meesteh Drew all tam rid doze *poetry*; so Ah say tow tich me doze lang-widge mo' betteh," she explained. "Ah was tich tow rid doze English by ma home tow Denmahk, but Ah leahn tow spik eet off ma black maid tow St. Croix. She spik ve'y nize, but so sho'tly, Ah unnehstahnd heh not alwis."

"Shortly?" repeated Hetty, in doubt.

"Fastly, *rapidly*," explained Lieutenant Stromberg, looking up from his cards. "Ma sisteh's English iss only a second coosin off das real English—second coosin twice remove'—t'r-rough Denmar-r-k and Afr-r-rica." Lieutenant Stromberg knew his *r*'s.

"I think she speaks beautifully, with such opportunities," Hetty replied, with spirit.

Miss Stromberg beamed her thanks.

"Ah t'ank yo' exceeding'," she said. She looked at her book, sighed, looked up again, and continued: "But doze *poetry* mek me tow haf doze sadness—me." She sighed again and shook her head. "Yo' lak doze *poetry*?"

"Not always," Hetty answered frankly.

The questioner laid the book hesitatingly on the table, and her hands drifted together in her lap.

"Ah t'ink das iss mos' coh'ect," she agreed. "Eet iss not alwis possible tow lak eet when yo' s'all t'ink off ot'er t'ings—doze noise' and stohms," she explained.

"Yet yo' s'all desire to heah doze noise' ofer once mo' when yo' rich St. Croix," said the lieutenant, without looking up from his game. "'Ah, doze beau-tiful noise'!' yo' s'all say—'so poetical!'" He laughed mischievously.

"We shall miss many things when we reach St. Croix," said Drew, looking at them and smiling.

Hetty glanced at him, then she leaned forward and put her hand on the Danish girl's arm.

"We shall miss you," she said softly.

"Ah, no!" Brother and sister spoke together. He turned and bowed to his sister smilingly.



"Ah, no!" she repeated; "yo' s'all coam at ouah house alwis; da do' s'all stahnd wide faw yo' fawefer." Her eyes included them all in the invitation.

"Ah wass going tow spik doze sem lak ma sisteh," said the brother, with a magnificent bow.

"I shall bring the book," said Drew, touching it. "It may go better there."

"Shuah-lee!" laughed the Danish girl. "And yo' s'all rid eet in doze gahden, among doze floweh' mos' beautiful, wiz doze o'ange-tree' and t'ibet-tree' meking doze cool shadow, and doze sea-watch fah *be-low* shining in da sun. And noise—yo' s'all heah on-lee doze sea-watch mu'-*mu'*ing soft-lee, and doze fountains whispehing, and possibly a lil' song ofehhead, and maybe some dahkies pahssing *be-hin'* doze high wall, calling tow sell yo' some t'ings ve'y nize—and nut'in' mo'."

"Hot arepa! hot arepa dem! Ya da hot arepa!" In a high, slurring singsong Lieutenant Stromberg gave the cry of the negro women street-venders.

"Yas; das iss eet," said his sister. "Yo' t'ink das iss nize?"

"Ah, it would be *living* poetry!" Drew answered.

She smiled, looked up, caught his gaze; her own dropped to her hands clasped in her lap.

"Das iss mo' nizeh dan heah?" she asked demurely.

"I shall never want to go away," he told her.

"And when doze hurricane coam," began her brother, "how—"

"Sh-h!" she exclaimed, while her eyes bubbled with laughter. "Why spik off doze when we go-ing *in-vite* peop' at ouah house? Possibly doze coam not aany mo'."

"Possibly not," agreed her brother.

"Aanyway," she continued triumphantly, "doze huh'icane nefer hu't us."

For a moment Mrs. March had forgotten the rolling vessel and the threatening sea. "The little tyke!" she said to herself, smilingly; but her daughter spoke aloud.

"Why do you make such a beautiful picture of it?" she asked. "Don't you know that I must go back to the cold and the snow?"

Miss Stromberg laughed, and shook her head.

"Yo' s'all cah not," she answered. "Yo'

s'all say, 'Oh, doze huh'icane!' Wheah da heaht iss, da iss da beautiful pictu'. So womens ah med," she added wisely.

"And is your heart there—in that garden?" Drew asked. He smiled.

She laughed again.

"T iss joost heah," she replied, and placed her hand on her breast. "Eet hass no feexed 'abitation."

On deck they heard the tramp of feet going aft, and then, as the starboard side lifted, the cry of the crew hauling in the main sheet, and the hoarse croak of the blocks. Before the tramp was heard again, going forward, Captain March came from his room and hurried up to the deck.

Medbury walked over to his side.

"The wind's hauled around a little, sir. We could n't keep the course."

Captain March looked aloft, then glanced at the compass. He gave no sign of having heard. Suddenly he stopped short and gazed forward.

"What's that contraption you got there, Mr. Medbury?" he asked.

"One of the flanges of the pump gave way, sir," answered the mate, "and we could n't use but one bar; so I rigged up that whiz-jig. It's better than one bar, and, besides, we can work it from the poop. If things should get much worse, the men would drown on the main-deck."

"Does the water gain on you?" the captain asked.

"About the same—inch by inch. But she's getting a little logy, it seems to me; and if the wind should go down or haul ahead—" He paused in gloomy silence.

"It won't," said the captain.

He walked to the rail and took down the marking of the log-line, and then went below to lay out his position on the chart. For two days he had had no sun to take an observation, and could trust only to dead-reckoning. Carefully he laid out his course and marked the distance traveled, then tried to calculate how far the heave of the sea and the set of the current had modified his right position. At last he pricked out the spot with all the appearance of certainty, made a light ring about the dot, and was rolling up his chart as his daughter came to his side.

"Where are we now, father?" she asked.

He looked at her and smiled.

"Just about here or hereabout," he said.



She took the chart from his hand and unrolled it.

"Where are we?" she demanded.

His stubby finger pointed to the dot.

"It's a long way to go yet," she sighed. "I hoped we were nearer."

As she spoke, the stern of the brig seemed to sink to a great depth, swing wide, then settle again, and there came a crash of falling seas upon the deck, and a wave went hissing across the house, falling in sloppy cascades before the window facing forward, which had not been battened. An instant later the captain was on deck.

The canvas screen above the taffrail was flapping loose from one of the poles; Medbury, with dripping oilskins, was at the wheel with one of the helmsmen, but the other was under the lee rail with his head in his hands.

"That was a heavy one, sir," called Medbury as he bent to the spokes. He straightened up, panting, and nodded to the man who was down. "Don't think he's much hurt," he shouted.

Captain March walked over to the sailor, and, leaning over him, took him by the shoulder.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

The man rose slowly to his feet, shaking himself.

"I struck my head against the bits," he said slowly. "I guess it stunned me for a minute."

"Where?" asked the captain.

The man, with fingers that trembled, slowly unbuttoned his sou'wester, took it off, and fumbled about his head. The captain watched him.

"Well, you better look out next time," he called with mild severity, which stopped short of positive reproof. "I guess you were watching over your shoulder more 'n you were your course. Well, now you go forward and send Charlie aft."

He walked toward the wheel, but Medbury said:

"I'll hold on here a spell, sir."

"No," said the captain; "I'll take a hold. Just get that canvas lashed up again, will you?" Then he took the wheel, which he was not to leave again, except for one brief moment, until the end.

When Medbury had lashed the screen fast, Captain March nodded to him to come near.

"Better start your topsail-sheets a bit,"

he shouted. "They'll lift a little and ease her. Give 'em about two feet—no more 'n that."

As the afternoon wore on, the wind increased in force and the sea grew heavier. Now and then a sharp shower swept past, and ceased suddenly; but the clouds did not lift, and the rack flew overhead, low down, like steam from a huge exhaust-pipe. At seven bells a topgallantsail-sheet parted, and by the time the sail was housed and the yard lowered it was dusk.

As Medbury prepared to go aft again, he paused by the fore-rigging and looked up. The canvas was thundering like a drum corps; the lee rigging swung slack, but that to windward was as stiff as iron, and shrilled like a score of fifes or roared like organ-pipes.

"Oh, shut up!" he said aloud, and then grinned shamefacedly at his irritability.

As he came to the steps leading up to the poop-deck, he paused and looked about him. It seemed to him that the wind had suddenly ceased, and he could hear it far away, roaring back a defiance through the murky twilight. The next moment he heard the captain shouting to call all hands and shorten sail.

With the crew increased by the men from the lost Danish bark, they had all things made snug and fast in an incredibly short time, and under maintopmast-staysail with the bonnet out, lower topsail, and foretopmast-staysail, they were rolling down the long seas in leisurely fashion by the time night was fairly upon them.

Still panting with his heavy exertion, Medbury was standing by the taffrail, looking down at the foam that now seemed only to creep by them, and thinking gloomily of the water rising in the hold, when suddenly he became aware of an increase in the weight of the wind upon his face. He looked up, but, seeing nothing, glanced down again; in that brief moment the foam had disappeared, and he was gazing into blackness. He turned quickly, only to see that the same darkness had swallowed up the men at the wheel and every part of the vessel. The binnacle-light was burning, but the dim glow stopped short at the slide: beyond that it seemed to have no power to go. With an indescribable sensation of being absolutely cut off from every living thing, he stepped quickly toward the wheel, and, putting out his hand, touched his



captain. It gave him a curious feeling of intense relief. Then he heard Captain March speaking in a calm voice that quieted him instantly.

"Is that you, Mr. Medbury?" he said. "What 's wanted?"

"It 's getting black, sir," he said—"black as a nigger's pocket."

"I noticed it," said the captain.

"It came on all of a sudden," the mate went on. He wanted to hear his voice and the voice of the captain: in some curious way even the trivial words seemed to mitigate the awful darkness.

"Maybe you 'd better get out some lines for the men at the pumps, and make 'em fast across deck," continued the captain. "We can't afford to lose anybody overboard. And bring us some, too. When you 've done that, just go down to your room, as if you 'd gone to fetch something. Maybe it 'll help the womenfolks a little to see somebody from the deck before it begins," he went on in a matter-of-fact voice. "But don't stay. I may want you any minute."

In haste, and with hands that fumbled a little, Medbury rigged stout life-lines across the deck for the men at the pumps, and, leaving straps for the captain and his companion at the wheel, descended into the cabin. He struck a match in his room, and looked about him vaguely, smiling to himself at his purposeless errand at a time when moments were fraught with life or death. He was not, like his captain, a man of imagination: his mere passage through the cabin seemed only a bit of fanciful foolishness of which he was a trifle ashamed.

His match flickered and went out; for a moment he stood staring before him in the darkness, hearing the voices of those in the cabin as they talked together. He heard Drew's deep tones, and Hetty replying to them, and a sudden impotent rush of jealousy overwhelmed him as he thought that he must battle on deck in what might be their last fight, while this man, who had known her barely as many days as he had loved her years, would be with her in these last hours. Blindly, without looking to right or left, he walked through the cabin and ascended to the deck.

Though he had been below only a moment, an amazing change had taken place. As he seized the hasp of the door to open it, the pressure from the outside was so

great that for a moment he thought that some one was leaning against it. He knocked on it loudly, then pushed again, becoming immediately aware that the resisting force was wind. Then throwing all his weight forward, he squeezed through, with the door slamming to behind him.

It was only the beginning. The seas seemed to grow momentarily heavier, and it became impossible to stand erect upon the deck. When Medbury went forward to the pumps, as he did from time to time, he went with bent body, keeping his hand upon the rail. His face was stiffened with salt, which clung to his eyelashes and had to be wiped away constantly. It became in time no longer possible to distinguish sounds: the bellow of the wind, the roar of the sea, the thunder of the canvas, and the groaning of spars and timber, became merged in an indescribable tumult, the waves of which, like a great sea of sound, seemed to rise about them and beat them down into insignificance. In this strange melting away of all the known landmarks of his craft, Medbury stood at times helpless and irresolute, and doggedly awaited the end.

To those shut up in the cabin there came, as the night wore on, a sense of impending danger. Once, unable longer to bear the feeling of isolation from those who were fighting on deck for their lives, Hetty made her way with difficulty to the companionway, and, mounting to the doors, tried them. Then she turned.

"They have locked us in!" she cried, staring down at her companions. The lamp, swinging in its gimbals, cast only a faint light upon their upturned, startled faces. Her lips trembled. "It makes me afraid," she faltered.

Miss Stromberg burst into tears. Hetty hurried down to her, and, sitting close together on the lounge, the two clasped each other's hands, listening. The men sat with closed eyes for the most part. Mrs. March had long before gone to her room.

Once there came three unusually heavy seas, and as the brig rolled down it seemed to Hetty that they never would rise again, and, closing her eyes, she prayed silently. Then there came the long "smooth," and she opened her eyes and smiled upon her companion.

"That is better, is n't it?" she whispered.





Drawn by M. J. Burns. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"KEEP 'EM GOING! DON'T LET 'EM SLACK UP A BIT!"



"Ah do not lak eet," Miss Stromberg whispered back. "Ah ahm affred, also—me."

Hetty patted her hands.

"It will be better soon," she said.

"Do yo' t'ink Ah s'all be los' once mo'?" asked the girl. "Ah ahm tow lit' tow was'e all doze stohms on—me." She laughed hysterically.

"No, no!" cried Hetty. "You will be home to-morrow—in that garden."

"Oh, doze gahden! Eet sims a t'ousand woilds f'om heah."

"To-morrow," continued Hetty, "this will seem like a bad dream."

"Ah pray Ah may stihp mo' sound-lee," she murmured laughingly. "But yo'—yo' haf doze cou'age!" she added admiringly.

"I trust my father," replied Hetty. She was gaining courage by imparting it.

"And das young officer?"

"Yes," said Hetty.

"Yo' lak him mooch?"

"I 've known him all my life."

"Das iss ve'y nize." She turned suddenly to Drew. "Wass yo' t'ink off?" she asked.

He looked at her and smiled.

"I was thinking of your garden just then," he replied.

"Ah!" she murmured delightedly. "Yo' joost da sem lak us!"

"You were thinking of it, too?" he asked.

"Dees ve'y minute. Das iss ve'y nize—tow t'ink doze sem t'ings altooweddeh."

"Eet iss a ve'y nize gahden," said Lieutenant Stromberg, "but eet iss not so nize as yo' s'all t'ink. Nut'in' iss," he explained. "Eet s'all bec-ome dull—lak dees, lak efer'ting. Me—Ah s'all play doze cahds." He laughed, and, taking his cards from the glass rack, began another game of solitaire.

XIV

ONE by one the idlers in the cabin went to their rooms, and Drew, putting on a storm-coat, stepped out upon the deck from the forward companionway, blinded for a moment by the darkness.

Slowly the shadowy world took on blurred outlines, and, turning his gaze to windward, he saw gray flashes of foam leap high on the pointed crests of waves, and drop quickly into darkness. The gale tore at him and beat him down. He re-

membered that he had seen a sou'wester in his room, and went softly below to get it. As he opened the door that led from the passageway to the cabin, Hetty, with swinging arms, went staggering across the unsteady floor toward the pantry. With a little thrill of joy at finding her alone once more, Drew hastened to her side.

She was on her knees, peering about her; but, startled by the sudden obscurity that fell upon the room, she looked up quickly, to see him standing in the doorway.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "how you frightened me!" and turned to her search again. "I was looking for something for my mother," she explained when, a moment later, she rose to her feet. "I cannot find it." Still glancing vaguely about her, she moved toward the doorway and made as if to pass him; but he did not stir.

"Can I not help you?" he asked.

She shook her head, but did not look up.

He had sought her with no other purpose than to be by her side for a moment; for, though he had not seen her alone since he had asked her to be his wife, he knew that this was not the fitting hour for his answer; but neither could he let her go.

"I cannot bear to see you suffer," he exclaimed. "Do not think our case hopeless. It cannot be. We shall reach land yet."

"Oh, you cannot know," she said listlessly. She had no thought to be indifferent or cruel; standing, as she felt, face to face with eternity, her thoughts had passed him by. She had come to regions where he was a vague shadow, a part of a world no longer hers. She was only the sailor's daughter now; all her faith and dreams lay with those who were battling on the deck for the lives of all.

Silently he stepped aside, and she went quickly to her room, closing the door behind her and not looking back.

He could not summon to his mind a single thread of proof; yet, as he turned away, he knew that unconsciously she had given him her answer. The closing door between them, he told himself, was the symbol.

He was paler when he went up the companionway again, and his lips were firmly closed; but there was no harshness in their lines, and he carried his head high: clearly he would bear whatever life brought to him.



A moment later, as he stepped into the blinding darkness of the deck, a wave broke near, and a sheet of water, clipped from the toppling crest by the wind, swept across the house and struck him like a lash. Staggered for an instant, with his hand slipping from the sliding-hood, he dropped behind the house.

He was still kneeling on the deck, brushing the water from his eyes, when he felt rather than heard or saw some one go by. He would be sent below, he knew, if seen by the captain or the mate; and he smiled as he thought of his position, feeling like a school-boy in mischief and in danger of detection. Slowly he turned, and, without rising, watched the passing figure.

It was six bells, and Medbury had come forward to change the crew at the pumps. As he stepped past the house and made his way to the life-lines, he lifted his eyes and stopped short. The pumps were deserted. Then he rushed forward and peered down upon the main-deck; only the sloppy space showed itself, unrelieved by a human figure. One of the down-hauls of the whiz-jig, whipping in the gale, snapped across his face, and was flung irritably aside.

In the first rush of his dismay the thought came to him that all were lost; but the possibility of four men being swept away without warning was too much to believe, and across his mind there flashed the certainty that the crew had refused longer to work the pumps. That they had been losing heart had been borne in upon him increasingly, and now that he stood face to face with the desperate situation, he felt his face grow hot with the fury that seized him and bore him out of himself. Some instinct told him that they had taken refuge down the booby-hatchway, and he sprang to the sliding-hood, thrust it back, and peered in. It was black and still, but the intangible something that betrays the presence of human creatures seemed to pervade the place, and he knew that his quarry was there. His voice choked with fury as he yelled:

"You damn' curs—you—you—want to ruin us all? Out of this—quick, or I shoot you down like rats in a hole!"

No sound came out of the black interior, and with a snarl of rage he tore open the door, splintering the peg in the hasp, thrust one foot over the sill to descend, and

struck the back of a man. The next instant he had the man by the collar, lifted him struggling to the deck, and with a mighty swing sent him forward into the life-lines, where he hung for a second, and then fell lightly, like a sprawling cat, to the main-deck. With a snarl, Medbury swung himself into the opening, and dropped between decks. Three men had been sitting on the steps below the man he had thrown out, and he swept them off like leaves from a wand, and he heard their smothered groans as he crushed them together in a heap on the floor. He was in his own province now, for the store-room was his care, and he could have found a sail-needle there in the dark; and as he freed himself from the sprawling bodies under him, he swung about him, reaching out, with itching hands, for his cowed and dispirited crew.

He felt an arm encircle his legs, and kicked back viciously, feeling rather than hearing his heel crunch against a face. The arm about his legs dropped limp, and he felt another pawing along his shoulders and reaching for his throat. With a quick thrust he found a bristly face, and, striking straight with his free arm, sent the man tumbling to the floor. He heard the sound of feet stumbling up the stairs, and thought the fight was won, and so moved back, only to find shoulders and legs clasped by other men. He clasped back, and the next moment was staggering about the place in a hand-to-hand struggle. He kicked himself free again, and with a quick thrust forward threw himself to the floor, an opponent under him. He heard the sailor's head strike hard, felt his hold relax, and rose, panting, to his knees as a lantern swung in at the door, and Captain March's voice, cool and incisive, called, "Stop right there!" Looking up, Medbury saw the light of the lantern shining along the barrel of a pistol, and the captain's impassive face above it.

They put every man at the pumps, lashing them to the life-lines, and, with a belaying-pin in his hand, Medbury stood guard over them and rushed them at their work. Now and then a fitful flash of lightning showed the men and the deck against a background of vitreous green glare.

Captain March watched them a moment, and then, placing his hand on his mate's shoulder, yelled at his ear. Even



then the words seemed far away and indistinct.

"Keep 'em going! Don't let 'em slack up a bit!" he roared. "Never had such a lot aboard a vessel of mine before. It makes me sick."

"Yes, sir," shouted Medbury, grimly.

"Don't understand it," went on the captain in an aggrieved, plaintive voice; "nobody could." He paused irresolutely, and then asked: "Hurt you anywhere?"

"Oh, no," answered the mate. "Guess I rather enjoyed it for a change. Was pretty mad."

The captain nodded, and was turning away when Medbury put out a detaining hand.

"How 'd you know?" he shouted.

"What?"

"How did you know about it—the row?" Medbury asked again.

"The dominie saw something was wrong, and told me. Got your lantern, too. Good man—seemed to know what to do. Rather surprised me—don't think they've got that sort of horse-sense, as a rule. But no business on deck to-night. Told him so." Then he staggered aft, and took the wheel from the second mate again.

Drew had gone below when the crew went back to the pumps; but he was strangely excited. He knew that he could not sleep, and in a state of mental helplessness he sat for a long time upon the edge of his bunk. Something of the significance of the scene on deck broke in upon him, and he realized that the crew had given up hope. It was not revolt, but a dumb, sheeplike acquiescence in fate. In his heart he was not without a certain sympathy for the men, feeling in the overpowering mastery of the storm something of the vanity of all human endeavor. Yet the mere effort of holding himself in check, aloof from all the tumult of the deck, grew momentarily more and more unbearable, and, rising at last, he went up to the companionway door again.

He saw at once, novice as he was, that in his brief absence the situation had grown worse. There was a constant sweep of sheeted spray across the deck, and he crouched behind the house, as he had done before, both for protection and to avoid being seen by the mate. He resented the thought of being ordered below. He could see the steady rise and fall of the bodies

of the men working the pumps, and Medbury standing near them. It had grown lighter, he perceived, though it was still black night.

He was beginning to grow drowsy, and for a moment shifted his position, when suddenly the brig seemed to pause and tremble, then spring to a great height, and the next moment he had the sensation of falling in a dream, and heard Medbury's voice, faint, muffled, like a voice coming from a great distance underground, screaming, "Hold hard! Hold hard!" Then the pumps stopped.

In a second of time, in the light of the foam that whitened the sea to leeward, he saw the deck clearly: the men crouching low above the life-lines; Medbury's face turned away, his hands grasping a line about his waist, his body braced; and behind him, rising from his knees, a man with uplifted arm about to strike. The next moment Drew threw himself forward upon the man, and at the same instant was crushed against the booby-hatch by a great weight of water. He was held there till his ears roared and flashes of light snapped before his eyes and his breath was almost gone; then he felt himself lifted and whirled along for what seemed a great distance, with the body of the man he had seized struggling in his grasp. He had at that moment the feeling that his end had come, that he was being borne far from the garden with the fountain, and from that other garden where he saw his mother kneeling with a flower in her hand and her eyes turned up to him smilingly. With these scenes standing out vividly in a dream where all things else were strange unrealities, he was suddenly awakened to life by the crash of his body against something cruelly hard, felt a sharp sting under his arm, pressed it down tight, and fell to the deck alone.

Groping in the darkness, almost breathless, half blinded by water, he got to his feet and looked about him. He was standing by the lee rail, but the man with whom he had struggled was gone, blotted out. He remembered the sting in his side, and, lifting his hand to the place, struck the haft of a knife that still clung to his coat. Dazed and bewildered, he drew it out, and, holding it gingerly, staggered back to Medbury.

The mate looked at him in astonishment.



"You here?" he called. "You'd better go below."

"I'm going," Drew answered. "I've had enough." With that he held out the knife.

"Where'd you get that?" demanded the mate, taking it.

Clinging to the life-lines, Drew told his story briefly, and as clearly as was possible in that shrieking gale, while Medbury turned the knife over and over in his hand.

"It's that damn' steward's," he said. "He's the one I threw out. I forgot him." His voice trailed off in the tumult of the storm, and Drew leaned forward to catch the words; then somehow he understood that the mate was asking about the steward.

"Gone," Drew shouted—"over the rail. I could n't hold him."

"Damn' good thing," replied Medbury, and gently pushed him toward the companionway.

XX

IT must have been four bells when the second mate found his way to Medbury's side and told him that the captain wanted him.

"I'm to stay here," he added.

"Don't give them any let-up," Medbury shouted in his ear; "and lash yourself fast. But don't give them any let-up."

He struggled aft, and put his hand on the captain's shoulder. In the light of the binnacle-lamp he could see that the old man's face was set and grim.

"Want me, sir?" he called, and bent his head to hear.

"Yes," he heard. The captain whirled the wheel, and then continued: "Yes; go aloft; see if you can sight the light on Culebra." He paused to shift the wheel, straightened up again, and went on: "These seas run—a little like shoaling water. I'd hate to run too far to the westward and fetch up on the shoals beyond Culebra. Bad enough as 't is. Take a good look, and hurry back."

"All right, sir!" Medbury shouted, then made his way to the main-rigging, and went slowly and carefully up. The wind flattened him against the ratlines, so that it was with difficulty that he lifted arms and knees; and when the brig swung to port, he seemed to be clinging to the lower side of the rigging, so far did she roll down. "Fetlock-shrouds all the way up," he mut-

tered to himself. When he was well above the obstructing lower topsail, he looked ahead.

Round about him, near the vessel, the surface of the sea gleamed spectrally, but farther away it was black. The mist had lifted, and he had the impression, even in the darkness, of a wide horizon-line; but no light was to be seen. He went upward again, till the cross-trees were just above him, and looked once more.

He gazed long, sweeping the whole line of the sea ahead slowly, pausing at each point, that he might not lose the flash. The strain brought the tears to his eyes, and he wiped them with his sleeve and looked again. Something in his dizzy altitude, in the task set him and its failure, impressed him more than anything had yet done, and he began to lose heart.

"Father went this way," he muttered, "and I guess it's good enough for me. He was a better man than I am. Poor Hetty!" He looked for the light again, giving all his thought to it. Then he sighed. "I wish to God," he went on, "that we'd let her be! She would n't have been here if we had n't teased her about China. I wish she was there. This is no way for her to go—a girl like her." Slowly he descended to the deck.

At the wheel, Captain March was growing unutterably weary, and something like the same thoughts were passing through his mind.

"Lord," he said, "I have n't ever been much of a praying man, and I ain't going to begin now, when I can't shift for myself. I'd be ashamed. You know I've tried to do right. I ain't afraid of death, but I hate to lose the old boat. I've always had good luck, and I guess I've kind o' got in the way of thinking it was going to last. I'd like to have it. I rather expected to die at home, and be buried alongside of mother. She thought of that a good deal." Of his wife and daughter he would not trust himself to think.

He looked up as Medbury approached him, but turned his eyes away immediately. He saw that Culebra light had not been sighted.

Medbury simply shook his head and stepped back, but the captain called him nearer.

"I guess it's too early," he said. "Go up again soon, and if we have n't made it



then, we 'll try to get a sounding. See if that steward left any cold tea below, will you?"

As Medbury went down the companion-way and into the pantry, a figure came softly out of the girls' room and tiptoed across the cabin. It was Hetty. As she neared the pantry, the swinging floor tripped her and sent her flying into the room behind Medbury's back. She giggled hysterically as he turned with a start.

"Good Lord, Hetty!" he exclaimed, "have n't you gone to sleep yet?"

"I could n't sleep," she said plaintively. "I waited for you; I thought you'd never come." She hesitated, laid her hand on his arm, and continued slowly: "Now I want you to tell me the truth—the truth. I'm not a child. I can bear it. I know we are in great danger—is n't it so?"

He hesitated and looked away, and she dropped her hand to her side.

"You need n't tell me; I know," she told him.

"We've got a chance," he now explained. "It looks bad, I know, but we've got a chance. I guess we've got an even chance."

"We did n't think it would be like this when we left the harbor at home, did we?" she continued. "It was like a spring day, and the buds were getting red. I said the leaves would be full grown when we got back—I said so to mother." She choked back a sob.

"Don't, dear!" he pleaded. "Don't! You shall see them yet. You shall live to grow old among your trees, Hetty."

"But if I don't," she persisted, "and—anything happens, will you try to get to me? I don't want to go alone, shut up down here."

"Yes," he answered solemnly; "I'll get to you. But we're going to pull through—really."

"You will not forget?" she insisted.

He laughed softly.

"Do I ever forget you?" he asked.

"No," she said; "no—and I am glad."

Then suddenly she flung her arms about his neck, pressed her cheek against his, and vanished.

When Medbury reached the deck he took the wheel while the captain drank a great draught of the clear, cold tea. Taking the wheel again, he said something that Medbury could not understand.

"What's that, sir?" he asked, and leaned forward to catch the words.

"I said you were gone long enough. Thought the tea-pot had got adrift."

"Yes, sir," Medbury replied. "Did n't find it right away. That steward never did leave things where you could put your hand right on them. He—" Medbury paused. He was about to say that it was the last of the steward's tea that the captain would ever drink, but changed his mind. "I won't trouble the old man to-night," he said to himself. "Morning will be time enough—if there is a morning."

The canvas screen above the taffrail had whipped itself free, and the great seas, in long ridges that seemed never to break, followed the vessel with vindictive hate. The gale beat the men down, the spray blinded them; now and then a rush of wind, coming with great fury, with a wailing cry that sprang upon them like Indians from ambush, pressed them onward along the rolling seas without motion other than the forward one. Then the wind, relaxing its hold, left the brig wallowing exhausted in the deep hollows, like a collapsing thing.

It was after one of these outbursts that Medbury touched the captain's arm.

"Going up again," he yelled, and pointed aloft.

The captain nodded, and Medbury slanted away.

He went up deliberately, turning his eyes neither to right nor to left until he saw the crosstrees just overhead. Stopping, he thrust a leg between the ratlines to steady himself, and gazed ahead once more. It had grown lighter, and he could now plainly distinguish the blurred line where sky and water met. Suddenly, far ahead, he saw a little point of light grow out of the blackness of the night, flash for a moment, and then disappear. His heart leaped in exultation, but he waited, to be sure. Again it flashed and disappeared. Marking its position well, he hurried to the deck and aft.

"It's ahead, sir," he shouted. "Bears a point off the starboard bow."

Captain March made no reply; his face was as immobile as a figurehead. Whatever exultation he might have felt in the triumph of his reckoning, he was never to show it.

By eight bells the light was abreast, and they had hauled up on their course past



Sail Rock. The gale was sweeping down through the passage, with a threatening sea, and every bit of rigging roaring and piping to the tune of the road. Suddenly, out of the blackness on their port bow a dark shape loomed, and the rock stood up almost beside them. Without changing the course a hair, they drew near, passed under its lee, with the gale dropping for an instant, and the staysails flapping, and overhead, from the rock, the sound of startled sea-birds crying in the night. Then the gale rushed down again, and sea and rigging roared once more.

Medbury gave a sigh of wonder.

"Never heard anything like that before," he exclaimed.

"You can always hear them at night, if you go close enough," said the captain.

"Well, it 's stirring," replied Medbury. He walked to the rail and scanned the sea with the glass. "Pity there is n't something more 'n a 'bug light' on St. Thomas," he said to the captain as he walked over to his side. "We might skip right in before daybreak."

Captain March glanced over the rail.

"By daybreak we'll not need St. Thomas light," he said dryly, and bent to the wheel again.

"The old pirate!" muttered Medbury. "He 's chartered for Santa Cruz, and that 's where he 's going! There 's five feet of water in the hold, and a tearing gale loose, and a worn-out, hopeless crew; but he 's going to Santa Cruz! If the wind should flop around or fall, we 'd go to the bottom; but it won't. It would n't have the cheek—not with him. Well!"

The wind hauled over the quarter, and fell slightly; gradually the sea grew pale, and spars and sails took on more definite shape; and then all at once it was day, and they saw the sea whipped with foam, and dark masses of purplish-black clouds hanging low, with dashes of gold firing their edges in the east. St. Thomas had dropped behind them, and far ahead the cone of Santa Cruz, gray and misty under the darker clouds, was rising on the edge of the sea.

Day came on apace; the wind dropped a trifle more, but not until the harbor of Christiansted took shape, with the anchored ships lying thick in the roadstead, and the bright-hued little town clinging to the hillside above the water's edge, did the cap-

tain allow the girls on deck. As they ascended at last, white but happy, and looked out of the companionway, glancing eagerly about them, the gray, worn vessel, the dark, low-hanging clouds, the wind-swept sea, appalled them, and for a moment they could not speak.

"Eet iss not lak home," murmured the Danish girl; "eet iss mos' sad and mos' desolate."

"But it 's land," cried Hetty—"land after that awful sea!"

For a moment they were silent and abstracted, gazing with curious eyes at the land rising under the bow. Suddenly Miss Stromberg seized her companion's arm.

"Ah!" she cried, "doze flag—yonner!" She pointed where the red, white-crossed ensign of Denmark flapped straight out in the gale above the little white fort at the water's edge. "And op by doze tall tree," she went on eagerly, "iss ma gahden—wiz yellow wall, and doze red tiles beyon'. Now eet iss shuah-lee home."

"It will be beautiful when the sun shines—Christiansted," said Hetty.

Medbury, going forward, stopped a moment by the main-rigging, where Drew stood alone. The pumps were quiet as they made harbor, and the crew were forward. Drew was watching them with curious eyes. He glanced up as Medbury drew near, and spoke.

"What will be done with them?" he asked in a low voice.

"With what?" asked Medbury.

"With the crew. Was n't it technically and actually mutiny?"

Medbury laughed.

"It was a beautiful fight," he said; then remembering their talk early on the voyage, he added: "Call it a case of brutality, if you like; but it seemed necessary."

"But the men's part," persisted Drew—"will they not be punished?"

"Man alive!" said Medbury, "they had been standing many hours at those pumps and working as they 'd never worked before—with no hope. That 's punishment enough, is n't it? They 're tired now and very humble, and, I guess, if the truth could be told, pretty thankful to me. It was n't mutiny; it was a funk. They simply gave up, that 's all. But if the old man had done it, you would n't be looking into Christiansted roadstead this morning. There 's a man for you!" His voice



changed as he added: "And if it had n't been for you, God knows where I'd be now. Over the rail somewhere, with the steward's pretty little trinket in my back. I have n't said much; but I guess you know I'm not going to forget it."

"Do the ladies know?" asked Drew. He had not mentioned his own scratch.

"They know he was swept overboard," the mate replied. "They need n't know any more at present." Then he went forward.

Rolling heavily, low above the sea, white with salt, but with the speed of the gale in her rain-blackened sails, the brig flashed past the shipping, crowded with wondering sailors, and drove straight for the rocky beach where the cocoanut-palms came down to the shore, and on hot mornings the negro washerwomen lay their wet clothes upon the smooth rocks, and the roadstead resounds with the echoing beat of their wooden paddles. Then all at once Captain March's voice rang out, and with sails shaking in the wind the *Henrietta C. March* shot toward a ribbon of sand on the shore, struck, rolled slowly, and with a long, grating sigh came safely to land.

An hour later, as Medbury walked aft, he mounted the steps to the poop-deck before he saw the flutter of Hetty's dress by the main-rigging. She was looking steadily out to sea.

He stopped by her side.

"Here on this side, when you can see the town on the other!" he exclaimed. "Have n't you had enough of the sea?"

She looked up and smiled.

"I was looking beyond the sea—as far as home," she said.

"Are you homesick?"

"No; only thinking of it."

"It's a good thing to think of," he said.

"East, west,  
Home's best."

After last night, that sounds true."

"It's always true—home and the old things," she said softly—"the things we've always known."

He looked down into her face.

"Hetty," he said, "last night—you rushed away so quickly—is it all right?"

She turned her eyes seaward again as she answered in a low voice:

"I think so—yes."

"Oh, Hetty!" he whispered.

She dropped her hand to her side, and

he caught it for an instant. Overhead there were widening patches of blue sky; the sea was taking on a softer hue. Behind them the tropic world glowed in beauty. On the beach little groups of negro women, in white bandanas and bright-colored, wind-blown skirts, stood and watched the sailors aboard the brig, their shrill laughter and cries coming up softened by the gale, now falling. The pumps were going again.

"It is the only familiar sound—those pumps," said Hetty.

Medbury scarcely heard her.

"I don't understand it yet," he said at last, turning to her. "Just when I thought it was all over, suddenly it comes out right. I don't understand."

"You never will, you poor boy," she replied, smiling up into his face. Then suddenly her face grew grave, and she began to speak again: "It was only when I thought it was all over that I began to think. Then the storm came, and I saw how much it meant to me that you were near me, and I was almost sure that I had made a mistake. I think I was n't quite sure until you made that dreadful picture yesterday of what it would be for us to be merely friends. Then I knew."

"You said I was cruel," he told her.

"You were," she said.

"But if it brought us together, how—"

"That does n't make it any different."

"Well," he replied, in his bewilderment, "I am sure I shall never understand, as you say; but I do not care. It is enough to know that it's right at last. And you are sure that you will not mind giving up China, Hetty, and the missionary work?"

"Yes," she said firmly; "I was almost ready to give that up three days ago—before I thought I cared for you, you know. I have thought many things in these three days. Sometimes I feel a thousand years old, as Miss Stromberg says."

The door of the cabin below them opened, and they heard the sound of Drew's voice and Miss Stromberg's laugh. She was waiting until she could go ashore.

"I was beginning to think that *he* was going to stand in my way, Hetty," said Medbury, nodding toward the cabin.

Hetty laughed.

"The idea!" she cried in a gay little voice. "I like him, of course; he's nice; but—" She looked up and smiled. And with the smile he was satisfied.



## TOPICS OF THE TIME

JOHN HAY

THE writer of this has just been re-reading the exquisite tribute paid by John Hay to his dead friend, Clarence King, in the remarkable volume "Memoirs of King," and the tribute paid by King in *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE*, in 1886, to his living friend, John Hay, joint-author with John G. Nicolay of the forthcoming "Life of Lincoln."<sup>1</sup> We remember well the keen interest of Hay in the image of himself that would be projected from the mind of one of the most fascinating writers and personalities of the time. The sketch of Hay by King is fine, but naturally not so full and intimate an expression as is Hay's; for one wrote of the living, the other of the lost.

Each of these writers was one of the most brilliant and fascinating in the long list of the other's acquaintances. That is much to say, for the company of friends that each possessed was phenomenally large and interesting, extending as it did to many countries. With those who knew John Hay personally as with those who knew Clarence King, it was not so much the accomplishment in literature or statecraft, in the one case, or in letters and science in the other, that they thought of first when remembering their friend,—it was of the humor, the wit, the attractive personality.

The background of the late secretary's extraordinary career and accomplishment added, of course, to one's interest in the man.

One could not forget that the shadow of three presidential assassinations had fallen across his path. One could not forget that as a boy he had been chosen, wisely, by Lincoln for one of his secretaries,—and that, in the words of Clarence King, "at twenty-one years of age, after a quiet boyhood and a few calm years of university and professional study, Hay was

flung suddenly into the dark vortex of the greatest modern struggle. The friend, the intimate of the President, living with him in the White House, sustaining, day after day, relations of the closest confidence, he saw the whole complex progress of events, and from the very force of position gained an accurate knowledge of the truth of that swiftly made history, free from the mixture of falsehood and distortion, which the public has too often and too credulously accepted. He knew from the lips of his chief the motives, estimates, and intentions of the man, and bore a share of that Atlas-load of desperate perplexity and incalculable care which rested with crushing weight on the shoulders of Lincoln."

One could not forget (again in the words of King) that "not only in Washington, by the side of the President, did he do service, but for a time was called to active military duty in the field, where, as assistant adjutant-general on the staffs of Generals Hunter and Gilmore, he rendered that 'faithful and meritorious service' for which the brevets of lieutenant-colonel and colonel were bestowed. Early in 1864 he was recalled to the White House as aide-de-camp to the President, and remained on duty to the end. He watched by the martyr's death-bed, heard the last respiration, and saw the lamp of life dim and die."

It could not be forgotten that in four European capitals, in minor and major capacities, he had represented his country; that, owing to the added power and prestige of the American people, and his own prestige and trained ability, he had attained the position of the most influential diplomat in the world. Nor could it be forgotten that to successful journalism he had added important permanent literary accomplishment; that he was, as said King, "the author of 'Castilian Days' and 'Pike County Ballads'—the one a group of masterly pictures of a land and people

<sup>1</sup> "The Biographers of Lincoln," *THE CENTURY* for October, 1886.



with glory and greatness behind them; a land in the afternoon of life with the fading light of a declining history pouring back over heroes and armies, over castle wall and cathedral spire, glinting a single ray on the helmet of Don Quixote, touching the crumbling towers of the Visigoths, and falling mellow and full upon the inspired canvases of Velasquez and Murillo; the other singing of the deeds of those rough, coarse demigods of Pike, a race as crude as if fashioned out of Mississippi River mud with a bowie-knife, as archaic as Homer's Greeks, as shaggy and dangerous as their early ancestors of the Rhine on whom Cæsar put his iron heel."

Nor could it be forgotten that he was one of the authors of one of the most important biographies ever written, that of his greatest chief; nor that he had written true poetry, and that his occasional addresses, especially the brief ones made while he was our ambassador in London, had an art of prose approaching that of verse in its rhythm, compactness, and purity.

One knew, we say, all this; and that the chancelleries of Europe listened for the slightest word from this quiet, direct, unassuming American, who had faith in a "gentleman's understanding"; and that in the far East great events were guided by his judgment. But the privileged gave themselves up to the delight of correspondence or companionship with a bright, richly furnished mind, glancing over the current field of men and events without moody rancor, but with a penetrating sarcasm altogether unique. For as with Lincoln, so with Hay, the rough edges of untoward events and impertinent individualisms were smoothed by a sense of humor and a parrying and ameliorating wit. The gifts were different but analogous. Likewise, while it may be said that Nicolay had something of Lincoln's gravity of mind and explicitness of statement, Hay had something of Lincoln's sentiment, brevity and balance of style, and imaginative grasp; while both shared the mighty President's love of country and devotion to its service.

#### THE PSYCHOLOGY OF IT

THERE seems often to be such a lack of reasonable human motive in the actions of men commanding large for-

tunes, and manipulating financial enterprises and movements, that the curiosity of the ordinary mortal is aroused.

This ordinary mortal is, perhaps, engaged in the common struggle of mankind to earn his own and his family's three meals a day, with something to the good for the condiments of life, including his fun, fads, and altruisms, as well as a bit over for sickness and old age. He looks with astonishment and perplexity upon the group of old men, who, on the crumbling brink of the grave, are still straining their brains, frames, and consciences in the frantic accumulation of unnecessary millions.

One of these persistent accumulators, who was also a congenital miser, was asked once by a friend of ours why he kept on thus unreasonably piling unneeded millions upon millions. "You can't eat them or drink them, you have no reason to pile up more for your heirs—why do you work so hard in your old age gathering them together?" said our friend. The old miser retorted, "Did you play marbles when you were a boy?" "Yes." "Did you keep on winning them?" "Yes." "Could you drink them, or eat them?" "No." "Why did you do it?" "For the fun of the game." "That's why I do it!" triumphantly cried the old fellow, "that's why I do it!"

"The fun of the game" accounts for a good deal. But there is another phase of the matter which continues to puzzle. How is it that supposedly "honorable men,"—often men not without a certain chivalry, even, and who are far from being classed by their acquaintances as among the depredators or degenerates,—do things in their function and capacity of financiers which shock the consciences of the average decent citizen. Is it that the command of great amounts of money, whether inherited or acquired, has somewhat the same psychological effect upon the individual as the being born into or being taken into a legalized aristocracy? Does it set the individual apart as belonging, as by right, to a caste, an order, a privileged class, to such an extent that it gets to be thought a venial offense to stretch the laws of ethics a bit in the maintenance of one's position in this caste, or to increase one's holdings and importance therein? Has not the reader—whom we suppose to belong to the natural order of human



beings—noticed something in the mind of the very successful business man that sets him apart? The old saying that the gods help those who help themselves has, often, a new and dangerous meaning in the mind of such a man. Enormous and brilliant as are his energies, often his success is so prodigal as to astonish even himself, and there soon settles upon his consciousness a sense of the beneficence, to himward, of the unseen, mysterious powers. The gods have helped him, indeed. His God has helped him. He is this exceptionally successful person, he belongs to this peculiar caste of the very or the preposterously rich, by "divine right." In the division of

profits why should those be too anxiously and ethically considered by him who, as yet, have shown no signs of belonging in the divine aristocracy of worldly success and earthly wealth! He understands, of course, that those who are indispensable to this success of his must be taken into account. But the ordinary mortal—well, the ordinary mortal must take care of himself, even though the favorite of the divine powers stands in the relation to the ordinary mortal of a sworn and confidentially trusted trustee.

Well, there are signs that the ordinary mortal is beginning to take care of himself. It would seem to be high time.



#### The Coming Together of the Churches

THE Inter-Church Conference on Federation, which will meet in New York, November 15–21, has the *Zeit-Geist* for a backer. Let me hasten to say, that nothing like a church trust is in contemplation. There will be no attempt to recapitalize and unload watered ecclesiastical stock upon the public. The Federation of Churches will not be liable to prosecution by President Roosevelt on the ground that it is a combination in restraint of trade, even though it should result in such local consolidation as to have some "plants" idle for the benefit of the whole. If he does, he will have to bring action against himself as *particeps criminis ante factum*, for he has repeatedly expressed his approval of it, and it was hoped that he would be able to preside at the opening of the November Conference.

This great gathering of delegates, appointed by the national assemblies of more than twenty denominations, will mark the end of one stage in the progress toward church unity and the beginning of another. It is the combination of the vague and diverse impulses and aspirations of many years; it is the beginning—or so we all hope—of a new period of the definite and practical realization of a closer harmony between different denominations.

Division is not a bad thing in itself. All living things grow by division. Churches, live churches, follow the same law. But the simple fission of the cell into two equal, similar, and

independent cells is confined to the lowest branch of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. It is in church history as it is in natural history. When we find on opposite sides of the road two little white churches exactly alike, except that the steeple is on the north end of one and on the south end of the other, we know it belongs to the protozoan period of ecclesiastical development. We have outgrown the stage of the multiplication of churches by the primitive processes of splitting, secession, and recession. Even in Scotland where the process was formerly most active, until a church was reduced to "me and Sandy," with doubts as to the latter's orthodoxy, the tide has turned and the churches are reuniting.

Another reason why the time is favorable is the growth of religious toleration and decline of sectarian animosity. People are more ready to act practically upon the commonly accepted dogma that it takes all sorts of people to make the world, and, what is more important, they can see the usefulness of methods which they personally do not like. It is not necessary to discuss this point because it is so generally understood. Creed distinctions, often of a very minor and technical character, have kept churches apart in the past, but now that less interest is taken in doctrinal points this barrier becomes less important.

In so far as this is due to indifferentism, to the neglect of the philosophical foundations of religion, it is doubtless to be deplored, but



in part at least it is due to the recognition of the fact that the differences in belief on the points which separated the churches are in many cases less than the differences between the actual beliefs of individual members of our most unified and harmonious churches. Another influence tending toward the disregard of technicalities of doctrine is that laymen are taking a more active part than formerly as leaders in Christian work. They consider a proposed change from the standpoint of practical expediency without much regard to ecclesiastical history or theology, and are not apt to be controlled by a regard for denominational consistency, or by feelings of sectarian pride. In the present movement for church unity laymen are taking a prominent part.

Again, the practicability of federation has been demonstrated; it has been proved in many fields that it is possible to have unity without sacrifice of diversity, and that coöperation does not destroy competition. Our federal system of national government was originally copied from ecclesiastical organizations, but now the churches in their turn learn federation from the States. Our manufacturing trusts have shown us that local factories can retain a life of their own and even compete with one another in efficiency although under the same general management. The organization of charities has resulted in vastly increasing the efficiency of philanthropic work.

The literature circulated by the Federation of Churches has been criticized as being vague in its statements of aims and method. This is because the leaders hope to avoid one of the causes of the shipwreck of similar enterprises, which have started in the opposite way; namely, with a cut-and-dried plan, carefully worked out in all its details, which the churches were then called upon to adopt. In the November Conference representatives of the churches will be brought together to work out their own salvation.

The leaders of the movement have no ambition to be dictators, and while they are full of ideas of what ought to be done, as one soon finds out on talking with them, they are very wary about setting any limit to the movement or prescribing any positive direction to it. They are very anxious that something should be done, but they are willing to let others say what. For that reason the Conference will be watched with special interest by the Christian world. It is not to be supposed that so many distinguished men will come together with a definite purpose and intention for a conference lasting five days without something being accomplished. Such men as President Roosevelt, Justice Brewer, Bishop Greer, Bishop Doane, Dr. W. H. Roberts, Dr. F. Mason North, Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, Justice Harlan, Bishop Warren, President Tucker, President King, Dr.

J. M. Buckley, President Patton, Dr. C. E. Jeffersdn, Dr. Henry van Dyke, Dr. W. H. Ward, and E. B. Sanford are not going to waste their time in fruitless and effortless talk. In Carnegie Hall will be assembled for the first time the representatives of seventeen million American Protestant communicants to determine in how far and in what way they can make evident and effective the unity of purpose and thought that already exists. In the words of the "Call": "We believe that the great Christian bodies in our country should stand together and lead in the discussion of, and give an impulse to, all great movements that 'make for righteousness.' We believe that questions like that of the saloon, marriage and divorce, Sabbath desecration, the social evil, child-labor, relation of labor to capital, the bettering of the conditions of the laboring classes, the moral and religious training of the young, the problem created by foreign immigration, and international arbitration—indeed all great questions in which the voice of the churches should be heard—concern Christians of every name and demand their united and concerted action if the Church is to lead effectively in the conquest of the world for Christ."

The particular organization which will result from this great convention is likely to be more of a confederation than a federation, since it is not proposed that the coöperating churches will abrogate, or in any way limit, their independence of action. The Permanent Council of the Federation will have no power except such as may be expressly delegated to it by the different denominations, and all its acts will have to be referred back to them for confirmation. But, however slight the official power of such an interchurch council, its influence and significance will be very great. The telephone "Central" and the banking clearing-house are useful in spite of their lack of authority.

*Edwin E. Slosson.*

#### **Note on the Coptic Church**

To the discouraging view of the Coptic Church taken by Mrs. Agnes Smith Lewis in an article entitled "Hidden Egypt," in *THE CENTURY* for September, 1904, a Coptic correspondent makes a strong protest. He denies that the church is falling away by the conversion of its members to Presbyterianism, and states that the old reproach of the ignorance of its priests is passing. Many of them, he adds, preach; there is a theological school for them in Cairo; and at least four of their bishops are very well-educated men, who are doing a great work in the church.

Our correspondent denies that the severity of the fasts is driving men from the church, add-



ing that not on the one hundred and seventy fast-days, but on Good Friday alone, do Copts abstain from all food until three o'clock, and even this rule is not binding upon children.

Copts are brought up to trades, and few become domestic servants, so that Mrs. Smith's statement that a Coptic dragoman will rarely select a Coptic waiter on a journey is, in our correspondent's mind, no proof of the incompetence of the people, but rather of its industry. "Neither," he says, "is it true that no free choice is permitted in marriage, nor that the Copt cannot look upon the face of his bride until after the ceremony. As a matter of fact, the church expressly teaches that the young should know each other thoroughly before marriage. To this people a husband or a wife is a gift from God, and every care is used that the choice be made with judgment by the contracting parties themselves."

### The German Emperor

To the Editor of THE CENTURY

DEAR SIR: Please permit me to state concerning the note on Emperor William in the July CENTURY—regarding the popularity of the German Emperor in his own country—that this "Anglo-Saxon's" statement is entirely unfounded.

As a German woman who has lived in America and breathed the free air of that glorious country for eighteen years, I am not at all narrow in my ideas. I can assure you that the Emperor has the love and sympathy of all sorts and conditions of men in Germany, north and south, which says a great deal, in spite of his impulsive ways. He is an emperor indeed, in mind and heart, a great and a good man living up to high ideals.

Mrs. Franz Röttig.

## IN LIGHTER VEIN

### The Automobilia of Punbad the Railer

TARRY when chased; ye may repent at seizure.

If possession be nine points of the law, self-possession is the tenth.

SUCH is the passing auto: a honk—a grrrr—a whizz—a whiff—a whir-r-r!

A BROKEN mirror is a sign of approaching misfortune,—especially if it fall in thy path.

As a man, bless thou the name of Adam; but as an autoist, the name of Macadam.

Richard Butler Glaenger.

### Bobby O'Neil's Sweetheart

BOBBY O'NEIL and the sweet winnin' way of him!

Never a hard word could I find to say of him!

Saucy blue eyes, wid the devil's own light in 'em—

Sweet, with a twinkle and hunger for fight in 'em;

Roguish young mouth and an arm that is strong,

Wid a laugh on his lips and a light-lilted song,—

Sure, when he smiles and I 'm fast in his arms,

God in his grace keep my Bobby from harms!

Bobby O'Neil, and the way that he teases me!

Yet I must say that it more 'n half pleases me!

Slippin' upon me an' makin' me start, Claspin' me close to his careless young heart,

Swearin' I 'm sweet as the first flower o' May,

Makin' me blush an' half-doubt what to say, Squeezin' me tight till I can't get me breath—

Bobby, my Bobby, I 'm yours until death!

Bobby O'Neil, and the tender young heart in him!

Heaven's own angels must sure dwell apart in him.

When he has kissed me on lip and on cheek, When my cheek is to his and we don't need to speak,

Heart close to heart, in the twilight and calm

Arm round me close and our hands palm to palm,—

Whisper I then with a laugh and a sob, "God in his mercy be good to my Bob!"

John W. Brotherton.





### The Tearful Tale of Captain Dan

WITH PICTURES BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

A SINNER was old Captain Dan;  
His wives giv him no rest:  
He had one wife to East Skiddaw  
And one to Skiddaw West.

Now Ann Eliza was the name  
Of her at East Skiddaw;  
She was the most cantankerous  
Female you ever saw.

I don't know but one crosser-grained,  
And of this Captain Dan  
She was the wife at Skiddaw West—  
She was Eliza Ann.

Well, this old skeesicks, Captain Dan,  
He owned a ferry-boat;  
From East Skiddaw to Skiddaw West  
That vessel used to float.

She was as trim a ferry-craft  
As ever I did see,  
And on each end a p'inted bow  
And pilot-house had she.

She had two bows that way, so when  
She went acrost the sound  
She could, to oncet, run back ag'in  
Without a-turnin' round.

Now Captain Dan he sailed that boat  
For nigh on twenty year  
Acrost that sound and back ag'in,  
Like I have stated here.

And never oncet in all them years  
Had Ann Eliza guessed

That Dan he had another wife  
So nigh as Skiddaw West.

Likewise, Eliza Ann was blind,  
Howas she never saw  
As Dan he had another wife  
Acrost to East Skiddaw.

The way he fooled them female wives  
Was by a simple plan  
That come into the artful brain  
Of that there Captain Dan.

With paint upon that ferry-craft,  
In letters plain to see,  
Upon the bow—to wit, both ends—  
Her name he painted she.

Upon the bow toward East Skiddaw  
This sinful Captain Dan  
He painted just one single word—  
The same which it was "Ann";

And on the bow toward Skiddaw West  
He likewise put one name,  
And not no more; and I will state  
"Eliza" was that same.

Thus, when she berthed to Skiddaw West  
Eliza Ann could see  
How Dan for love and gratitood  
Had named her after she;

And likewise when to East Skiddaw  
That boat bow-foremost came,  
His Ann Eliza plain could see  
The vessel bore *her* name.





Thuswise for nigh on twenty year,  
As I remarked before,  
Dan cumfused them two wives  
And sailed from shore to shore.

I reckon he might, to this day,  
Have kept his sinful ways  
And fooled them trustin' female wives,  
Except there come a haze:

It was a thick November haze  
Accompanied by frost,  
And Dan, in steerin' 'crost the sound,  
He got his bearin's lost.

So Dan he cast his anchor out,  
And anchored on the sound;  
And when the haze riz some next day,  
His boat had swung clean round.

So, not bethinkin' how it was,  
Dan steered for Skiddaw West;  
For he had sot up all that night,  
And shorely needed rest.

Well, when into his ferry-slip  
His ferry-craft he ran,  
Upon the shore he seen his wife:  
To wit, Eliza Ann.



Says he, "I 'll tie this vessel up  
And rest about a week;  
I need a rest," and 't was just then  
He heard an awful shriek.

"O Villyun!" shrieked Eliza Ann.  
"Oh! What—what do I see?  
You don't not love me any more!  
You 've done deserted me!"



She pointed to that ferry-craft  
With one wild, vicious stare.  
Dan looked and seen the telltale name  
Of "Ann" a-painted there!

What could he do? He done his best!  
"Lost! lost! Alas!" he cried;  
And, kicking off his rubber boots,  
Jumped overboard—and died!

*Ellis Parker Butler.*

#### Mandy's 'Cubatah

I WAS driving fast to avoid getting wet in a summer thunder-shower, when I heard a mellow negro voice call out:

"Drive right in heah, boss; dah 's plenty room fuh yo' hawse an' buggy undah dis shed."

I accepted the invitation and found that two colored men had already taken shelter there. As the shower passed over, one of the negroes left; he was a short man wearing a long ministerial coat. I remained, as I feared another shower any moment. The negro who still waited under the shed with me remarked:

"Mah ol' 'oman Mandy she sont me down heah to de stable to ketch huh some dem late pulhits to sell to de huxtah-man dis evenin'."

"I hope it will soon clear off, and then you will have time before he comes by," I ventured.

"How 's I gwinetah ketch chickens w'en dat niggah stan' roun' heah wid one dese heah long draggely tail-coats on hisse'f?"



"What has a Prince Albert coat to do with getting those chickens for your wife, uncle?" I asked the old man.

"Why, boss, don't you know dat chickens got sense? Co'se dey ain' got sense same lak you an' me; but dey got a sight mo' 'n dey gits credit fuh, you hyeah me. Hit 's dis heah way 'bout mah wife Mandy's chickens. You see, me an' Mandy bofe good Mefodis'; an' w'en Br'er Simkins—he 's our preachah—come to dinnah er stay all night, why, Mandy she 'u'd kill a chicken. You know, Mefodis' preachahs is powerful fond o' chicken, an' co'se Mandy 's lak all de yuthah fool women 'bout huh preachah. Now dese heah chickens o' huhn done foun' out dat ev'y time a niggah come roun' heah in a long tail Albut coat, why, some o' 'em 's gwinetah hab dey naiks twisted sho an' sahtin. So w'en I seed dat niggah in dat Albut coat, den I knowed dat dey all gone out an' hid deyse'ves in dat ol' sink-hole in de big pastah.

"Ha! I 'spect I hab to tell you how me an' Mandy got ahaid o' ol' Aunt Say Ann. Dat ol' 'oman, Aunt Say Ann, she were 'bout de beatenes' han' wid chickens dat evah wuz in dese heah pahts. Mandy she nevah could stan' to hab nobody beat huh at 'bilin' soap, mekin' lard, raisin' chickens, er nothin'. So, w'en ol' Aunt Say Ann, yeah 'fo' las', raised two mo' spring chickens dan huh, why, boss, hit neah 'bout run mah ol' 'oman 'stracted, sho.

"Ullly de nex' fall, de school-teachah he come to boad wid me an' Mandy. One night he pull out de cintah-table, de one wid de red-an'-yallah 'broid'ry kivah on hit, an' git a lamp an' settle hisse'f fuh to read de news lak. By-m-by he read out sumpin' 'bout a thing-mahjig whut dey calls a 'cubatah. Hit wuz a contrapshon fuh hatchin' chickens wid des a common lamp. Mandy she were a-noddin' in de chimbly-cornah wid a ol' tu'key tail 'fo' huh face, 'ca'se de fiah wuz hot; but, bless gracious! w'en he read out 'bout dis heah contrapshon, she sot up mighty sudden lak. Den Mandy she listen close, an' den an' dah she 'termined to git one o' 'em, so 's she kin beat ol' Aunt Say Ann de nex' spring.

"Dat dah 'cubatah contrapshon hit cost a sight o' money, you hyeah me, but Mandy she done got so sot in huh min' 'bout hit dat I seed I gwinetah hab to han'le huh mighty keerful lak. I done got 'bout ten dollahs put 'way in a ol' sock fuh mah burryin'-money. You see, I done gone an' had a rippit wid one o' de leadin' membahs o' mah lodge, de Nunited Brothahs, an' I ain't paid no jues fuh a right smaht spell; so I 'bleged to hab some burryin'-money put 'way. Mandy she want to tek dat ten dollahs an' buy dat 'cubatah contrapshon right 'way dat fall, an' des keep on raisin' chickens all de wintah, so 's to git a

kindah runnin' stah on ol' Aunt Say Ann. But I kep' on stavin' huh off tell 'bout C'ris'-mas-time. Den I seed dat I got to do sumpin' mighty quick, 'ca'se she were gittin' plum crazy to git stahted 'fo' ol' Aunt Say Ann foun' out whut she were up to.

"Well, des 'bout C'ris'-mas we had some powerful col' weathah, sho, mun. One col' mawnin', w'en I done got fru feedin' de stock an' packed a sight o' fiah-wood up ontah de back poa'ch, Mandy come in wid huh big yallah-laig roostah in huh ap'on. Mandy she loves huh chickens 'mos' lak dey huh chilluns Bless Gawd! ef she wuz n' 'mos' cryin' 'ca'se his laigs wuz froze! She goes an' fetches a little basket an' put him in hit, an' mek him des ez easy ez she kin. Mandy she wuked wid dat ol' yallah-laig fuh two er free days, but his laigs wuz froze so bad, so scan'lous bad, dat dey bofe come off. Mandy tied little rags on whut wuz lef' o' his laigs, an' he got well, mun. I 'lowed to Mandy we bettah mek soup out o' de ol' roostah, but mah ol' 'oman she done got so 'tached to him dat she w'u'd n't lemme.

"De nex' night I wuz settin' 'fo' de fiah in mah ol' cabin wid mah boots off, kindah toastin' mah shins lak. I wuz gittin' tol'able sleepy, w'en Mandy she brung up dat 'cubatah talk 'g'in. I seed 'fom de way Mandy talk dat onless I got some mighty good 'scuse she gwinetah hab dat contrapshon ef I hattah do widout a burryin'. I study an' study in mah min' w'ile Mandy's jaw wuz gwine, an', to save dis heah niggah, I can't see no way to haid huh off.

"De ol' lame yallah-laig kindah move roun' in de basket, an' all a suddin I see how I gwinetah save dat ten dollahs o' mine an' let Mandy beat ol' Aunt Say Ann to boot. But I did n't say nothin' 't all to Mandy; I des lay low an' study hahd. By-m-by Mandy she git tired o' jawin' an' go to baid; den I sot still tell I hyeahed huh breavin' sof' an' easy lak. Den I pull off mah boots an' crope out easy an' keerful. I git a soap-box an' some straw down to de stable an' fetch 'em back to de house. Mandy she ain' move. I tuk de ol' lame yallah-laig roostah out de basket an' sot him on de aigs whut I put in de nes' I done made in de box wid dat straw. Co'se dat roostah hattah set dah, 'ca'se he ain' got no mo' laigs an' can't walk 't all. You des oughtah seed dat ol' yallah-laig w'en he 'spicioned whut I gwinetah do wid him! He looked mighty droopy-lak, but I did n' keer, 'ca'se I wuz aftah savin' dat ten dollahs fuh mah burryin'. Aftah he kindah settled down lak an' mek up his min' dat he hattah stay dah, I pulled off mah boots an' crope intah baid mighty easy, so 's not to wake mah ol' woman up.

"De nex' mawnin' wuz puty an' clah, an'



I oughtah be'n out wukin'; but I kindah loaf roun' to see de fun. W'en Mandy git frough de breakfas' deeshes, she come ovah wid de leavin's to feed ol' yallah-laig. He war n' in de basket. She look roun', an' at las' she fin' him in de soap-box, an' she up an' say to me:

"Abe, dat dah roostah gwinetah git roun' yit; he done crawled ovah to dat soap-box las' night."

"But I ain' say nothin' 't all. W'en Mandy picked up dat ol' roostah fuh to feed him an' seed de aigs undah him, but you des oughtah seed huh face! At fust she look lak she don' know sca'sly whut to think; an' den she look at me an' kindah grin. Den she 'gin to laf, an' she come mighty nigh havin' one o' dese heah reg'lah ol'-fashion' kernipsion fits den an' dah, sho, mun. W'en she git frough laffin' she look up at me an' say mighty proud-lak:

"You got a sight mo' sense dan I t'ought you had, Abe."

"W'en Mandy tuk ol' yallah-laig off de aigs an' put him on de flo' to eat, he crowed a little an' kindah fix his feathahs up lak an' look peart-lak. But w'en Mandy put him back on de aigs, he look lak he mighty droopy 'g'in. Mandy she tried powerful hahd to lu'n him to tu'n de aigs ovah des same ez a hen do, but ol' yallah-laig he drawed de line right dah. Mandy she were mighty 'terminated to mek a good settah o' him, an' ev'y day she 'd tek

his haid an' push de aigs ovah wid his bill. But, bless de Lawd, hit war n' no use. He 'd set dah 'ca'se he ain' got no laigs an' can't he'p hisse'f, but he won't tu'n no aigs.

"At night w'en I wuz a-settin' 'fo' de fiah, I watch dat ol' yallah-laig roostah des to see how he gwinetah tek dat settin' business. Fuh 'bout a week er two he look fuh all de wurriid lak he gwinetah die. He look des prezac'ly lak a yo'ng niggah whut think he 's a man, w'en you put a ap'on on him an' mek him he'p his mammy wid huh wash. But aftah a w'ile de ol' yallah-laig git sortah use' to hit, an' by de time de fus aigs hatched he 'gun to look right peart. Bless gracious, but you des oughtah seed dat ol' roostah w'en de fus aig hatch! W'en he hycached de chicken say *peep-peep* right dah undah hisse'f, he look lak he wuz scared 'mos' to death, sho, mun. But den, w'en he foun' out dat dey his own chil-luns, he look mighty proud lak."

"Dat dah yeah Mandy she beat ol' Aunt Say Ann all hollah, an' she sol' five dollahs' wu'th o' extry ully fryin' chickens. She han' dat dah money to me to put in dat ol' sock fuh mah burryin', 'long wid de ten whut I hab. An' w'en Mandy gi'e dat money to me, she grin lak an' say:

"Abe, dat 's fuh dat dah 'cubatah whut you got fuh me."

*James Speed.*

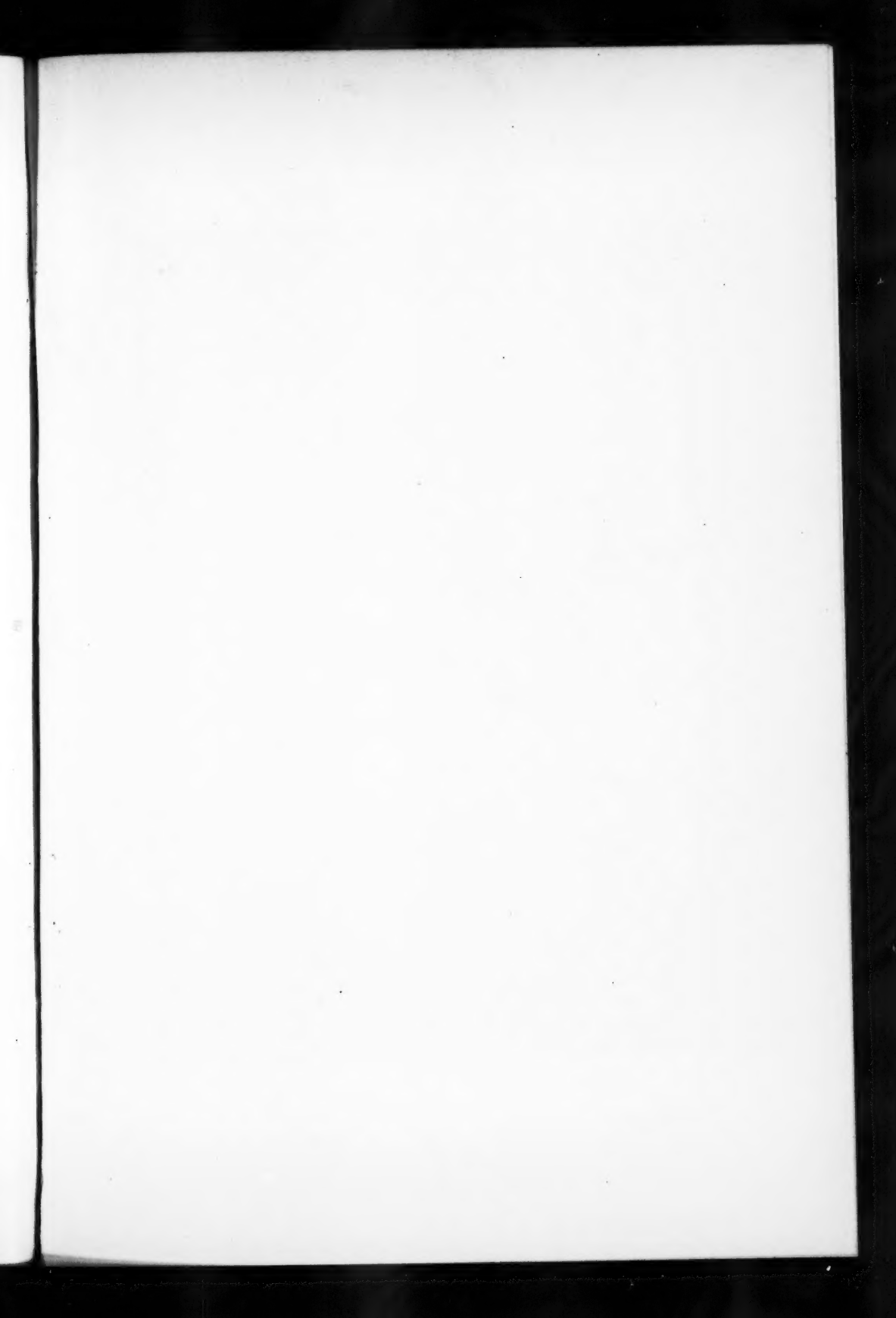


Drawn by B. Cory Kilvert

WHEN HARVEST-DAYS ARE OVER

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From the oil-painting by Maxfield Parrish, owned by Michael M. van Beuren

# THE SANDMAN